Jan. 14, 1980

# THE NEW YORKER

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Bent**—A play much less grim than its subject matter—the fate of homosexuals in the concentration camp at Dachau—would lead one to fear. Splendidly acted by Richard Gere and David Dukes. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/17/79.) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Betrayal**—Harold Pinter in what amounts, for him, to a happy-go-lucky mood: a man has an affair with his closest friend's wife, and the friend, learning of the affair, keeps silent, nursing his wrath. In the end (which in this play is the beginning) everyone feels betrayed, outwitted, and not uncomfortable. Well acted by Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider. Peter Hall is the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Circle Repertory Company**—Two plays in repertory through Sunday, Feb. 3. Friedrich Schiller's **MARY STUART**, with Stephanie Gordon and Tanya Berezin: Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 9-10, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2 and 8; Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 16-17, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **HAMLET**, with William Hurt, Jacqueline Brookes, Douglass Watson, Lindsay Crouse, and Michael Ayr: Friday, Jan. 11, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2 and 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 15, and Friday, Jan. 18, at 8. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

**Class Enemy**—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Comin' Uptown**—A black musical based on a really terrible idea—that Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" can be successfully transferred from London to Harlem. Gregory Hines is a marvellous dancer, if no Scrooge. (1/7/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Dark at the Top of the Stairs**—A revival of William Inge's play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 20.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—Shakespeare's **ROMEO AND JULIET** will be the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 9. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 10, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 27. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**Evita**—A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Fugue in a Nursery**—A comedy by Harvey Fierstein (who is also in the cast). (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein**—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**King of Schnorrers**—A musical with a book, music, and lyrics by Judd Woldin. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 13.)

**A Kurt Weill Cabaret**—A pleasing assortment of Weill songs, ably presented by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (11/19/79) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Fridays and Saturdays at 10:30, and Sundays and Mondays at 8.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Through Sunday, Jan. 13: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Jan. 16: A two-week engagement of Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

**Loose Ends**—Michael Weller's entertaining study of young folk in the nineteen-seventies: how they have accepted (or rejected) the burdens of adulthood, including the burden of making good in a society they mostly dislike. With Christine Lahti and Kevin Kline. Directed by Alan Schneider. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Marie and Bruce**—Louise Lasser and Bob Balaban in a play by Wallace Shawn. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Modigliani**—A sad, implausible, carefully written play about a few days in the life of the celebrated painter. Jeffrey De Munn takes the leading role. (11/26/79) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**A Month in the Country**—An admirable production of Turgenev's marvellous comedy, with Tammy Grimes, Farley Granger, Philip Bosco, and Amanda Plummer. (12/24/79)

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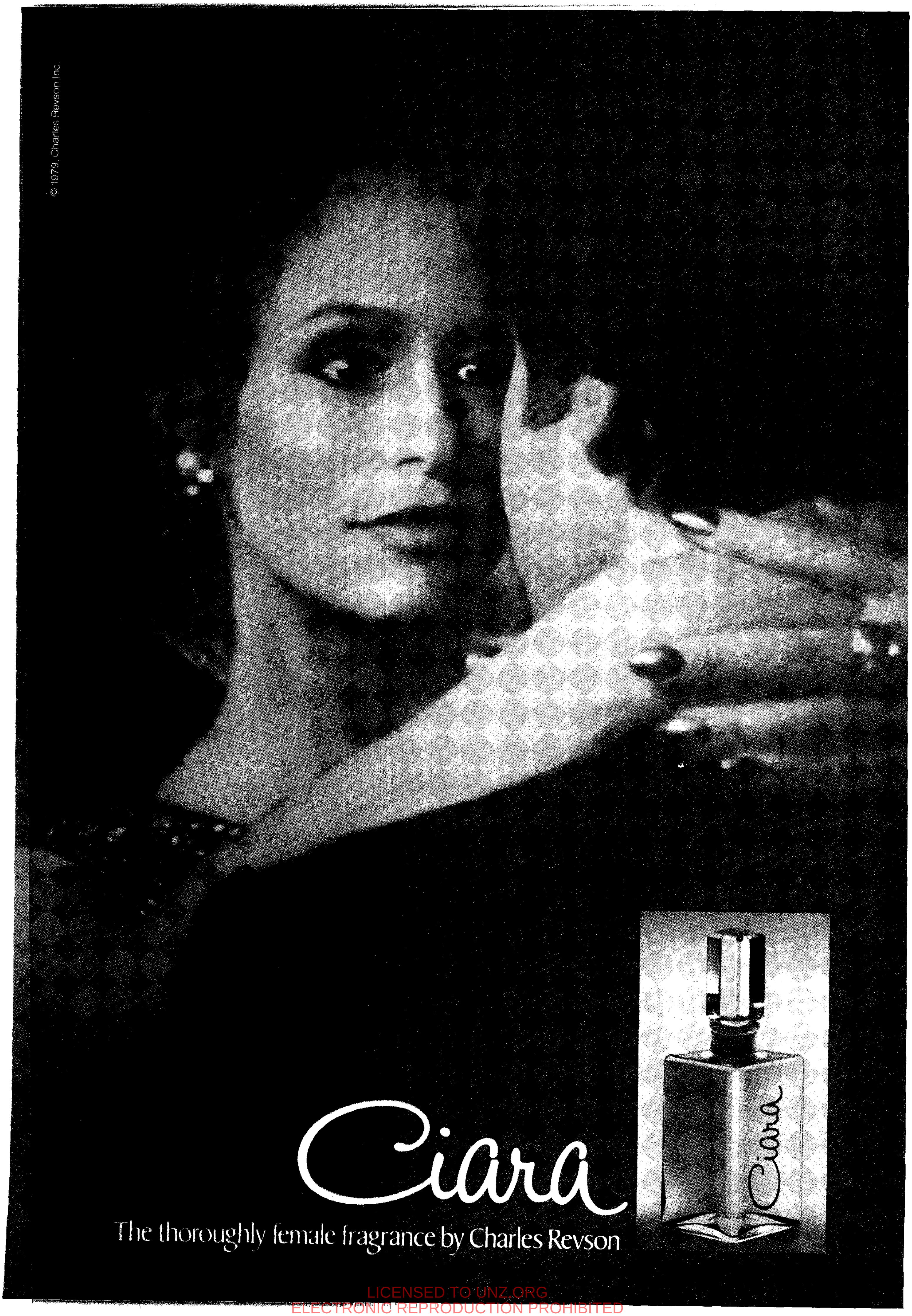

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**Negro Ensemble Company**—Dan Owens' **lagrima del diablo (the devil's tear)** opens Thursday, Jan. 10, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 3. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Night and Day**—Tom Stoppard has written a long debate on the purposes of a free press, interrupting the debate from time to time with wisecracks, sexual fantasies, and gunfire. The very good cast is headed by Maggie Smith, who is herself a form of gunfire. (12/10/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Oklahoma!**—A very welcome new production of the thirty-six-year-old classic. Many a new day will dawn before it is done better. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**One Mo' Time**—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**On Golden Pond**—Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Paris Was Yesterday**—Celeste Holm portrays Janet Flanner in a one-woman show based on Miss Flanner's writings for this magazine. Paul Shyre did the adaptation and directed as well. (12/31/79) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 10-11, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2:30 and 8; and final performances Sunday, Jan. 13, at 3 and 8.)

**Peter Pan**—Why not? (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30; special matinée Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 3.)

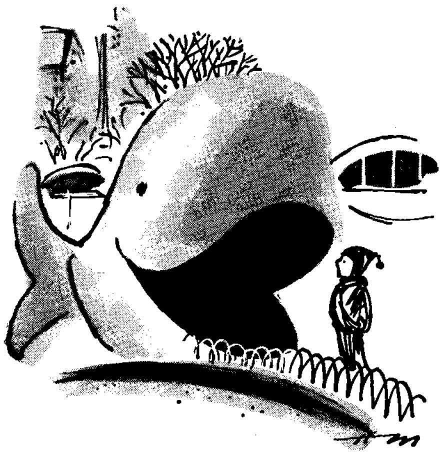
**Romantic Comedy**—A play about playwrights writing plays, by a playwright (Bernard Slade) who is evidently none too sure how the deed is done. With Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Say Goodnight, Gracie**—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Adroitly directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)

**Scrambled Feet**—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Shout Across the River**—A dreary, implausible play by the English dramatist Stephen Poliakoff. Barbara eda-Young and Ellen Barkin make an unlikely mother and daughter, and nobody else matters. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 20.)

**Sorrows of Stephen**—A very funny new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)



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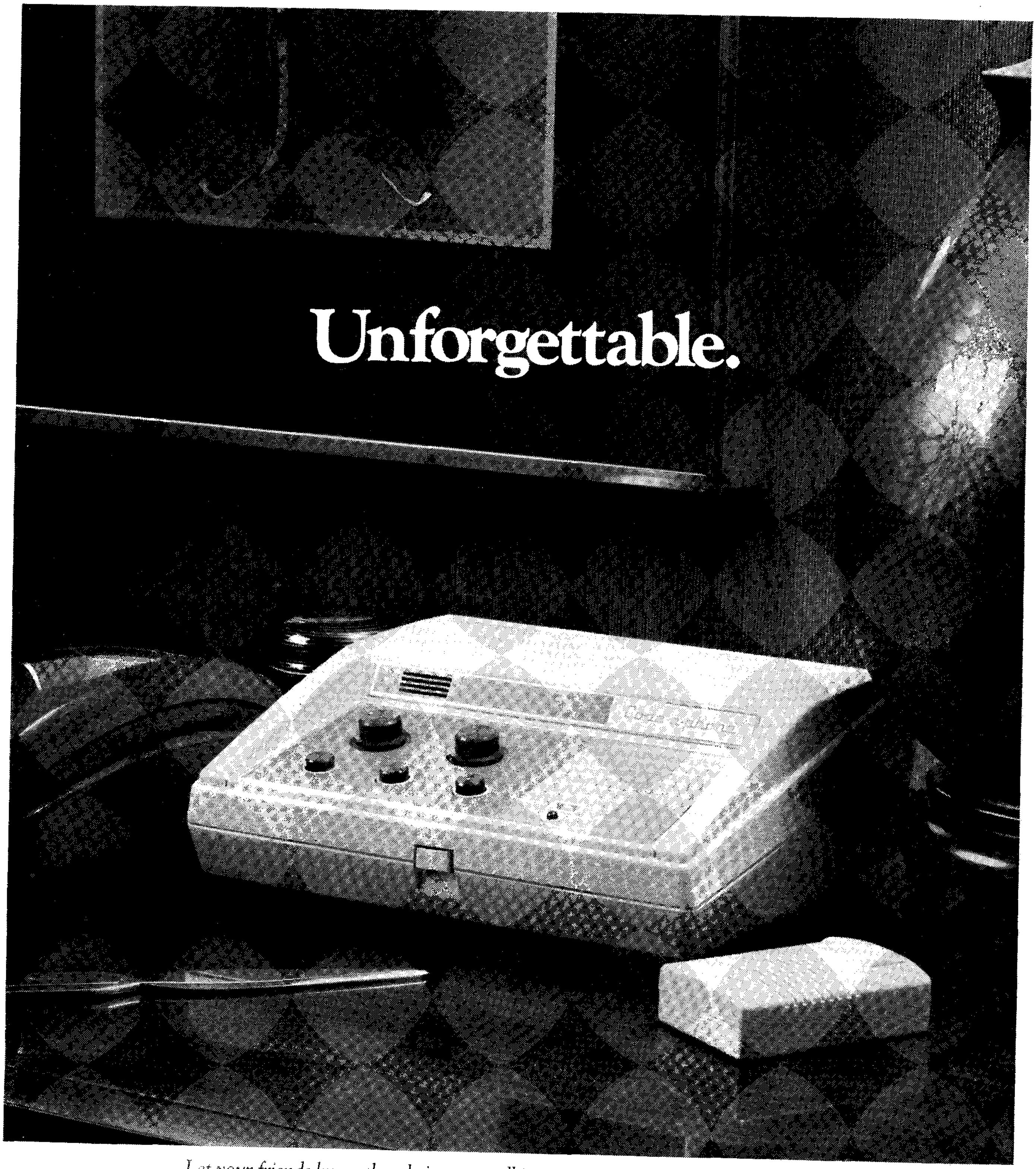
**Strider: The Story of a Horse**—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Sugar Babies**—This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Tongues**—Joseph Chaikin in a sort of scrapbook of mysterious musings by Sam Shepard and himself, with musical accompaniment. (12/17/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8. Closes Monday, Jan. 21.)

**Watch on the Rhine**—The Lillian Hellman melodrama of 1941 in a respectful and rather stately production. With Jan Miner, George Hearn, Joyce Ebert, and Harris Yulin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**ain't misbehavin':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **annie:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the best little whorehouse in texas:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dancin':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **deathtrap:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Cullum, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the elephant man:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jack Wetherall is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 8,192 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **gemini:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **grease:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i'm getting my act together and taking it on the road:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **mummenschanz:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **sweeney todd:** Many remarkable songs, by Stephen Sondheim, and two remarkable performances, by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, are reasons enough to attend this grisly melodrama. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **they're playing our song:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Lucie Arnaz and Tony Roberts. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **vanities:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

### MISCELLANY

**Radio City Music Hall**—A staged version of Disney's **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS.** No Rockettes. Reopens Friday, Jan. 11, and will run through Sunday, March 9. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 2 and 7:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.)

## DANCE

**New York City Ballet**—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Jan. 9: "The Goldberg Variations," "Tzigane," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 10: "Interplay," "Apollo," and "Union Jack.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 11: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 12: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Apollo," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 12: "Interplay" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ *Sunday matinée, Jan. 13*: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 13: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 15: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 16: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Union Jack.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 17: "The Concert," "Suite of Dances" (première), and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 18: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 19: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 19: "Concerto Barocco," "Suite of Dances," and "Union Jack." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

**Dance Theatre of Harlem**—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 27—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Jan. 9-10; Saturday evening, Jan. 12; and Sunday matinée, Jan. 13: Act II of "Swan Lake" (company première), "Greening" (American première), "Le Corsaire," and "Dougla.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 11; Saturday matinée, Jan. 12; and Sunday evening, Jan. 13: "Serenade," "Manifestations," "Paquita" (company première), and "Troy Game.". . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Jan. 15-16, and Saturday evening, Jan. 19: "Holberg Suite," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Mirage," and "Four Temperaments.". . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 17-18, and Saturday matinée, Jan. 19: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Greening," "Paquita," and "Four Temperaments." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays and opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

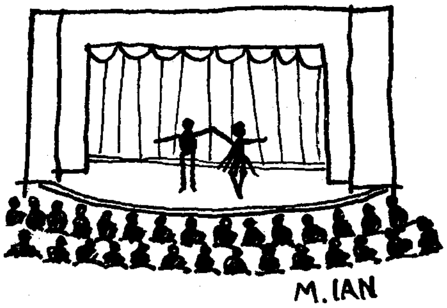
## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more no*table performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and* night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Bottom Line**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A partial lineup: singer **BETTY CARTER**, an emotional improviser, will perform with her trio Friday through Sunday, Jan. 11-13; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, Mink DeVille, a sextet, will play bluesy rock. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

**Bradley's**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good jazz musicians. Pianist and composer **SY JOHNSON** and bassist **MIKE RICHMOND** are here through Saturday, Jan. 12. Music from nine-thirty every night. Dining.

**Cachaça**, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. A lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining.



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**Café Pierre**, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, is assisted by pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

**Carlyle Hotel**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is working with bassist **BRIAN TORFF** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ The Bemelmans Bar is **BARBARA CARROLL** country nightly, except Sundays. Miss Carroll is at the piano, playing and occasionally singing, from nine-thirty to one.

**Carnegie Tavern**, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

**CBGB & OMFUG**, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—What a lot of people around the city are touting as the next twenty-five years of rock and roll is the fare here. (Whether the music is better, worse, or even different from the *last* twenty-five years of rock and roll remains to be seen.) The bands: Pin Ups, Snow Balls, and Wade Barker Band Wednesday, Jan. 9; John King & the Cats and Multiple Exposure Thursday, Jan. 10; and Bloodless Pharaohs and Vores Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

**City Limits**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western club for city-and-Eastern patrons. The chicken-fried steaks are authentic: they're made with buttermilk batter and covered with white sauce, "Just like our mamas made 'em," one of the club's owners declared recently. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dining and dancing.

**The Conservatory**, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—A corner café that faces Central Park. One can sit next to the bank of windows and gaze at trees and people or sit near the piano and bass and listen to singer **RONNY WHYTE** and his bassist **JACK SIX**. They perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

**Cookery**, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, the famous octogenarian blues singer and composer, performs with her pianist, Gerald Cook, and bassist, Aaron Bell. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Singer Anne Marie Moss now claims the Sunday and Monday slots, and she appears at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

**Crawdaddy**, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**WARREN VACHÉ**, a cornettist in his late twenties who plays mostly swing music and blues, leads *a trio during dinner—from six to* eleven—Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

**Downey's**, 705 Eighth Ave., at 44th St. (757-0186)—**ARTHUR SIEGEL**, a singer, pianist, and composer, presents, in a warm, intelligent, and charming way, a slew of medleys of show tunes—medleys from the "New Faces" shows (Mr. Siegel wrote "Monotonous" and "Love Is a Simple Thing" for the 1952 show), medleys of songs with the word "love" as a pivot, medleys of Jerome Kern songs, and a Depression medley. Mr. Siegel performs nightly, except Sundays, at nine-thirty and eleven. Thursdays through Saturdays he is joined by singer **SANDY STEWART**. Dining.

**Eddie Condon's**, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet performs from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays. On Sunday, Jan. 13, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON'S** quintet, which will feature **JIMMY ROWLES** on piano, will work from eight-thirty. Dining.

**Fat Tuesday's**, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, and first-rate jazz. **DAVID AMRAM**, French-horn soloist, composer, wooden-flute soloist, singer, percussionist, conductor, beatnik, and musical multinationalist, performs with his quartet through Saturday, Jan. 12. On Tuesday, Jan. 15, **CECIL TAYLOR**, the long-distance pianist, will arrive. The first set begins at nine-thirty. Dining.

**Gregory's**, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist Bob Bodley work with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten, and from nine on Sundays. On Sundays, from five to nine, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is present. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. Nightly, except Sundays, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

**Hanratty's**, 1754 Second Ave. at 91st St. (289-3200)—There are, perhaps, eight hundred changing neighborhoods in the Naked City. This bar is in one of them (one that is changing for the better). **DICK WELLSTOOD**, a lively stride-piano specialist, can be heard in the dining room from ten to two through Saturday, Jan. 12. As of Tuesday, Jan. 15, **DON COATES** will be the relief man.

**Hors d'Oeuvrerie**, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed (weather permitting) views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, **MARTY NAPOLEON** and his trio play *haut-étage* jazz for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine-thirty.

**Hurrah**, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—late-breaking developments in rock and roll. Resident D.J.s select—with the loving care of curators arranging an exhibit—and play rock records from nine to eleven-thirty and between sets. The bands: Human Switchboard, Pylon, and Method Actors Wednesday, Jan. 9; Student Teachers and Unnatural Axe Friday, Jan. 11; Nikki, Corvettes, and Ronnie & the Jitters Saturday, Jan. 12; and XTC and Nash the Slash Tuesday, Jan. 15. Live music from eleven-thirty-ish.

**Jazzmania Society**, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—All one has to do in the upstairs jazz "living room" is take a seat or stretch out on the pillow furniture on the floor, while jazz musicians take up their instruments and play. **DENISE DELAPENHA** will sing Brazilian jazz with her quintet on Friday and *Saturday, Jan. 11-12. On the following Fri*day and Saturday (Jan. 18-19), proprietor and saxophonist Mike Morgenstern will head a combo. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ'S** nonet works every Sunday. Music from nine-thirty.

**Jimmy Ryan's**, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**Knickerbocker Saloon**, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist **junior mance**, the bluesy romantic, and bassist **marty rivera** perform through Saturday, Jan. 12; on Tuesday, Jan. 15, powerhouse pianist **roland hanna** will come in with his bassist, **sam jones**. Mondays here have been lately claimed by jazz harpist **corky hale** and her bassist, **jay leonhart**. Music from ten. Dining.

**Lone Star Café**, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Some of the patrons here are expatriates from the Lone Star State itself. Others just like Lone Star beer or the solid lineup of rock, blues, and country music. Part of the schedule: rockabilly singer Robert Gordon Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 9-10; Texas folkie and humorist Kinky Friedman Sunday, Jan. 13; and Tex-Mex rock-and-roller **doug sahm** Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 14-15. Other groups round out the week. Music from nine-fifteen to three, on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

**Marty's**, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A room in a sprawling restaurant complex that celebrates things—especially jazzy pop music—as they used to be. **anita o'day** is singing here through Saturday, Jan. 12, and then, on Monday, Jan. 14, singer **maxine brown** will take over. Shows start at nine and eleven Mondays through Thursdays, at ten and midnight on Fridays, and at eleven and twelve-thirty on Saturdays. Dining.

**Max's Kansas City**, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll from the extremist fringe, the mainstream, and the past. (See also CBGB and Hurrah, above.) The lineup: Dead Boys and Luigi & the Wise Guys Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 9-10; Billies and Flirt Friday, Jan. 11; Von Lmo and Mad Saturday, Jan. 12; Ozone and Zhivago Sunday, Jan. 13; Troggs and Rattlers Monday, Jan. 14; and Cells Tuesday, Jan. 15. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty.

**Michael's Pub**, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer **carrie smith** is paying tribute to Bessie Smith by singing some of Bessie's more uplifting blues. She's accompanied by a quintet led by **budd johnson**, on tenor. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's**, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Noel Pointer, who plays rhapsodic R. & B. on his electric violin, leads his quintet Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from ten to two. Dining.

**One Fifth Avenue**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **al haig** works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **freddie moore**, takes over. Dining.

**Other End**, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may have been renovated, but the brick walls here still look the same. The music is provided by third-generation rock-and-rollers, veteran folkies, and beboppers: Thursday, Jan. 10, the Movers and the Rousers; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, David Blue and Beaver Brown; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 15-16, **kenny rankin** and Christine Lavin; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, **teruo nakamura**. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

**Peacock Alley**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**jimmy lyon** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

**Rainbow Room**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **sy oliver** and his bouncy dance septet are here Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

**Reno Sweeney**, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Ann Jillian, who is in the Broadway show "Sugar Babies," will be singing here at eleven Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 9-10, and Sunday through Thursday, Jan. 13-17. Also on the premises is **joshua logan**, the stage and movie director, who, for his own performing purposes—to "bring lyrics back . . . lyrics that fit music and music that fits lyrics"—is a combination gravel-voiced vocalist and raconteur. His wife, Nedda; his daughter, Harrigan; a couple of other singers; and a pianist back him up Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays, at eight-thirty and eleven. Dining.

**St. Regis-Sheraton**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—**red norvo**, the father of the vibraharp, is working through Saturday, Jan. 12, in the polished King Cole Room with a quartet and with vocalist **mavis rivers**. Shows at nine and eleven. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 15, a revue, "Make Someone Happy," featuring Orson Bean, Phyllis Newman, and Charles Repole, will be presented. Dining.

**Seventh Avenue South**, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. The current schedule includes R. & B. bassist **chuck rainey** and his musical friends Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 10-13. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**Sheraton Centre**, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, presents trumpeter **billy butterfield** and his quintet. Music from nine nightly, except Sundays.

**Sweet Basil**, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Very fine, sturdy jazz bands: trumpeter **charles sullivan**, tenor saxophonist **ron bridgewater**, pianist **kenny kirkland**, bassist **cecil mcbee**, and drummer **al foster** through Saturday, Jan. 12; guitarist **chuck wayne** and vibraharpist **warren chiasson** Sunday and Monday, Jan. 13-14; and tenor saxophonist **charlie rouse**, trumpeter **lonnie hillyer**, and their quintet, beginning Tuesday, Jan. 15. Shows from about ten. Dining.

**Tin Palace**, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that attracts both musicians and listeners. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 10-13, altoist **monty waters**, pianist **walter davis, jr.**, bassist **reggie workman**, and drummer **charlie persip** will join forces. On Monday, Jan. 14, pianist and lively bandleader **jaki byard** will bring in his big band. Music every night after ten. Dining.

**Tramps**, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Recently renovated, this club is now one long room with good sight lines to the stage all the way from the bar area. The music consists of local, young rock bands and, often, blues musicians of stature. Chicago-blues singer and guitarist **j. b. hutto** will lead his band on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, and blues singer, guitarist, and acrobat **eddie kirkland**, who is sometimes given to doing the splits while he bends notes, will drop by on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19. Shows at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

**Trax**, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. On Wednesday, Jan. 9, Strickland and White; on Thursday, Jan. 10, Erotics and Bullets; on Friday, Jan. 11, Speedies and Coma-teens; and on Saturday, Jan. 12, Necessaries. Music after eleven, usually. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Village Vanguard**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. Trumpeter **red rodney** and his quartet are present through Sunday, Jan. 13; on Tuesday, Jan. 15, pianist **bill evans** will take over with his trio. Monday, Jan. 14, will belong to tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger **frank foster** and his lively young bunch, the Loud Minority. Music from ten.

**West Boondock**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—On the western edge of Chelsea and the northern edge of the slaughterhouse district, this little soul-food restaurant lures in loyal patrons and jazz pianists. Harris Simon is the Thursday-through-Sunday player, and John Weiss is here Monday through Wednesday. Music begins at eight.

**West End**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. Ellington-minded reed specialist **russell procope** is here with his quartet through Sunday, Jan. 13; Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 14-16, stride pianist and singer **brooks kerr** and one-time Ellington drummer **sonny greer**, who is in his eighties, alternately bait each other and play jazz; and on Thursday, Jan. 17, the **countsmen**—trombonist **dicky wells**, tenor saxophonist and singer **earle warren**, and their Basie-inspired quintet—will take charge. Music from about nine.

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Tahuatinsuyo**—American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 873-7507.

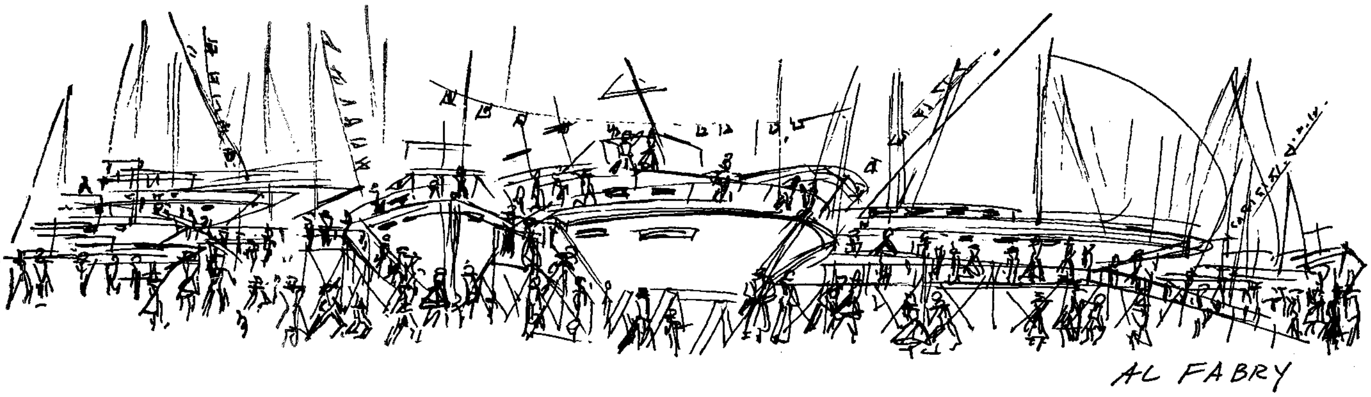
**String Band Festival**—Major Contay and the Canebrake Rattlers, Wretched Refuse String Band, Yankee Rebels, Ten Years Late, the New York All-Stars, and Jon Sholle's Band. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 929-4638.)

**A Musical Salute to Sam Jones**—Mr. Jones will be there, along with Milt Jackson, Billy Taylor, the Heath Brothers, Randy Weston, Sonny Fortune, and about two dozen other jazz notables. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 866-9000. Monday, Jan. 14, at 8 and 10:30.)

**Pearl Bailey**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8.

**Stanley Turrentine**—With Dexter Wansel and Mars. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

**Squat Theatre**—Saturday, Jan. 12, at 9:30 and



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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11:30: Sun Ra and his Arkestra. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Boris Anisfeld** (1879-1973)—Paintings, and set and costume designs for the opera and ballet, *done in exotic, sensual colors by an artist* who worked with Diaghilev and Fokine. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (A.M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

**Rudolf Baranik**—Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

**Ilya Grigorevich Chashnik** (1902-29)—Paintings, architectural drawings, and porcelain designs by one of the early theorists of the Suprematist group in Russia. Through March 15. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

**Colette**—Photomontage record-album covers and "jewelry" installed in Plexiglas boxes by a conceptual artist who has festooned the gallery with filmy dresses for the occasion. Through Jan. 31. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St.)

**Christin Couture**—Small (six-by-eight-inch) erotic paintings. Through Jan. 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

**Martha Mayer Erlebacher**—Painstaking studies of nude figures and of fruits and eggs arrayed on cloth, done in watercolor or in pencil alone. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Harriet Korman**—Abstract and figurative paintings and drawings from the past two years. Through Jan. 30. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

**Joanna Krasner**—Abstract oils based on a grid. Through Jan. 26. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Henry Moore**—A benefit showing of nearly two hundred drawings from the past ten years, together with a few sculptures. Through Friday, Jan. 18. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Alice Neel**—An eightieth-birthday show of paintings, including her most recent portrait (of Jack Beeson). Through Jan. 26. (The Sarah Institute, 42 E. 65th St. Opens at 1.)

**Edda Renouf**—Drawings in which the artist incises a simple pattern on paper and then scrubs over it with pastel; the effect is much like that of a rubbing. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

**William Roberts**—Oil and watercolor landscapes. Through Jan. 26. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

**Sandy Walker**—Autumn landscapes. Through Jan. 31. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Master Prints**—Etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs ranging from Hieronymus Bosch to George Bellows and including rare works by Rembrandt and an etching of a seated nude by Matisse. Through Tuesday, Jan. 15. (Tunick, 12 E. 81st St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **ERICSON**, 23 E. 74th St.: Works on vertical sheets of paper by Richards Ruben, Yvonne Thomas, and four other artists. Through Jan. 31. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Small-scale paintings, mostly abstract, by Corneille, Folon, Wols, Hartung, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. . . . **MCKEE**, 140 E. 63rd St.: New paintings by Jake Berthot, Stuart Diamond, and Katherine Porter; Loren Madsen has sculpture. Through Jan. 23.

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**Luis Cruz Azaceta**—Fantasy paintings (usually based on big-city violence), self-portraits in garish inks, and other works by a Cuban-born artist. Through Friday, Jan. 11. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Tony Bechara**—Abstract patterns worked out in rich colors on a grid background that is almost as fine-meshed as graph paper. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Larry Bell**—Brilliantly colored forms "drawn" by a process in which no pigment is used. Vaporized aluminum and silicon monoxide are deposited on paper in a vacuum chamber, forming a film of varying infinitesimal thicknesses which produce different colors by blocking out different light rays. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

**James Coignard**—Roughcast collages done on handmade paper—scored, streaked with paint, dotted with figures cut from wallboard, embossed with deep patterns, and so on. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Arthur G. Dove** (1880-1946)—Abstract and figurative paintings in oils and watercolors. Through Feb. 15. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Albrecht Dürer** (1471-1528)—Fifteen engravings portraying the Virgin and Child. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Stephen Greene**—Abstract Expressionist oils. Through Feb. 2. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Susan Hoffman / Gary Kulak**—Quilted cotton tapestries. / Sculptures: welded-steel chairs. Through Jan. 26. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Yasuo Kuniyoshi** (1889-1953)—Pencil drawings from the forties that are either sketches for Second World War posters or views of Western mining towns. Through Feb. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Sylvia Plimack Mangold**—Recent paintings of rural nighttime landscapes (with trompe-l'oeil effects here and there). Through Feb. 9. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Yvonne Muller**—Abstract impastoed acrylics. Through Jan. 24. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Ad Reinhardt** (1913-67)—Fifty works, paintings mostly, dated from 1935 to the early sixties. Through Jan. 26. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays. A complementary exhibition, starting Friday, is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

**George Sugarman**—Relief collages of painted fiberboard, and models for outdoor sculptures. Through Jan. 26. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Robert Jay Wolff** (1905-77)—Paintings from the early seventies by this abstractionist. Through Feb. 2. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **PAM ADLER**, 50 W. 57th St.: A small show by five gallery artists, among them Cynthia Carlson and Judith Murray. Through Feb. 2. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Glass, metal, and wood wall reliefs (and drawings) by Ferber, Judd, LeWitt, Nevelson, Rickey, and Wilmarth. Through Feb. 9. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings and other works, chiefly by Klimt, Schiele, Kollwitz, and Kubin. Through Feb. 29. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays.) . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: The gallery stable has rallied around for this show of small works—Clive Gray, Lee Hall, Saul Steinberg, Richard Francisco, Fanny Brennan, for instance. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. . . . **SUMMIT**, 101 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Judith Shahn, Harry Gottlieb, Joseph Solman, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Opens at 12:30.) . . . **TOUCHSTONE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Sixteen artists (Jake Berthot, Edgar Buonagurio, and Michelle Stuart among them) showing a single painting or work on paper apiece. Through Jan. 30.

### GALLERIES—SoHo

**Peter Berg**—A walk-through sculpture (six feet high) constructed of Sheetrock and two-by-fours. Through Feb. 5. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

**Mel Bochner**—New wall paintings. Through Jan. 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

**Hanne Darboven**—Two hundred and sixty-five sheets of paper (mounted in groups on the gallery wall) on which this German conceptual artist has written out a numerical system based on the year 1980. Through Jan. 26. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**John Fawcett / Robert Rohm**—Drawings that incorporate rubber-stamp impressions. / Wall reliefs. Through Jan. 26. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

**Sol LeWitt**—A drawing on the gallery wall; plans for three books (seen here as photographs mounted on the wall); a model for a park design; fifty prints. Through Jan. 30. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

**Sean Scully / Martha Alf**—Abstract paintings on square canvases. / Four realist still-life drawings by a West Coast artist. Through Jan. 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

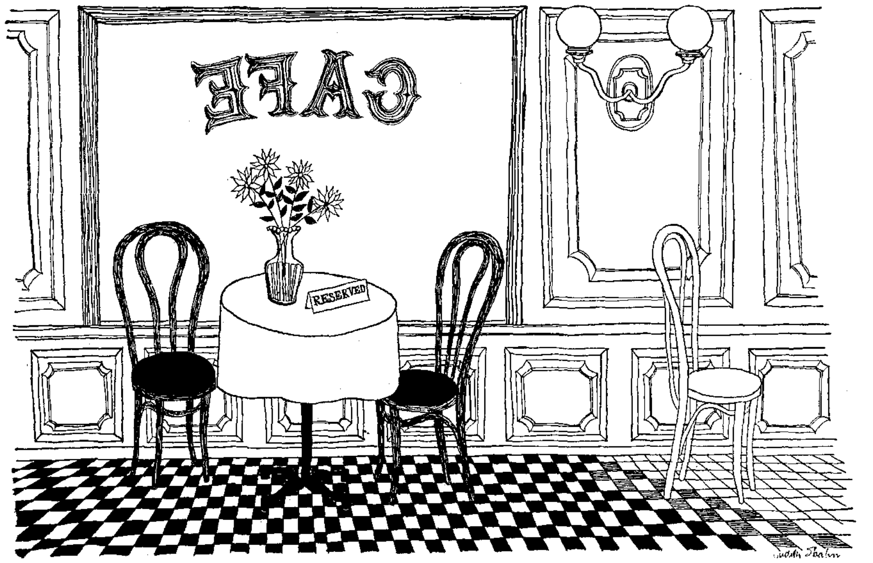
**Joyce Stillman-Myers**—Superrealist still-lifes. Through Jan. 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

**Group Show**—Paintings: romantic landscapes by April Gornik, portraits by the color-field painter Michael Tetherow, fish by David True, and wooded landscapes by Alan Turner. Through Feb. 2. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

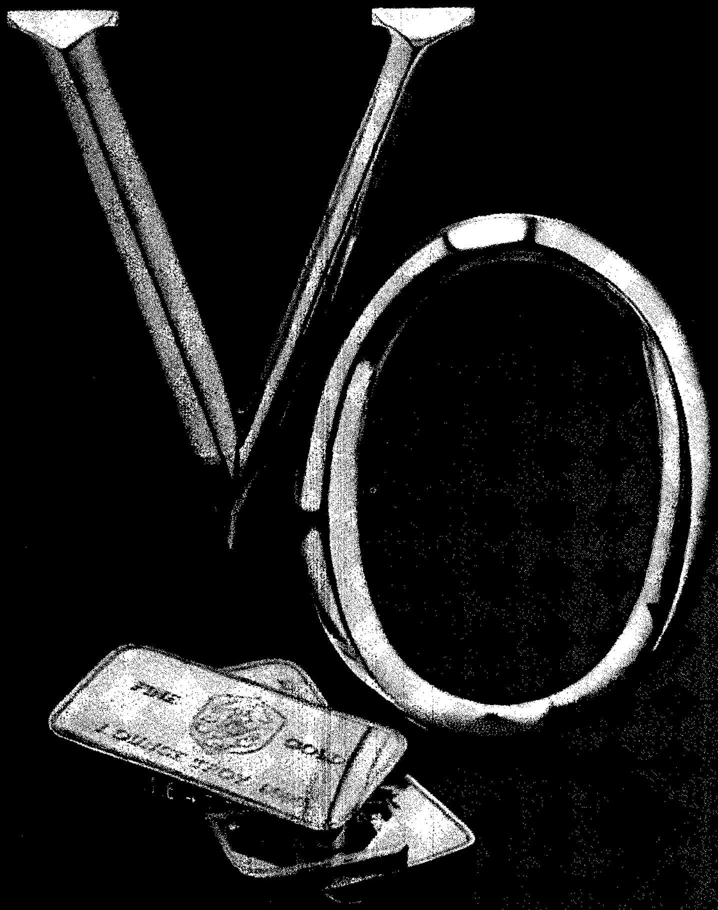
**Composers' Art**—A collection of musical scores assembled by John Cage, in which various composers break out of the ordinary alphabet of music and resort to something close to illustrative drawing to get their purpose across. The result has both calligraphic and musical charm, and the show is augmented with unusual scorings, from other collections, by such giants as Haydn, Mozart, and Brahms, as well as latter-day samplings from Gershwin, Sousa, Porter, and Jelly Roll Morton. Through Jan. 26. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

### OTHER GALLERIES

**Joyce Rezendes**—Twelve abstract paintings in a series called "A Hopi Creation Story." Through Jan. 20. (Cathedral Museum of Religious Art, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St.



# Some of the best things are measured by the ounce.



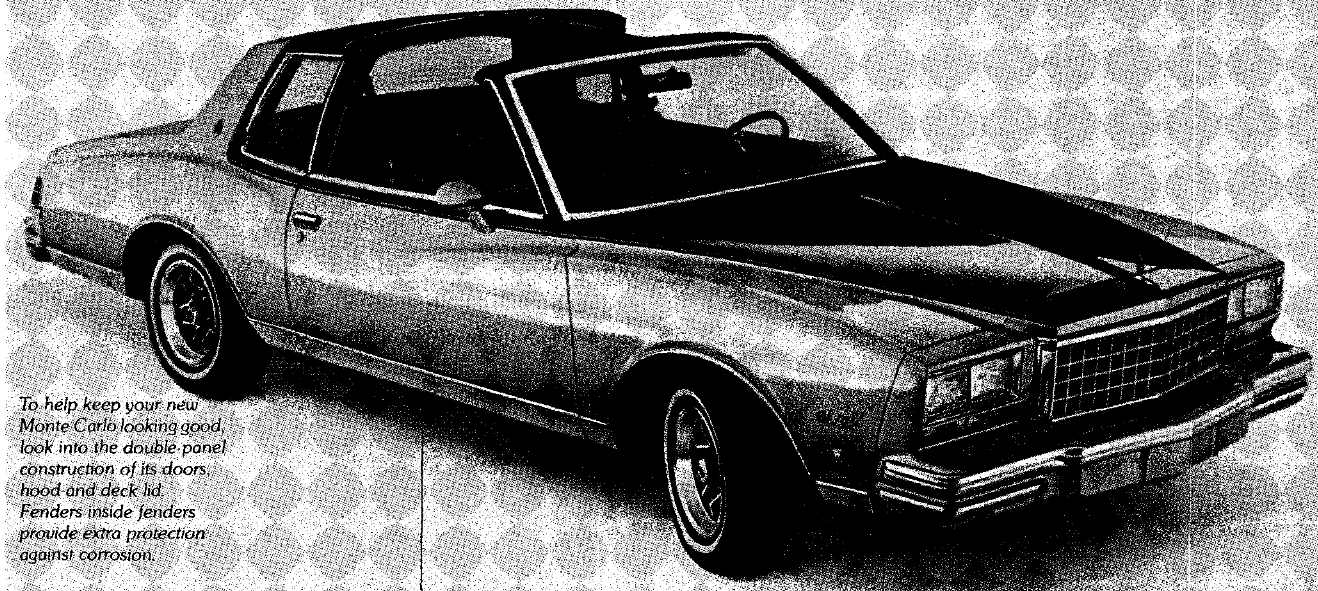
**Seagram's V.O.**

**The symbol of imported luxury. Bottled in Canada.**

**Enjoy our quality in moderation.**

Canadian whisky. A blend of Canada's finest whiskies. 6 years old. 86.8 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

# Chevrolet Monte Carlo for 1980. Even standing still it knows how to move you.



*To help keep your new Monte Carlo looking good, look into the double-panel construction of its doors, hood and deck lid. Fenders inside fenders provide extra protection against corrosion.*

If that impressive new front-end styling flowing into the unmistakable mark of Monte Carlo's sculptured fenderline moves you, read on.

For as commanding as the 1980 Monte Carlo is to the eye, its true beauty comes when you turn the key.

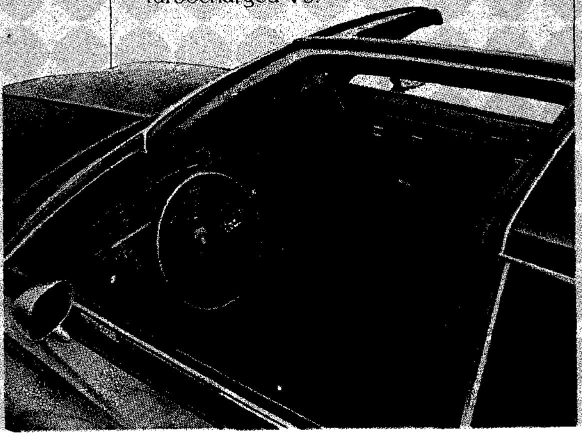
**You'll be moved by what you see.**
**And by what you don't.**

Prepare to feel special behind the wheel.

Dials and gages with international markings cluster in front of you. A rich new look of vinyl wood-grain sweeps across the instrument panel, integrating with elegant new interiors for 1980.

As you drive, a highly tuned sport suspension imparts a solid feel of the road.

Up front, a standard 3.8 Liter V6 engine moves you with a smooth rush of power, a sensation you can amplify in 1980 with a new available turbocharged V6.



TURBO

*New available 3.8 Liter turbocharged V6 with up to 47% extra power on demand for passing or merging.*

*Remove the available glass roof panels and invite the sun into Monte Carlo's rich new interior.*

All in a Monte Carlo with these impressive 1980 EPA estimates.

| CHEVROLET MONTE CARLO | EPA EST. MPG | HIGHWAY EST. |
|---|---|---|
| Standard 3.8 Liter V6 | 19 | 26 |
| Available 3.8 Liter V6 Turbo | 18 | 25 |

REMEMBER: Compare the "estimated MPG" to the "estimated MPG" of other cars. You may get different mileage depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions, and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy. Monte Carlo is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

**Its Chevrolet price**
**will move you, too.**

If by now you think there's never been a Monte Carlo quite like our 1980, you're quite right.

A refined new Monte Carlo. With automatic transmission, power front disc brakes and power steering.

All standard. All at a Chevrolet price.

See your Chevy dealer about buying or leasing Monte Carlo today.

And be moved.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Group Show**—Nonobjective works by six contemporary artists; paintings by William Conlon, Fred Guyot, Nabil Nahas, Tony Robbin, and John Schnell, and sculptures by Richard Friedberg. Through Feb. 2. (Pratt Manhattan Center, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Open Mondays.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Rudy Burckhardt**—Photographs. Through Jan. 26. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

**Mario Giacomelli**—Abstract landscape photographs. First one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 26. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**John Gruen**—Still-life photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

**Eliot Porter**—An exhibition of his dye-transfer landscapes has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Ralph Steiner**—Fifty photographs by an artist whose work dates back fifty years or more. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

**Spider Webb and Charles Gatewood**—Photographs by Gatewood of Webb at work (tattooing). Also, drawings by Webb. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**Photographs of Japan 1854-1905**—Studio portraits (of tradesmen, geisha, samurai, wrestlers) and scenic views, principally by Felix Beato, Baron R. von Stillfried, Kusakabe Kimbei, and Ogawa Isshin, who recorded life in Japan at a time when that country's social order had previously gone undisturbed for two centuries. Through Feb. 10. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

**Group Shows**—At **lubin house,** 11 E. 61st St.: Photographs and photograms that date from the mid-thirties to 1950, by Moholy-Nagy, Kepes, Jacobi, Callahan, and others influenced by Moholy-Nagy's Chicago Bauhaus. Through Feb. 1. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **witkin,** 41 E. 57th St.: A survey of the nude in photography. Among the fifteen surveyors are Manuel Alvarez Bravo, Judy Dater, George Platt Lynes, and Jerry N. Uelsmann. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Closed Tuesdays.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. The most substantial part of the display comes from the Hapsburg court of the nineteenth century, and includes a uniform of Emperor Franz Josef, four gowns of Empress Elizabeth, and a phaeton of their son Rudolf. . . . ¶ An exhibit of nearly eighty large-scale canvases by Clyfford Still, representative of the artist's work since 1942. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ "Greek Art of the Aegean Islands," a show of sculptures, vases, jewelry, and wall paintings dating from the Bronze Age to the fifth century. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ A display of Japanese ceramics from the Tanakamaru Collection, which is known for its tea-ceremony wares. Through Sunday, Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Sixty-five seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish drawings from the Lehman Collection, including ten Rembrandts and a Rubens. Through Jan. 27. . . . **photography:** Dye transfers by Eliot Porter. Through Jan. 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, has drawn on the contents of its own collections for a sweeping survey of the art of the twenties. Among the works: paintings by Magritte and Hopper, architectural models and domestic designs by Breuer and Mies van der Rohe, sculptures by Brancusi and Moholy-Nagy, photographs by Rodchenko and Weston. Through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Portrayals of

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women by printmakers who worked at the end of the last century. Toulouse-Lautrec, Villon, and Gauguin are included. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ A show of thirty etchings done by Marc Chagall for the book "Psaumes de David." They underscore the collaborative efforts of the artist and his printer and publisher. Through Jan. 28. . . . **photography:** Forty-three portraits from the twenties, by Tina Modotti, August Sander, André Kertész, and others. Through Jan. 22. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An Ad Reinhardt show that consists of thirty-four of the red and blue and black geometric abstractions he worked on from 1950 onward. Starts Friday, Jan. 11. A complementary show is at the Marlborough Gallery, 40 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A group of seventeen paintings by Paul Klee from the museum's collections. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Andy Warhol: Portraits of the '70s": Two identical enlarged color photographs of David Hockney, Truman Capote, Liza Minnelli, and the like, worked over with acrylic paint to obliterate a feature here, accent one there, plus three immense portraits, similarly handled, of Chairman Mao, and eight smaller ones of the artist's mother. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of drawings by sculptor David Smith. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Fifteen paintings by the early American Impressionist Maurice Prendergast. Through March 2. . . . ¶ A show of seventy-one paintings and drawings by the Precisionist Preston Dickinson. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of Jan Matulka. Through Feb. 24. . . . **composers' showcase:** The Erick Hawkins Dance Company will perform "Aga Thlon" (New York première) and "Greek Dreams, with Flute" on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 16-17, at 8. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Downtown Museum,** 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A two-part show on the art of engraving money. The first sets forth the various steps that lead to the printing of paper money, and the second surveys stocks, bonds, and money from the first federal bank notes to the present. Counterfeit bills, too. Through Jan. 23. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—A show called "Ukiyo-e School: Actor Prints and Paintings." Through Jan. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. The more than five hundred gold objects include, in addition to ornamental pieces, such utilitarian items as musical instruments, bowls, and flasks. Through March 18. . . . ¶ A show of art and artifacts of the Huichol Indians of Mexico, including costumes, yarn embroideries, and votive objects. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

**China House,** 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of sixty-three Chinese bronzes, jades, ceramics, and textiles (dating from 1500 B.C. to the early nineteen hundreds), on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works, including drawings and maquettes, by Seymour Lipton, whose abstract sculptures of interwoven organic shapes combine nickel silver and Monel steel. Through Jan. 20. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of paintings (by Rembrandt, Holbein, van Dyck, and others), drawings, porcelain, textiles, furniture, and other items from the Dutch Royal Collections. The greater part of the works, which date from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, belonged to William III and Mary. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of American Folk Art,** 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of fifty American weathervanes, one of which is a gilded bronze Indian archer designed by Shem Drowne in 1716. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

**New-York Historical Society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Also, memorabilia pertaining to Audubon, his family, and his work. Through Feb. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays,

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A show of more than seventy nineteenth-century etchings and lithographs (by Daumier, Delacroix, Manet, Cassatt, Turner, Whistler, and others) from the library's S. P. Avery collection. Through April 15. (Open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Painted clay objects by David MacDonald. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

### EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

**Artists Space,** 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual exhibitions of paintings, photographs, and other works by several artists, including Patricia Caire, who paints life-size silhouettes of figures on panels of translucent acetate. Through Feb. 9.

**Franklin Furnace,** 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—John Dowell (music and slides), Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:30; nearly fifty books designed by black and Hispanic artists, through Jan. 28.

**The Kitchen,** 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Emmanuel Ghent & Laurie Spiegel, with others (music), Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, at 8:30; Glenn Branca (music), Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8:30; Leo Smith Ensemble (music), Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30; twenty videotapes from the Ithaca Video Festival, through Jan. 31.

**Project Studios One,** 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main exhibit just now is the work of six sculptors: Terry Allen, Scott Burton, Michele Oka Doner, Michael Luchs, Dennis Oppenheim, and Jim Roche. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 13, from 2 to 6: A videotape by Kip Hanrahan.

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-6000. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Agnes Baltsa, Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Judith Blegen, Seth McCoy, Ernst Gutstein, and Aage Haugland; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 10, at 7:30: "Lohengrin," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Mignon Dunn, Siegfried Jerusalem, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Allan Monk; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 11, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Renata Scotto, Maria Luisa Nave, Jocelyne Taillon, Ermanno Mauro, Louis Quilico, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 1:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Agnes Baltsa, Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Judith Blegen, Seth McCoy, Ernst Gutstein, and Aage Haugland; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Sherrill Milnes, and Carlo Bini; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Jon Vickers, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig, Paul Plishka, Catherine Malfitano, Jon Garrison, and James Morris; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 7:30: "Lohengrin," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Mignon Dunn, Siegfried Jerusalem, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Allan Monk; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Sherrill Milnes, and Carlo Bini; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Tosca," with Montserrat Caballé, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Jon Vickers, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig, Paul Plishka, Catherine Malfitano, Jon Garrison, and James Morris; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 1:30: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Sherrill Milnes, and Carlo Bini; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 7:30: "Lohengrin," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Mignon Dunn, Siegfried Jerusalem, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Allan Monk; Giuseppe Patanè.

**Bronx Opera Company**—Two performances of Gounod's opera "The Doctor in Spite of Himself" (in an English translation), staged by David Shookhoff, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra and Chorus directed by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-4100.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 10-12, at 8, and Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 7:30 (an all-Elgar program with Marilyn Horne, soprano); on Monday, Jan. 14, at 8:30, a nonsubscription concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic Pension Fund (with Luciano Pavarotti, tenor); and Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8; Friday, Jan. 18, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8; and a nonsubscription concert on Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8 (all with Horacio Guitierrez, piano).

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—James Levine conducting, with Alfred Brendel, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

**New York String Ensemble**—Fritz Maraffi conducting, with Jeannette Ferrell, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

**Y Chamber Symphony**—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2.)

**New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra**—Raffael Adler conducting. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Orchestra of New York**—Paul Dunkel conducting a program of American music, with Frederic Rzewski, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

**Greenwich Philharmonia**—David Gilbert conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

**St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble**—Michael Feldman conducting a program that will include the première of a work by Alan Hovhaness, with David Taylor, bass trombone; Curtis Rayam, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and the St. Thomas Choir of Men and Boys. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

**Mannes College Orchestra and Chorus**—Amy Kayser directing. (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, 869 Lexington Ave., at 66th St. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

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**Sine Nomine Singers**—Harry Saltzman directing. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

### RECITALS

**Chamber Music at the Y**—An all-Schumann program performed by Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; Sharon Robinson and Hakuro Mori, cello; and David Jolley, horn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

**Scott Jackson Wiley**—Classical guitarist. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

**Concord String Quartet**—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. *(Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8.)*

**Orford String Quartet**—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

**League–ISCM**—The third in this season's series of six programs of contemporary music, this one performed by Rolf Schulte, violin; John Graham, viola; and Joel Krosnick, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

**Paula Robison**—Flute, in the first in a series of three joint recitals, this one with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 3.)

**Lucy Shelton**—Soprano. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

**Ruth Laredo**—Piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

**Young-Uck Kim and Emanuel Ax**—Violin and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

**Harvey Phillips**—Tuba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2:30.)

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—James Buswell, violin; Frederick Zlotkin, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Barry Tuckwell, horn; and John Browning, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 14-15, at 7:30.)

**Stern-Zukerman-Rose Trio**—Chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

**Pamela Frame**—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

**Vladimir Feltsman**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

**American Brass Quintet**—The second in a series of three concerts, this one partly of Renaissance and partly of contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

**Theatre Chamber Players of Kennedy Center**—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

**Eugene List**—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

**New Music Consort**—The first in a series of three concerts of music of this century, this one devoted to compositions by Ives, Cage, Copland, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

**Vladimir Spivakov**—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

**Pierre D'Archambeau**—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

**Barbara Held and Carles Santos**—Flute and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2:30.)

**Renata Scotto**—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

**Ani Kavafian and Ida Kavafian**—Violin and violin/viola. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

**Alfred Brendel**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

**Ensemble for Early Music**—A program of music and dance of the Elizabethan stage. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

### MISCELLANY

**"The Diaghilev Era"**—A benefit concert for the Dance Collection of the New York Public

Library at Lincoln Center. The performers will be Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo piano, playing works by composers associated with Diaghilev's Ballets Russes; and dancers from the New York City Ballet in a new set of dances "Cinq Pièces Faciles," choreographed by Peter Martins and set to music by Stravinsky. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 7. For information about tickets, call 799-9600.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**Professional Basketball**—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Seattle, Friday, Jan. 18, at 7:35. . . . **rutgers university athletic center:** Nets vs. Portland, Friday, Jan 11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Jan. 18, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

**Hockey**—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Colorado Rockies, Monday, Jan. 14, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Winnipeg Jets, Tuesday, Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Saturday, Jan. 19. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

**Racing**—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Jan 12. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 14.

**Tennis**—Colgate Grand Prix Masters: Bjorn Borg, Jimmy Connors, Vitas Gerulaitis, José Higueras, John McEnroe, Harold Solomon, Roscoe Tanner, and Guillermo Vilas. (Madison Square Garden. Round-robin matches, Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 9-11, at 1:30 and 7; semifinal singles matches, Saturday, Jan. 12, at 1; final doubles matches, Saturday, Jan. 12, at 7:30; and final singles matches, Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2. For information about tickets, call 755-2810.)

**Track**—Vitalis/United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 6:30.)

**Trotting**—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Feb. 13. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8, from Friday, Jan. 11, through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

## ET ALIA

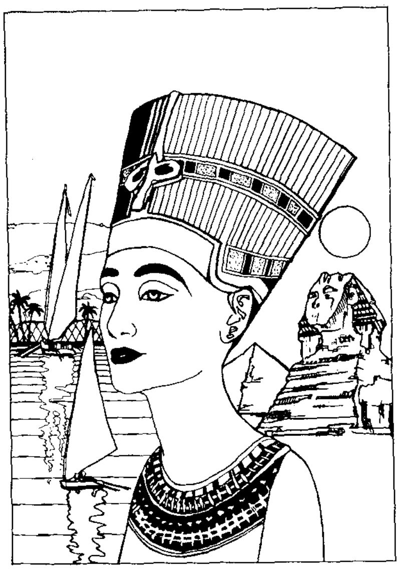
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

**Poetry Readings**—T. Carmi reading from his own works. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ T. Carmi reading and discussing "The Poetry of Israel." (Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Discussions**—"Titans in the Arts," the first of two programs, this one featuring Louise Nevelson and her interviewer, Barbaralee Diamonstein. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

**National Boat Show**—The seventieth annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, and canoes, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 12 and 19, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 13 and 20, from 11 to 8; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 14-18, from noon to 10.)

**Auctions**—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master paintings and drawings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 12. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Jan. 10, at 10:30 and 2: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 17, at 10:30 and 2: Japanese works of art. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 11.



Maupintour's
Egypt-the Nile
Middle East

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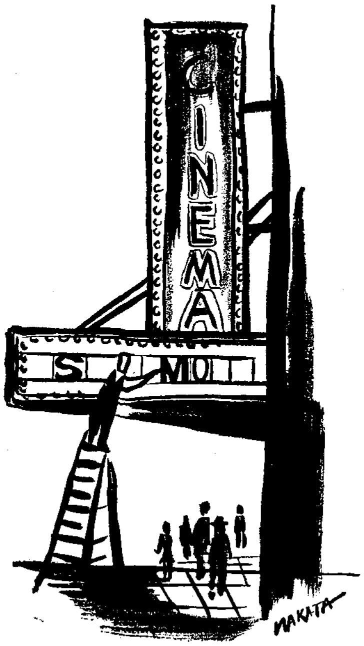
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 16. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 13: "The Age of the Medici."
Jan. 14: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 15: A program of Erich von Stroheim films, shown nightly at 8, along with a documentary about him, "The Man You Loved to Hate," directed by Patrick Montgomery. Jan. 15, "Blind Husbands;" Jan. 16, "Foolish Wives;" Jan. 17, "Greed;" Jan. 18, to be announced; Jan. 19, "The Wedding March."

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Jan. 10: "The Consequence."
Jan. 11-17: To be announced.
From Jan. 18: "Bread and Chocolate" and "Cousin, Cousine."

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 10: "Life of Brian" and "The End."
Jan. 11-17: "The Muppet Movie" and "Allegro Non Troppo."
From Jan. 18: To be announced.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Jan. 10: "Cuba."
From Jan. 11: "Breaking Away."

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Jan. 10: "1941."
From Jan. 11: "Hair."

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Going in Style."

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
". . . And Justice for All."

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Going in Style."

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Jan. 17: "Roller Boogie."
From Jan. 18: "Starting Over."

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Jan. 10: "Don Giovanni."
From Jan. 11: "Breaking Away."

**Manhattan 1,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Jan. 17: "Cuba."
From Jan. 18: "Gizmo!"

**Manhattan 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"10."

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Jan. 17: "Starting Over."
From Jan. 18: "Windows."

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Being There."

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"All That Jazz."

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Silent Partner."

**Gemini 1,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Jerk."

**Gemini 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"1941."

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Stay As You Are."

**Loews New York 1,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Electric Horseman."

**Loews New York 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Chapter Two."

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Jan. 10: ". . . And Justice for All."
Jan. 11-17: "Yanks."
From Jan. 18: To be announced.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Jan. 17: "Scavenger Hunt."
From Jan. 18: "In Search of Historic Jesus."

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Cuba."

**Loews Orpheum 1,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

**Loews Orpheum 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Black Hole."

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Jan. 17: "Roller Boogie."
From Jan. 18: "Windows."

**R.K.O. 86th St.,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 10: "1941." From Jan. 11: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Jerk."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Harold and Maude."

**Greenwich 1,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Jerk."

**Greenwich 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Black Hole."

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "10."
Theatre 2: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 10: ". . . And Justice for All." Jan. 11-17: "Rich Kids." From Jan. 18: "The Innocent" and "The Divine Nymph."
Theatre 4: "Yanks."

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Rose."

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Apocalypse Now."

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Robert et Robert."

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Europeans."

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"All That Jazz."

**Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

**Cinema Studio 1,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

**Cinema Studio 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Angi Vera."

**Embassy 72nd St.,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Jan. 10: "Escape from Alcatraz."
From Jan. 11: "Breaking Away."

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: ". . . And Justice for All."
Theatre 2: "10."
Theatre 3: "Going in Style."
Theatre 4: "Roller Boogie."

**New Yorker 1,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Take the Money and Run," "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Sleeper," "Love and Death," "The Front," "Interiors," "Annie Hall," "Bananas," and "Play It Again, Sam."

**New Yorker 2,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Apocalypse Now."

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 10: "When a Stranger Calls" and "Fast Break."
Jan. 11-17: "Bread and Chocolate" and "Cousin, Cousine."
From Jan. 18: "In Search of Historic Jesus."

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion,** B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Through Jan. 17: "Going in Style." (†)
From Jan. 18: "In Search of Historic Jesus."

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Jan. 17: "Scavenger Hunt." (†)
From Jan. 18: "Starting Over." (†)

**Embassy,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 3: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 4: "Apocalypse Now." (†)

**Forum,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Roller Boogie." (†)

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Electric Horseman." (†)

**Loews State 1,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture." (†)

**Loews State 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

**National,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Black Hole." (†)

**Rivoli,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"1941." (†)

**R.K.O. Cinerama 1,** B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Jan. 17: "Cuba." (†)
From Jan. 18: "Windows." (†)

**R.K.O. Cinerama 2,** B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Jerk." (†)

**Victoria,** B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Baby Snakes."

### REVIVAL HOUSES

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 9: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and "Carnival of Souls" (1962), directed by Herk Harvey.
Jan. 10: "Down and Dirty" (1976), in Italian, directed by Ettore Scola, with Nino Manfredi; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller.
Jan. 11: "Days of Heaven" (1978), directed by Terrence Malick, with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, and Linda Manz; and "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.
Jan. 12: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978), in French, directed by Bertrand Blier, with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, and Carole Laure; and "Femmes Fatales" (1976), in French, directed by Bertrand Blier, with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Jean Rochefort, Bernard Blier, and Brigitte Fossey.
Jan. 13: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, and Pat Heywood; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.
Jan. 14: "Fellini's Roma" (1972), in English and Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "Le Joli Mai" (1963), a documentary, directed by Chris Marker.
Jan. 15: "Saga of the Vagabonds" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Rashomon." (†)
Jan. 16: "God Told Me To" (1977; "*Demon!*"), *directed by* Larry Cohen, *with* Tony Lo Bianco, Sandy Dennis, Sylvia Sidney, and Sam Levene; and "Carrie"

(1976), directed by Brian De Palma, with Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, Piper Laurie, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt.

Jan. 17: "Before Hindsight" (1977), a documentary, directed by Jonathan Lewis; and "The Confessions of Winifred Wagner" (1977), in German, directed by Hans-Jürgen Syberberg.

Jan. 18: "The Stranger" (†); and "Justine" (1969), directed by George Cukor, with Anouk Aimée, Dirk Bogarde, Anna Karina, and Severn Darden.

Jan. 19: "O Lucky Man!" (1973), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell; and "The King of Marvin Gardens." (†)

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Jan. 9: "Harlan County, U.S.A." (1977), directed by Barbara Kopple, a documentary about the coal miners' strike in Kentucky in the early nineteen-seventies; and "Adalen 31" (1969), in Swedish, directed by Bo Widerberg.

Jan. 10: "Moby Dick" (1956), directed by John Huston, with Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, Orson Welles, Leo Genn, and Bernard Miles; and "The Scarlet Letter" (1973), in German, directed by Wim Wenders, with Senta Berger.

Jan. 11: "Autumn Sonata" (1978), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Bergman, Liv Ullmann, Lena Nyman, and Halvar Björk; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.

Jan. 12: "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" (1975; "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.; and "The Wild Child" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, François Truffaut.

Jan. 13: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford; and "Blithe Spirit." (†)

Jan. 14: "Girl Friends" (1978), directed by Claudia Weill, with Melanie Mayron and Anita Skinner; and "Hester Street." (†)

Jan. 15: "Nazarin" (1958), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal; and "Los Olvidados" (1950; "The Young and the Damned"), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel.

Jan. 16: "The Apartment" (†) and "The Fortune Cookie." (†)

Jan. 17: "Despair" (1979), directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol; and "The Immortal Story" (1968), directed by Orson Welles, with Jeanne Moreau.

Jan. 18: "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone; and "Madame Bovary." (†)

Jan. 19: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "Monika." (†)

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 10: "The Godfather" (1972), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

Jan. 11-12: "The Story of O" (1975), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin; and "Madam Kitty" (1977), directed by Tinto Brass, with Helmut Berger and Ingrid Thulin.

Jan. 13-14: "Days of Heaven" (1978), directed by Terrence Malick, with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, and Linda Manz; and "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

Jan. 15: "Rich Kids" (†) and "Taking Off." (†)

Jan. 16-17: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

Jan. 18-19: "Animal House" (1978), directed by John Landis, with John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, and Verna Bloom; and "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" (1978), directed by Robert Zemeckis.

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"Apocalypse Now." (†)

**Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Jan. 12: "Gigi" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, Hermione Gingold, and Isabel Jeans; and "Kiss Me Kate" (1953), directed by George Sidney, with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ann Miller, Keenan Wynn, and James Whitmore.

Jan. 13-15: "Scaramouche" (1952), directed by George Sidney, with Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Janet Leigh, and Mel Ferrer; and "Ivanhoe" (1952), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, and George Sanders.

Jan. 16-19: "Strangers on a Train" (†) and "Dial M for Murder." (†)

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 9: "Memories of Underdevelopment" (1973) and "Death of a Bureaucrat" (1966), both films in Spanish, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea.

Jan. 10: "The Merry Widow" (1934), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier; and "The Gay Divorcée (1934), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore.

Jan. 11-12: "The Blue Angel" (1929), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings; and "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey.

Jan. 13: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas; and "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" (1969), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Natalie Wood, Robert Culp, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon.

Jan. 14: "Between the Lines" (1977), directed by Joan Micklin Silver, with John Heard and Lindsay Crouse; and "On the Yard" (1979), directed by Raphael D. Silver, with Thomas Waites and John Heard.

Jan. 15: "Idi Amin Dada" (1974), a documentary, directed by Barbet Schroeder; and "Triumph of the Will" (1936), a documentary about the Sixth Nazi Party Congress, directed by Leni Riefenstahl.

Jan. 16: "The First Nudie Musical" (1977), directed by Bruce Kimmel and Mark Haggard, with Stephen Nathan, Cindy Williams, and Kimmel; and "It's Always Fair Weather." (†)

Jan. 17: "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" (1938), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper, David Niven, and Herman Bing; and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.

Jan. 18-19: "The Wages of Fear" (†); and "The Last Wave" (1978), directed by Peter Weir, with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 9: "The Mask of Dimitrios" (1944), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Zachary Scott and Peter Lorre; and "The Verdict" (1946), directed by Donald Siegel, with Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre.

Jan. 10: "I Met Him in Paris" (1937), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, and Robert Young; and "Arise, My Love" (1940), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Walter Abel, and Dennis O'Keefe.

Jan. 11-12: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

Jan. 13-14: "Heaven Can Wait" (1943), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Gene Tierney, Don Ameche, Charles Coburn, and Marjorie Main; and "Laura" (1944), directed by Otto Preminger, with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.

Jan. 15: "The Blue Dahlia" (†) and "Lady in the Lake." (†)

Jan. 16: "One Way Passage" (1932), directed by Tay Garnett, with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Aline MacMahon; and "Jewel Robbery" (1932), directed by William Dietrich, with William Powell and Kay Francis.

Jan. 17: "A Letter to Three Wives" (†);

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and "People Will Talk" (1951), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain, and Hume Cronyn.

Jan. 18-19: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), directed by Howard Hawks, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "My Favorite Wife" (1940), directed by Garson Kanin, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art**, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 10 at 2:30: "The Last Laugh" (1924), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Emil Jannings; no inter-titles.... ¶ Jan. 10 at 6: "Entr'acte" (1924), a French silent film, directed by René Clair; and "The Crazy Ray" (1923), a French silent film, directed by René Clair, English inter-titles.... ¶ Jan. 10 at 8: "Greed" (1924), a silent film, directed by Erich von Stroheim, with ZaSu Pitts, Gibson Gowland, and Jean Hersholt. ... ¶ Jan. 11, four films directed by Martin Ritt (who will be present at the 6 P.M. showing)—at 11:30, "The Spy Who Came in from the Cold" (1965), with Richard Burton; at 1:40, "The Molly Maguires" (1970), with Sean Connery; at 4, "The Front" (1978), with Woody Allen; and at 6, "Norma Rae" (1979), with Sally Field.... ¶ Jan. 12 at noon: "Sounder" (1974), directed by Martin Ritt, with Cicely Tyson and Paul Winfield. ... ¶ Jan. 12 at 2:30: "Potemkin" (1925), a Russian silent film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein; English inter-titles.... ¶ Jan. 12 at 5: "The Joyless Street" (1925), a German silent film, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Asta Nielsen, Werner Krauss, and Greta Garbo; English inter-titles.... ¶ Jan. 13 at noon: "Sounder."... ¶ Jan. 13 at 2:30: "Metropolis" (1925), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Brigitte Helm, Alfred Abel, and Gustav Fröhlich; English inter-titles.... ¶ Jan. 13 at 5: "One Third of a Nation" (1939), directed by Dudley Murphy, with Leif Erikson and Sylvia Sidney.... ¶ Jan. 14 at noon: "The Bridge" (1928), directed by Joris Ivens; "Rain" (1929), directed by Joris Ivens; and "Montparnasse" (1929), directed by Eugene Deslaw.... ¶ Jan. 14 at 2:30: "Potemkin."... ¶ Jan. 14 at 6: "The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover" (1977), directed by Larry Cohen, with Broderick Crawford. ... ¶ Jan. 15 at noon: "The Bridge," "Rain," and "Montparnasse."... ¶ Jan. 15 at 2:30: "One Third of a Nation."... ¶ Jan. 15 at 6: "Cost of Living" (1979), directed by Richard R. Rogers.... ¶ Jan. 17 at 2:30: "Metropolis."... ¶ Jan. 17 at 6: "A Page of Madness" (1926), a Japanese silent film, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, with Masao Inoue; no inter-titles.... ¶ Jan. 17 at 8:30: "Berlin, the Symphony of a Great City" (1927), a German silent film, directed by Walter Ruttmann; English inter-titles.... ¶ Jan. 18 at 2:30: "A Page of Madness."... ¶ Jan. 18 at 6: "Sunrise" (1927), directed by F. W. Murnau, with Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien.... ¶ Jan. 19 at noon: "Conrack" (1974), directed by Martin Ritt, with Jon Voight and Paul Winfield.... ¶ Jan. 19 at 2:30: "The Docks of New York" (1928), a silent film, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with George Bancroft and Betty Compson.... ¶ Jan. 19 at 5: "Berlin, the Symphony of a Great City." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Five sections of "Magellan," a work-in-progress by Hollis Frampton. Jan. 9 at noon, 2, and 4: Fragments of "Prologue."... ¶ Jan. 10-11 at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30: "June 19-July 3."... ¶ Jan. 12-13 at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30: Fragments of "Sept. 6-21."... ¶ Jan. 15 at noon, 1:30, 3, 4:30, and 6, and Jan. 16 at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30: "Dec. 21, 27, and 31."... ¶ Jan. 17-18 at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30: Fragments of "Epilogue."... ¶ Jan. 19-20, a continuous showing of all five sections, starting at noon. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

**Film Forum**, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"The Drugstore" and "Behind the Scenes at the Peking Circus," both parts of the twelve-hour documentary "How Yukong Moved the Mountains" (1978), in Chinese and French, with English voice-over translations. Directed by Joris Ives and Marceline Loridan. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

**Entermedia**, 2nd Ave. at 12th St. (475-4191)—A series of mystery films, with a double or triple feature each day through Jan. 13, starting in the late afternoon. Among the films showing this week are "The Shadow Returns," "Kiss Me Deadly," and "The Big Sleep." For exact time and film schedules, our best advice is to call the theatre.

**Our Hitler: A Film from Germany**—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's seven-hour, four-part film. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Jan. 13 at 2:30. There will be a dinner break at 6:15, and at 7:15 there will be a thirty-minute discussion with Syberberg; screening continues at 7:45.... ¶ Hunter College Auditorium, Park Ave. at 69th St. Jan. 19 and 26-27 at 2:30. There will be a ninety-minute dinner break at 6:15. For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 550.)

**Beacon Theatre**, B'way at 74th St. (874-1717)—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of Spanish films, shown in Spanish, with English subtitles. Jan. 11 at 7:30: "Mama Turns 100," directed by Carlos Saura, with Geraldine Chaplin and Amparo Muñoz. (Saura, Muñoz, and producer Elias Querejeta will be present.)... ¶ Jan. 12 at 7: "The Long Vacation of '36," directed by Jaime Camino, with Francisco Rabal and Concha Velasco. ... ¶ Jan. 12 at 9:30: "Poachers," directed by José Luis Borau, with Borau and Ovidi Montilor.... ¶ Jan. 13 at 7: "My Dearest Senorita," directed by Jaime de Arminan, with José Luis Lopez Vazquez.... ¶ Jan. 13 at 9:30: "Blindfolded," directed by Carlos Saura, with Geraldine Chaplin and José Luis Gomez.... ¶ Jan. 14 at 7: "Black Brood," directed by Manuel Gutiérrez Aragon, with José Luis Alonso and Maria Luisa Ponte. ... ¶ Jan. 14 at 9:30: "Cría!," directed by Carlos Saura, with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent.... ¶ Jan. 15 at 7: "Mama Turns 100."... ¶ Jan. 16 at 7: "Poachers." ... ¶ Jan. 16 at 9:30: "The Long Vacation of '36."... ¶ Jan. 17 at 7: "Blindfolded."... ¶ Jan. 17 at 9:30: "My Dearest Senorita."... ¶ Jan. 18 at 7: "Cría!"... ¶ Jan. 18 at 9:30: "Black Brood."... ¶ Jan. 19 at 4: "The Old Memory," a documentary, directed by Jaime Camino.... ¶ Jan. 19 at 8: "The Burnt City," directed by Antoni Ribas, with Angelo Molina.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**The Age of the Medici** (1973)—A noble three-part history made by the late Roberto Rossellini, full of thought and burning inquiry. It is in the style that Rossellini perfected toward the end of his life—a style in which crucial moments of the past seem to be occurring in the present. We are in Florence, in a world of low-toned, urgent, abstract discourses, and of small-town energy and rows and droppings in. There is gossip about Brunelleschi and Donatello, a resentful mutter from Ghiberti. We feel ourselves to be bang in the midst of the most invigorating family of citizens who have perhaps ever existed. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Jan. 13. All three parts shown at one sitting.)

**Allegro Non Troppo** (1977)—A six-episode animated and live-action musical film, directed by Bruno Bozzetto. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 11-17.)

**All That Jazz**—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile) but who keeps going, on Dexedrine and charm, long enough to work out some zingy production numbers and bring tears to the eyes of all the brave, put-upon women in his life. There are rehearsal scenes right out of "42nd Street" and soft-lens metaphysics out of Fellini, and some open-heart surgery, too, but the story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Cinema 1, and Cinema 3.)

**...And Justice for All**—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (10/22/79) (Eastside Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad.... ¶ 72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through Jan. 10.)

**Angi Vera**—With Veronika Papp, directed by Pál Gábor. In Hungarian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio 2.)

**Annie Hall** (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 9, 11, 13-14, and 16-19.)

**The Apartment** (1960)—Billy Wilder directed this acrid story as if it were a comedy, which is a cheat, considering that it involves pimping and a suicide attempt and many shades of craven ethics. Jack Lemmon plays the hero, which is also a cheat, because Lemmon is comic and amiable, and the character's behavior is neither. Only Wilder could possibly have got away with it as well as he does. Shirley MacLaine is the co-star. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 16.)

**Apocalypse Now**—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Festival, New Yorker 2, Embassy, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

**Bananas** (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 10-11 and 13-15.)

**Being There**—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and character because of Hal Ashby's thoughtful direction. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Coronet.)

**The Black Hole**—With Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins, Robert Forster, Joseph Bottoms, and Yvette Mimieux; directed by Gary Nelson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Orpheum 2, Greenwich 2, and National.)

**The Black Stallion**—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

**Blithe Spirit** (1945)—Noël Coward wrote this flippant, ectoplasmic comedy in 1941 to provide some relief for war-torn London; it seemed pleasantly airy in stage productions at the time, but it sags more than a little in this arch David Lean version. You're terribly aware that you're listening to repartee. Rex Harrison plays the English novelist who, in order to gather material for a story, jestingly arranges for a medium to conduct a séance. Inadvertently, he conjures up the ghost of his pouty, blond first wife (the husky-voiced Kay Hammond), and she ensconces herself in the home he now shares with his second wife (Constance Cummings), and flits about, making salacious comments. The novelist finds himself in an involuntary state of "astral bigamy." Margaret Rutherford provides some desperately needed gusto. She plays Madame Arcati, the brisk, exuberant medium, who wears long woollen scarves, moves with a skating motion, and whoops clichés like a football coach. "Let's make it a real rouser!" she cries at the start of a séance. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 13.)

**The Blue Dahlia** (1946)—This untidily complicated thriller threatens to turn into something, but it never does. The director, George Marshall, doesn't provide a tense atmosphere or a hard-boiled pace, and though the screenplay is by Raymond Chandler, the picture just drags along. The plot involves Alan Ladd as a Navy flier whose adulterous wife (Doris Dowling) is murdered; a night-club proprietor (Howard Da Silva) whose own estranged wife (Veronica Lake) is attracted to the flier; and the flier's psychoneurotic buddy (William Bendix) who can never remember just what he's been up to. There are also voyeurs, blackmailers, baffled cops, and mugs in the pay of the night-club proprietor. Ladd takes many a mauling before he gathers the heroine (Lake) in his arms. With Frank Faylen, Hugh Beaumont, Will Wright, Howard Freeman, and Tom Powers. Three of the players—Dowling, Da Silva (who wears a mustache here), and Faylen had appeared in "The Lost Weekend" the year before, and each had done good, distinctive work, but, like the rest of the cast here, they sink without a trace. The performers' responses are too slow; the acting throughout seems lifeless, narcotized. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 15.)

**Bread and Chocolate** (1974)—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Olympia; Jan. 11-17. . . . ¶ Art; starting Jan. 18.)

**Breaking Away**—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscape of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Gramercy, Plaza, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 11.)

**La Cage aux Folles**—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Chapter Two**—Familiar backdrops—Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on—fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (Loews New York 2.)

**The Consequence**—With Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald, directed by Wolfgang Petersen. In German. (Art; through Jan. 10.)

**Cousin, Cousine** (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Olympia; Jan. 11-17. . . . ¶ Art; starting Jan. 18.)

**Cuba**—A lot of scenery and good chances are wasted in this unfortunate adventure story, in which Sean Connery looks fit (and properly worried) as a soldier of fortune trying to stand against history in the last days of the bad old Batista regime. The picture is notable for director Richard Lester's quick, energetic glimpses of the priests, gunmen, strippers, Fidelistas, corrupt generals, and wide-wing white Cadillacs, but it founders on its flabby politics (the Castro guerrillas resemble Outward Bound campers) and dim love story—

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something about a sugar-and-tobacco heiress (Brooke Adams) who foolishly prefers to stay in Havana instead of fleeing with Mr. Connery—and slips away into farce. Lost in the shambles are Jack Weston, Martin Balsam, Hector Elizondo, Denholm Elliott, and Chris Sarandon. (12/31/79) (U.A. East. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Jan. 17.)

**Dial M for Murder** (1954)—Those who like drawing-room murder and cold, literate, gentlemanly skulduggery will find this ingenious and almost entertaining. Ray Milland is the suitably suave husband who hires unsavory, penny-dreadful Anthony Dawson to kill his rich, unfaithful wife, Grace Kelly; he then calmly goes out for the evening with her lover, Robert Cummings. The unexpected happens: the wife dispatches her would-be assassin with scissors; so the determined husband goes to work to make the murder look premeditated. All this is related with Alfred Hitchcock's ghoulish chic, but everyone in it seems to be walking around with tired blood. Amusingly, John Williams, as the inspector who unravels the case, is so wryly, archly dexterous that he makes everybody else's underplaying look positively boisterous. From Frederick Knott's play, just slightly adapted by the author; music by Dmitri Tiomkin. (Regency; Jan. 16-19.)

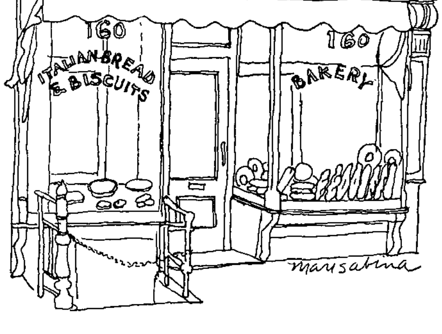
**The Divine Nymph**—With Laura Antonelli, Marcello Mastroianni, and Terence Stamp; directed by Giuseppe Patroni Griffi. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 18.)

**Don Giovanni**—Joseph Losey's full-length version of Mozart's opera. Not musically the best version of the opera you've ever heard, nor among the finest movies you've seen. But most people, after all, don't go to much live opera, and this "Don Giovanni" is better than most recent films. Which is not saying so very much. In Italian. (11/19/79) (Plaza; through Jan. 10.)

**The Electric Horseman**—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to have a good time as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. If the story sounds familiar, it's because it's an almost perfectly preserved specimen of the nineteen-thirties Frank Capra populist-political comedy—a "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" in Frye boots and Las Vegas lights. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

**The End** (1978)—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Reynolds. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 10.)

**Escape from Alcatraz**—Clint Eastwood leads the unprecedented breakout without wasting a word or a grimace. Similar efficiency in the skillful direction, by Don Siegel, sets the movie apart from flashier productions. (7/9/79) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 10.)



**The Europeans**—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Paris.)

**Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex** (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 9, 11-12, 14, and 16-19.)

**Fast Break**—With Gabriel Kaplan, directed by Jack Smight. (Olympia; through Jan. 10.)

**The Fortune Cookie** (1966)—A sour, visually ugly comedy from director Billy Wilder and his co-writer I. A. L. Diamond which gets worse as it goes along; it's both cynical and sanctimonious, and exploitative on both counts. Jack Lemmon plays a TV cameraman who is accidentally knocked unconscious in the course of covering a football game; Walter Matthau (the only possible excuse for seeing the picture) is Whiplash Willie, Lemmon's venomous, shyster-lawyer brother-in-law, who hatches a plot to bilk the insurance companies. By the time that Ron Rich, the decent, heartsick black football player who knocked Lemmon down, arrives to take care of him, and they become loving buddies, only Leslie ("Come back to the raft ag'in, Huck honey") Fiedler could care. With Cliff Osmond, Judi West, Lurene Tuttle, Les Tremayne, Ann Shoemaker, Ned Glass, Archie Moore, and Sig Rumann. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 16.)

**The Front** (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front: the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 9-11, 13-15, and 17.)

**Gizmo!**—A documentary, directed by Howard Smith. (Manhattan 1; starting Jan. 18.)

**Going in Style**—George Burns, Art Carney, and Lee Strasberg are three old geezers in Brooklyn who decide to hold up a bank instead of dying of boredom and infirmity, and Burns and Carney then move along to Las Vegas to score a killing at the craps tables. Only the ending of this mild, sentimental little comedy is surprising, but the writing and direction (both by Martin Brest) keep things moving at the proper quiet pace, and the elegant old troupers provide us and themselves with a good deal of pleasure along the way. With Charles Hallahan and Anthony D. Call. (12/31/79) (Murray Hill, Sutton, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Criterion; through Jan. 17.)

**Hair**—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Bay Cinema; starting Jan. 11.)

**Harold and Maude** (1971)—Bud Cort is Harold, a rich, suicidal introvert with a soft, unformed face—he's nineteen but looks younger. Ruth Gordon is poor but spunky Maude, the wizened seventy-nine-year-old woman who's like a cheerleader for Life. In this satirical-whimsical romantic comedy, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Colin Higgins, Harold falls in love with Maude, and he marries her on the eve of her eightieth birthday. Many young moviegoers have returned to this eccentric film repeatedly; maybe this is partly because of its mixture of the maudlin and the highly sophisticated. And the film has been made with considerable wit and skill. With Vivian Pickles, Cyril Cusack, Ellen Geer, and

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Charles Tyner. Music by Cat Stevens. (Waverly.)

**Hester Street** (1975)—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. The weaknesses are in the casting and the handling of the aggressive characters, and in the thin, audience-pleasing attitudes toward the Americanization process. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 14.)

**The Innocent**—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners that seems an almost perfect preparation for a tragicomedy of jealousy, and Visconti's work is masterly *in its expressive turn-of-the-century décor*, and in its control. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of juice and turns into a ponderous melodrama. Giannini is far from ideally cast (in a role that suggests a male Anna Karenina), but he seems acceptable until he remembers to act; toward the end, he's all over the place, acting. Antonelli gives the picture some amusing sexual suspense. Visconti had finished shooting this film when he died in 1976, but he did not complete the editing, and perhaps the maundering second half is partly the fault of others. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 18.)

**Interiors** (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (8/7/78) (New Yorker 1; Jan. 9, 12-13, and 15-19.)

**It's Always Fair Weather** (1955)—Comden and Green's tart followup to "On the Town," with Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, and Michael Kidd as three buddies who swear eternal friendship at war's end. At their reunion ten years later, they discover they hate each other and themselves, and go looking for the hopes they abandoned. The movie compromises on some of its best ideas, but it's still a topnotch musical, full of exhilarating numbers, most notably Dan Dailey's Chaplinesque satire of "advertising-wise" jargon, brassy Dolores Gray singing "Thanks a Lot but No Thanks," and Cyd Charisse in a song and dance about Stillman's Gym. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Thalia; Jan. 16.)

**The Jerk**—A dreary farce about a back-country boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

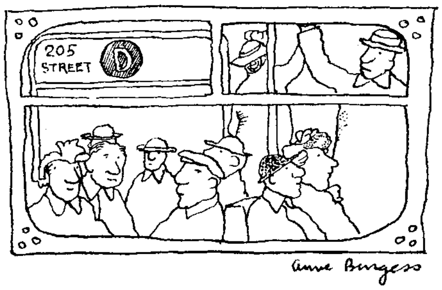
**The King of Marvin Gardens** (1972)—Indecipherable dark-toned movie about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. Set in the then decaying playground of Atlantic City in the gray, wintry off-season, it keeps declaring its alienation. Bruce Dern works hard trying to be charismatic as the promoter brother, who fronts for black gangsters. (Scatman Crothers is the big boss.) Jack Nicholson is the artist brother, who does monologues on late-night FM radio, issuing such pronouncements as "Goodbye, written word" and, referring to his own life, "Tragedy isn't Top Forty—which is just as well." Trying to act intellectual, Nicholson wears a prissy expression, huddles in his overcoat, and gives a dim, ploddingly serious performance. (If the roles had been reversed, the film might have had a *little* energy.) As Dern's aging, rejected mistress, who is being replaced in his affections by her own stepdaughter, Ellen Burstyn works valiantly, but her role is a series of florid gestures—it's like all Claire Trevor's biggest scenes put together. This is an unqualified disaster of the type that only talented people have; the producer-director, Bob Rafelson, and the scriptwriter, Jacob Brackman, seem to be saying "Let them eat metaphors." With Julia Anne Robinson as the stepdaughter, Charles Lavine as the brothers' grandfather, and Gary Goodrow, Sully Boyar, and Josh Mostel. Cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 19.)

**Kramer vs. Kramer**—This emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, based on a novel by Avery Corman, was written and directed by Robert Benton, who was a co-author of "Bonnie and Clyde" and, more recently, the author and director of "The Late Show." It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case, but its deeper search is into the mores of rising young families on the middle East Side of New York, whose anxious lives have never been examined with such a scrupulous and certifying attention to background and detail. Four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—almost convince you that this is a masterpiece instead of a first-class tearjerker, but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. The photography, which is also of a high order, is by Nestor Almendros. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

**Lady in the Lake** (1947)—A Raymond Chandler murder mystery with the camera functioning as the Private Eye—that is, as the eyes of Philip Marlowe, the narrator-protagonist (Robert Montgomery), who is seen in his entirety only when his reflection is caught in mirrors. This novelty is a nuisance, and is frustrating, besides, since Montgomery (who also directed) is the only star; the plot isn't involving enough to compensate for the absence of star byplay. At one point, the face of Audrey Totter, the feminine lead, comes swimming out at you, lips ajar, as if to honor you with a great big kiss; then she's lost in shadows. That's about as close as you get to any fun. With Lloyd Nolan, Leon Ames, and Jayne Meadows. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 15.)

**A Letter to Three Wives** (1949)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz won Academy Awards in 1949 for Best Screenplay and Best Director as a result of this satirical comedy on American social and marital conventions. The letter is from the town seductress informing the three wives that she has taken away one of their husbands: as each threatened wife reviews her marriage, we get, at best, a sharp, frequently hilarious look at suburbia, and, at worst, a slick series of bright remarks. Mankiewicz coaxed good performances out of Jeanne Crain and Linda Darnell, and the others certainly didn't need coaxing—Paul Douglas is pretty close to magnificent, and Ann Southern, Kirk Douglas, Florence Bates, Thelma Ritter, and Connie Gilchrist are first-rate. From a story by John Klempner. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 17.)

**Life of Brian**—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the Judean People's Front, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will feel a bit oversustained if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (8/27/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 10.)



**Love and Death** (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century *aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his* life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 10-13, 15-16, and 19.)

**Madame Bovary** (1934)—Flaubert's Emma Bovary has usually been a role for screen beauties—Lila Lee in 1932, Pola Negri in 1937, and Jennifer Jones in 1949—but in this version, adapted and directed by Jean Renoir, Emma is played by Valentine Tessier as an anomalous creature, half swan, half goose. This large woman is not at all what one expects, yet she's surprisingly effective. Renoir's film ran three and a half hours; the backers cut it to two hours. Early viewers who saw the full version pronounced it a masterpiece; what's left is more like a Renoir nature essay on Flaubertian themes. The sunlight and the spaciousness emphasize Emma's loneliness; she's a middle-class woman with an ample figure, drifting along on romantic daydreams. The director's brother, Pierre Renoir, plays the uncomprehending philistine Charles Bovary, Max Dearly is M. Homais, and Robert Le Vigan is Lheureux. The film was a commercial flop; it lacks Flaubert's intensity, but it has fine, unstressed images and scenes that stay with one. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 18.)

**Manhattan**—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Little Carnegie.)

**The Marriage of Maria Braun**—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

**Monika** (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least-seen movies. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 19.)

**The Muppet Movie**—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al., travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into show biz and become stars. (7/2/79) (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 11-17.)

**1941**—Steven Spielberg's big, childish, earsplitting farce about panic and patriotism on the Southern California coast in the days just after Pearl Harbor has a few good sight gags in it (including the sight of a Japanese submarine shooting down a Ferris wheel), but most of the picture's energy is devoted to careering vehicles and crashing planes and kick-in-the-groin humor. The movie is aimed at young audiences, who deserve better fun. With Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Robert Stack, Toshiro Mifune, Slim Pickens, and many others. (12/24/79) (Gemini 2, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and R.K.O. 86th St.; through Jan. 10.)

**Norma Rae**—Directed by Martin Ritt, written

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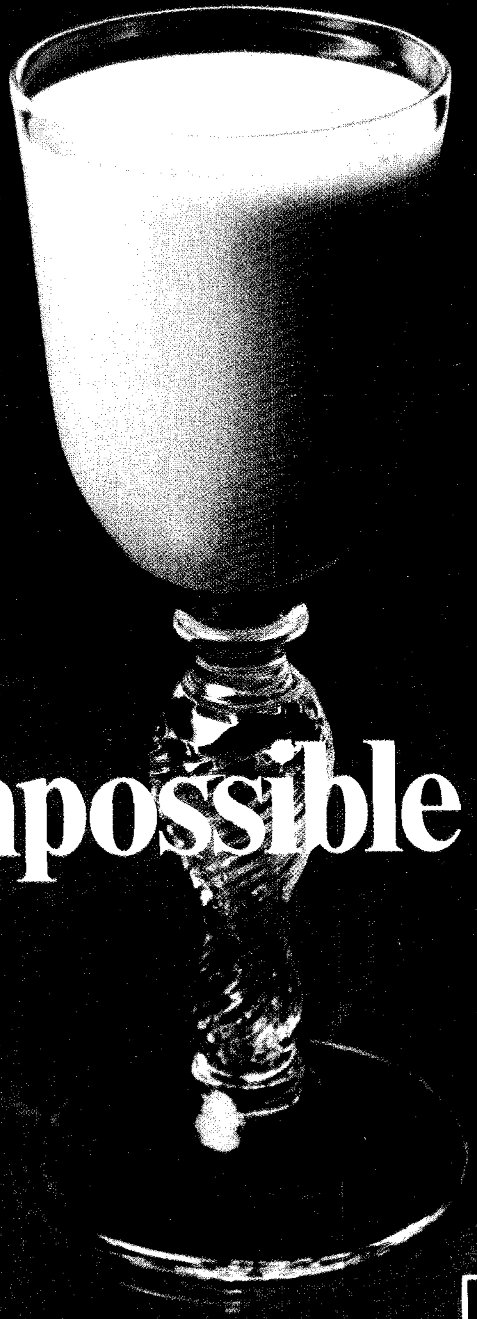

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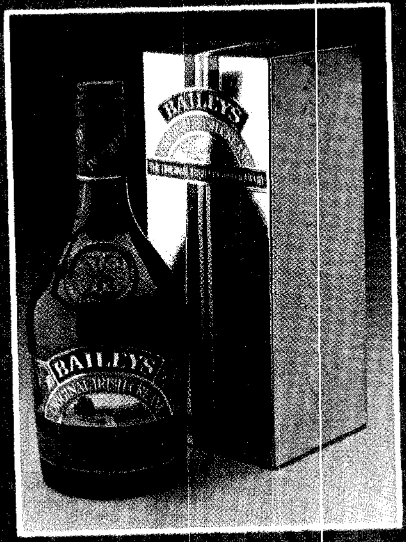
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

**Play It Again, Sam** (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 9-10, 12, 14, and 16-19.)

**Rashomon** (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. From stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 15.)

**Rich Kids**—With Trini Alvarado and Jeremy Levy, directed by Robert M. Young. (Quad Cinema; Jan. 11-17. . . ¶ Cinema Village; Jan. 15.)

**Robert et Robert**—Claude Lelouch directed this self-defeating comedy, which follows two Parisian misfits who meet as fellow-customers at a paltry matrimonial bureau. Jacques Villeret (as a fat, apologetic would-be policeman) and Charles Denner (as an anxiously fussy cabdriver) are funny and convincing as the *triste* pair, and there is further good work by Jean-Claude Brialy, who is the not-quite cynical Mlle. Lonelyhearts. But all is for naught, because M. Lelouch is more interested in pathos than in humor. In French. (12/10/79) (57th St. Playhouse.)

**Roller Boogie**—With Linda Blair, directed by Mark L. Lester. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East; through Jan. 17.)

**The Rose**—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Ziegfeld.)

**Scavenger Hunt**—With Richard Benjamin, James Coco, Ruth Gordon, Cloris Leachman, and Tony Randall; directed by Michael Schultz. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 1; through Jan. 17.)

**The Seduction of Joe Tynan**—An airless, pious study of political corruption. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Meryl Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema.)

**The Silent Partner**—With Susannah York, Christopher Plummer, and Elliott Gould; directed by Daryl Duke. (Cinema II.)

**Sleeper** (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it has a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 10-13, 15-16, and 18.)

**Starting Over**—A study in casting against the grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen, as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Baronet; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, and Embassy 1; starting Jan. 18.)

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**Star Trek–The Motion Picture**—The Starship Enterprise survives (but just barely) its risky voyage from TV series and cult object to movie spectacular, thanks in part to the older but still reassuring presence of Captain (now Admiral) Kirk, and of Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, and the rest of the crew, who are played by the original actors. The plot—the invasion of earth space by an intruder cloud of surpassing intelligence—is familiar, and so is the jargon, but the special effects (by Douglas Trumbull and John Dykstra) are often of great beauty. This space epic is not close to the level of "2001" or "Star Wars," but it has an innocence and modesty that almost make up for its clichés. With William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Stephen Collins, and Persis Khambatta. Directed by Robert Wise, and produced by Gene Roddenberry, who started the whole business way back in the sixties. (12/17/79) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, Paramount, and Loews State 1.)

**Stay As You Are**—A contemporary *avventura* about a middle-aged landscape architect (Marcello Mastroianni) caught up in an affair with a young student (Nastassia Kinski), who may or may not be his own daughter. The celebrated fifty-five-year-old Mastroianni face is almost as beautiful to contemplate here as the piazzas of Florence, but Mastroianni the actor is sadly wasted in this vapid romance. Directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (12/24/79) (Beekman.)

**The Stranger** (1967)—Marcello Mastroianni plays Meursault, the Camus hero, very simply, with scrupulous intelligence and concentration. Directed by Luchino Visconti, the movie has great passages and is highly effective in suggesting the atmosphere of the novel—the Algerian heat, the sudden, unpremeditated violence. What's missing is the psychological originality that made the book important. The novel was a definitive new vision—a more honest view of human behavior. But by the time the movie was made, that vision had already entered into the modern sensibility, and the concept of alienation had become cut-rate and conventional in movies. And so, although the film is set in the correct period—the thirties—this doesn't help to relate it to what Camus's vision meant in the post-Second World War years, and the movie seems merely a factual account of Meursault's crime and trial. With Anna Karina, Bruno Cremer, and Bernard Blier. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 18.)

**Strangers on a Train** (1951)—Hitchcock's bizarre, malicious comedy, in which the late Robert Walker brought sportive originality to the role of the chilling wit—dear, degenerate Bruno. It's intensely enjoyable—perhaps the best of Hitchcock's American films. The murder plot is so universally practical that any man may adapt it to his needs: Bruno perceives that though he cannot murder his father with impunity, someone else could; when he meets the unhappily married tennis player Guy (Farley Granger), he murders Guy's wife for him and expects Guy to return the favor. Technically, the climax of the film is the celebrated runaway merry-go-round, but the high point of excitement and amusement is Bruno trying to recover his cigarette lighter while Guy plays a fantastically nerve-racking tennis match. Even this high point isn't what we remember best—it's Robert Walker. Not often do we think about a performance in a Hitchcock movie; usually what we recall are bits of "business"—the stump finger in "The 39 Steps," the windmill turning the wrong way in "Foreign Correspondent," etc. But Walker's performance is what gives this movie much of its character and its peculiar charm. It is typical of Hollywood's brand of perversity that Raymond Chandler was never hired to adapt any of his own novels for the screen; he was, however, employed on "Double Indemnity," "The Blue Dahlia," and this movie (which is based on a novel by Patricia Highsmith). Chandler (or someone—perhaps Czenzi Ormonde, who's also credited) provided Hitchcock with some of the best dialogue that ever graced a thriller. With Marion Lorne as Bruno's doting, dotty mother, and Leo G. Carroll, Ruth Roman, Patricia Hitchcock, Laura Elliott, and Howard St. John. (Regency; Jan. 16-19.)

**Take the Money and Run** (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 9-10, 12, 14-15, and 17-19.)

**Taking Off** (1971)—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," working for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors. (Cinema Village; Jan. 15.)

**10**—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Manhattan 2, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

**The Wages of Fear** (1953; "Le Salaire de la Peur")—An existential thriller; the most original and shocking French melodrama of the fifties. The opening sequence shows us a verminous South American village and the Europeans trapped in it; they will risk everything for the money to get out. An oil well three hundred miles away has caught fire, and the oil company offers four of them two thousand dollars each to drive two trucks loaded with nitroglycerine (to explode out the fire) over primitive roads. The four are a Corsican (Yves Montand), a Frenchman (Charles Vanel), an Italian (Folco Lulli), and a German (Peter Van Eyck), and the film is about their responses to the gruelling test of driving the trucks. When you can be blown up at any moment, only a fool believes that character determines fate. In this situation, courage and caution are almost irrelevant, and ordinary human responses are futile and archaic—yet nothing else is left. If this isn't a parable of man's position in the modern world, it's at least an illustration of it. Henri-Georges Clouzot directed his own adaptation of Georges Arnaud's novel. His most controversial film, it is also his most powerful; the violence is not used simply for excitement—it's used as in Eisenstein's and Buñuel's films: to force a vision of human experience. With Vera Clouzot and William Tubbs. The music is by Georges Auric; the cinematography is by A. Thirard. Awarded the Golden Palm at Cannes. Originally released in the U.S. in a cut version, partly because of the film's length (156 minutes), and partly because of nervousness about how Americans would react to the sequences touching on the exploitative practices of American oil companies—which were trimmed. (Remade by William Friedkin in 1977, under the title "Sorcerer.") In French. (Thalia; Jan. 18-19.)

**When a Stranger Calls**—With Carol Kane, Charles Durning, and Colleen Dewhurst; directed by Fred Walton. (Olympia; through Jan. 10.)

**Windows**—With Talia Shire, Elizabeth Ashley, and Joseph Cortese; directed by Gordon Willis. (Baronet, 86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Jan. 18.)

**Yanks**—An invasion of England by American troops in the early days of the Second World War. Director John Schlesinger masses his G.I.s in great numbers, and essays three love stories between visitors and hosts, but it's all soft and false—tepid, in fact. Vanessa Redgrave and the talented Lisa Eichhorn are involved. (10/1/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Jan. 11-17.)

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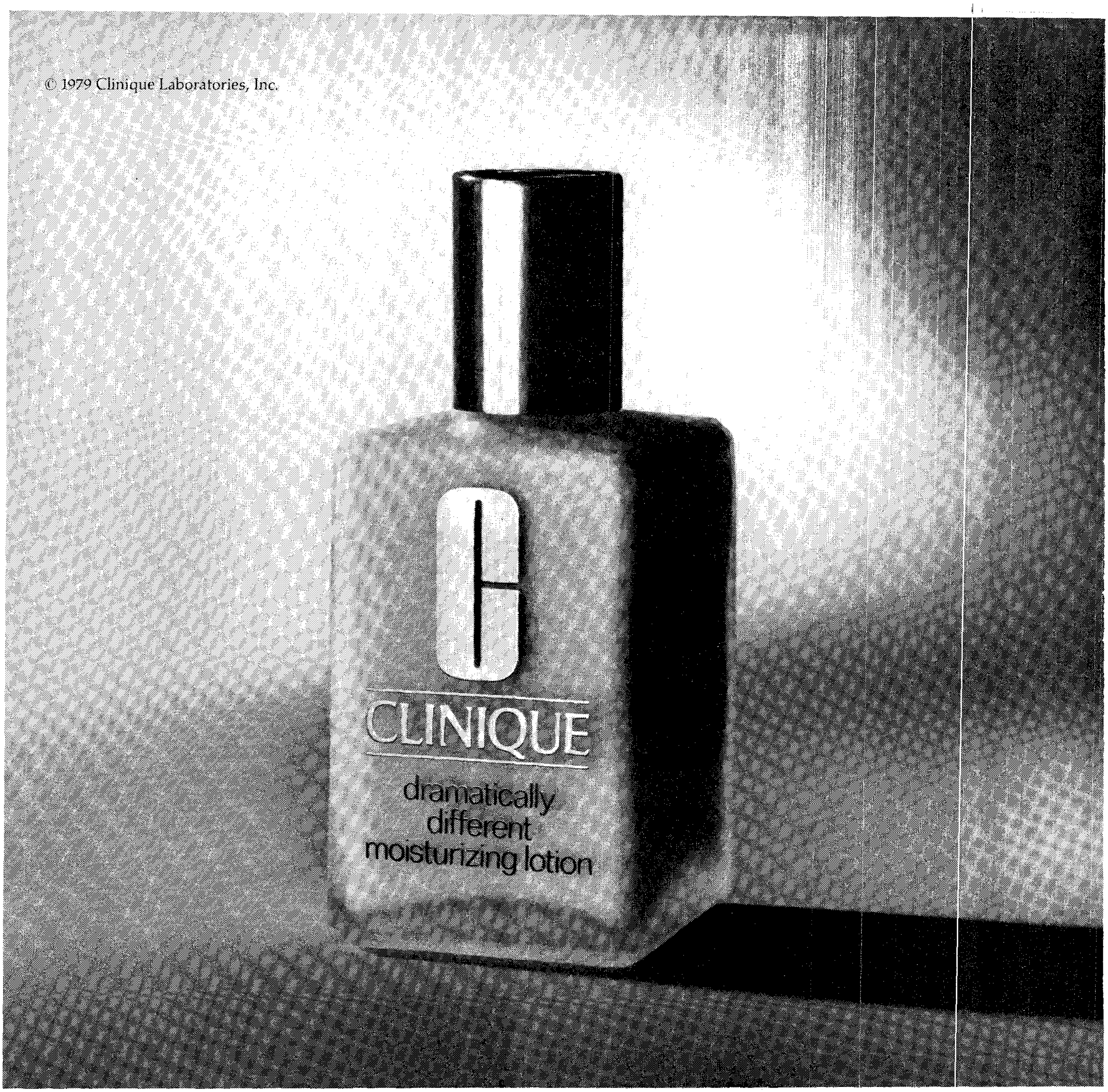

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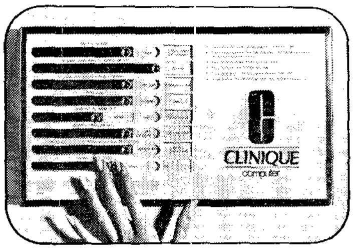

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

IN the first days of the new year, the world appeared to veer abruptly off into an unfortunately perilous direction, as though it had decided to regard the advent of the year 1980 as marking the beginning of a new era. In Afghanistan, Soviet forces, having overseen the execution not only of the country's President, Hafizullah Amin, but of several of his relatives, were said to be approaching the border of Pakistan, and there were fears that the Soviets might launch incursions into that country. To the already highly combustible and unpredictable mixture of Middle Eastern oil and Islamic revolution was now added the danger of a confrontation between the superpowers. However, it was difficult for anyone to say for certain just where the Soviet troops were or what they were doing, because foreign newsmen were being expelled from Afghanistan. Some observers were calling Afghanistan an inverted Vietnam, in which the Soviet Union was trying to prop up a puppet government while the United States supported the guerrilla insurrection, but one large difference was obvious: whereas the Vietnam War was shown on television to the whole world every evening, the Soviets had so far kept their war in Afghanistan in complete darkness. Not even their own people had been informed that Soviet troops were now at war. The resulting uncertainty, by increasing the chances for miscalculation by other powers, itself contributed to the peril of the crisis. Meanwhile, the Soviets were filling the vacuum of information with deceptions, many of them of the most startling kind. For example, they were depicting President Amin as the political creature of the United States, when in fact he had been the Soviets' own loyal ally, and had been described as such in the Soviet press just a few weeks before his overthrow and execution. This invention and others like it were probably believed by almost no informed person on earth, yet they nevertheless had a peculiar effectiveness as a sort of aggression against the peace of mind of anyone who was trying in good faith to find his bearings in the new situation. In neighboring Iran, it was beginning to look as though the Islamic revolutionaries there had seized hostages from the wrong superpower. While they were shaking their fists at the United States and shouting "Death to Carter!" the Soviet Union was approaching on the horizon behind them. The ever more chaotic and fragmented Iranian government—a disharmonious, uncoördinated aggregation of Islamic clergymen, Western-trained bureaucrats, and street mobs of various persuasions—condemned the invasion (or, at least, the Foreign Minister did), but the Communist Tudeh Party, which officially supports the government, vaguely welcomed it, and thereby deepened the fear that the Soviets might one day try to intervene in Iranian affairs. As the confusing, bloody drama unfolded, other peoples—Kurds, Baluchis, Azerbaijanis—were brought into view under the restless spotlight of world press coverage. Most Americans knew little or nothing about them, yet it was turning out that our fortunes were indissolubly tied to theirs.

Here in the United States, President Carter recalled our Ambassador to Moscow for "consultations" and asked the Senate to delay its vote on the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty, and a series of unfavorable comments on the President's policies were heard from rivals for his office. In any case, approval of SALT by the Senate seemed impossible for the time being. Its defenders had consistently argued that the treaty, far from being a concession made by the United States to the Soviet Union, was actually in our country's best interests, even when these were defined in the narrowest military terms. They had pointed out that under the treaty the Soviets would be restricted to placing ten warheads on each of their three hundred and eight heavy missiles, for a total of three thousand and eighty warheads, whereas without the treaty the Soviets would be able to place perhaps as many as thirty warheads on those same missiles, for a total of nine thousand two hundred and forty warheads. Now that approval of the treaty had receded into the indefinite future, the margin of six thousand one hundred and sixty warheads and the corresponding number that we would have to deploy emerged from the realm of debating points and took on frightening concreteness. At least for the present, the only forum that the United States and the Soviet Union had ever set up for dealing with these and other nuclear matters was closed.

In the Soviet Union, one private voice—that of Andrei Sakharov, the dissident Soviet physicist—sounded with special clarity and courage. "The situation is so tragic, dramatic, and dangerous that we must all concentrate on how to prevent a chain reaction that, in this nuclear age, could have unpredictable consequences for mankind," he said. He went on to say, "The Soviet leaders must have known how provocative their action would seem to the United States and other countries. They must have calculated that the damage to their foreign relationships would be temporary but the gain in power terms would be permanent. . . . What is essential now is for the United Nations to convene and put pressure on the Soviet Union to withdraw from Afghanistan, not in any humiliating way but as part of some arrangement whereby the strategic equilibrium in the region would be restored." In the welter of partisan official pronouncements, Sakharov, though he was a spokesman for no one, was speaking for everyone.

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## *Alternatives*

THE other day, we bicycled across the Charles River from Boston to visit a retail store called the Cambridge Alternative Power Company. The store, a remodelled old filling station nestling under a new forty-three-foot windmill, sells just what its name says it does: wood stoves, kerosene lamps, solar equipment, and a lot of energy-saving stuff we hadn't even known existed. The place has been open for business just over a year, and its business is booming. So we were told, seriatim, by two of its three owners: its president, Nelson B. Robinson, who is a bookstore proprietor and also a prime mover in New England Sierra Club circles; and its vice-president, Bertram B. Johansson, who is a retired *Christian Science Monitor* journalist, and who built a house twenty-five years ago that is, in today's environmental terminology, "passive solar"—all glass on the southern exposure. (The other member of the triumvirate is Chairman of the Board Dr. Alfred Kraft, a no-nukes dentist, who plans to heat a new apartment of his with wood.)

When we asked the president and the vice-president for some details of how things were going, both beamed warmly.

"A year ago, we had only one and three-quarters people working for us, and now we have eight," said Mr. Robinson, who is forty years old, has thinning brown hair, and wears horn-rimmed glasses.

"Ten," said Mr. Johansson, a burly man in his sixties with a white mustache. "We figured our sales might be big from September through December, when people usually start worrying about winter weather, but since the Iranian crisis and the Three Mile Island affair things have been moving at such a clip that there probably won't be any vacations for any of us at any time. We have people coming in from places like Westchester and sniffing around and pretending to be customers, and then it turns out they're hoping to start up a store like this back home. There was also a Harvard graduate student recently who asked a lot of probing questions, but he turned out to be merely a devout gas-station buff making inquiries about this site on behalf of the Society for the Preservation of Industrial Antiquities."

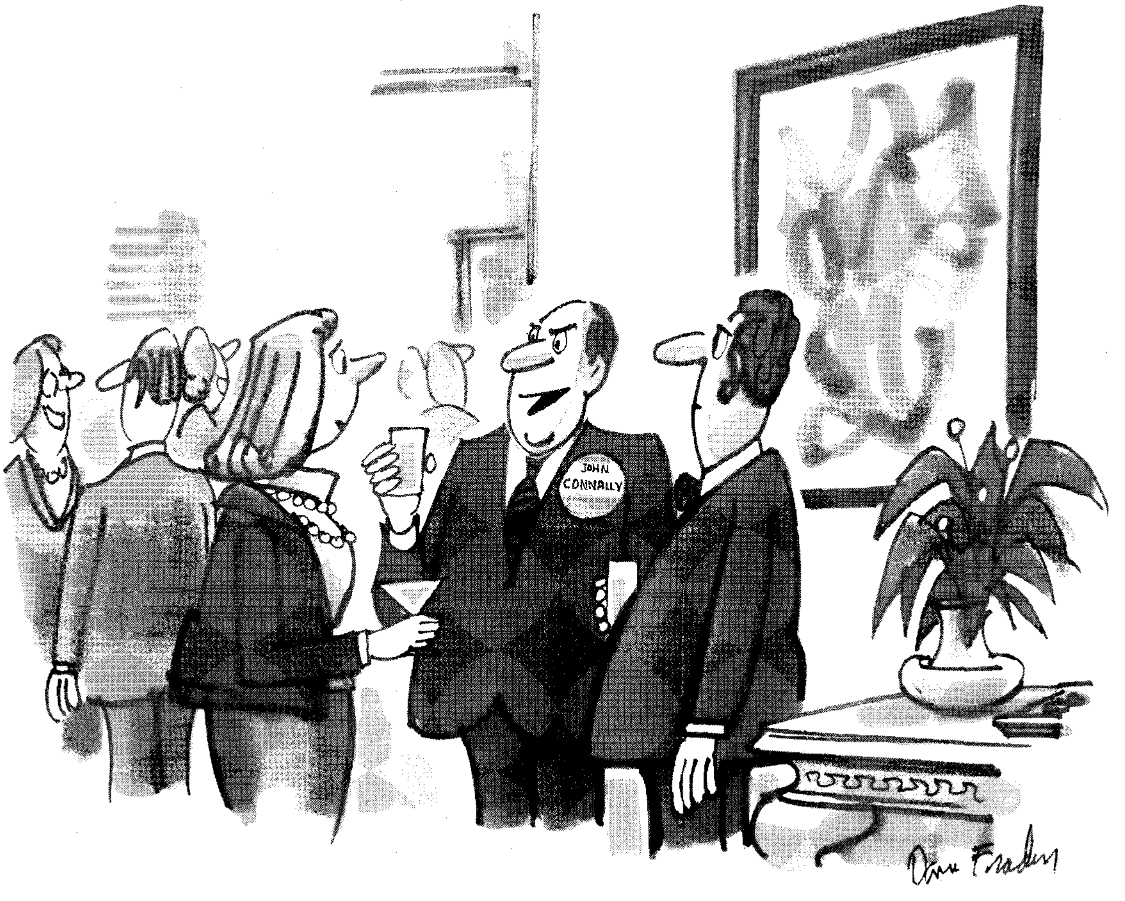
"The thing we're proudest of is that so much of our store is itself an example of energy conservation," Mr. Robinson said. "We actually depend for our operation on the equipment we sell." He waved a hand toward a cozily warm cast-iron wood stove, with a two-hundred-and-eighty-dollar price tag. "This little number will give you the best B.T.U.s for your dollar," he said. He pointed ceilingward to an odd-looking light fixture. "That bulb is fluorescent rather than incandescent and has its own built-in transformer," he said. "It burns twenty-two watts and gives out a seventy-two-watt light. We have solar collectors on our roof that provide us with hot water. Professor George Wald stopped by while they were being installed and seemed very interested—as, indeed, he seemed also when we had a belly dancer perform at a party for a woman who has written a children's book about solar energy." Mr. Robinson moved a few feet and flicked a switch, and another bulb glowed. "Power from the windmill outside," he said. "For Christmas, we put a tree on the windmill platform, and the windmill lit up *its* bulbs." Switching the light off again, he continued, "The bedrock of our business is multifuel boilers. You can burn almost anything in them—oil, wood, coal, gas. They cost about thirty-five hundred, installed. Did you know that every time you burn a cord of wood you save between a hundred and fifty and two hundred gallons of oil?"

"Our finest wood stoves are Jøtuls, from Norway, but they're hard to come by right now," Mr. Johansson said. "There's been an explosion of demand for them in Scandinavia. I understand that Jøtul sales in Denmark have recently quadrupled. Tough on us."

"A lot of our customers have five acres or more of woodland," Mr. Robinson said, "and with half a dozen acres, depending on how much wood you burn, you can keep yourself nicely supplied if you farm your wood right."

Mr. Johansson excused himself to attend to a young woman in a quilted thermal jacket who needed two pieces of pipe for a second-hand Jøtul she'd been lucky enough to pick up somewhere else.

"We have merchandise to suit every purse," Mr. Robinson said. "Some of our biggest pre-Christmas sales, as sort of stocking presents, I guess, were in-



*"You know why I'm for Big Jawn? I'm for Big Jawn because he's big!"*

sulators—only two dollars and fifteen cents per—to put behind the switch plates of electrical outlets. That's one area where people unwittingly squander enormous amounts of energy. Some of our customers are beginning to show a lot of interest in do-it-yourself chimney brushes, with a fibre-glass rod that bends ninety degrees, so you can sweep your chimney from your hearth. Our five-layered insulating window shades are a very popular item, too, this season—right up there with our water-conserving shower heads. The best-sellers among our three hundred and fifty book titles are, month in and month out, the Bibles of our field—'The Solar Home Book,' 'The Passive Solar Energy Book,' and 'The Solar Greenhouse Book.' "

Mr. Johansson rejoined us, and said, "The M.I.T. academic people seem especially attracted to our solar beanies, which have a propeller that whirls in a dead calm, and to our solar music boxes, which are powered by a photovoltaic cell. One Cantabrigian dropped in the other day and said that he had given his wife one of these for her birthday, and that she had it on a window ledge, and that she was feeling terribly depressed about Three Mile Island, and that suddenly the sun came out and 'Edelweiss' began playing, and she smiled and said, 'My God, there's still some hope.' "

## *Three Parties*

"THAT man over there is a popular journalist," said a pretty girl. "He is at the center of things. He had an idea for an article, but then he saw his idea on 'Prime Time Saturday.' "

"I picked up a piece of cauliflower," said the man who was her companion. "I knew it was a piece of cauliflower. But just for conversation I said to a man standing next to me 'What is this?' and he said 'Oh, it's a *crudité*.' *Crudité!* Can you believe it? I mean to say, he was an American and he told me a piece of cauliflower was a *crudité*."

"That petite woman over there is a popular figure in modern dance," said the pretty girl. "She did the dance sequences in a very good movie, but the movie was a big flop. She is the only real artist in this room—she and the man over there who is playing the piano. He is a bad pianist playing bad show tunes. All men who play the piano are great artists."

"There's Bill Boggs," said her companion. "Bill Boggs is the only sane man in America. He is wearing a jacket with double vents. He is the only man in America who looks good in a jacket with double vents."

"That man over there is a famous producer," said the pretty girl. "I met him years ago. He took out a girl I knew then. He made love to her in the shower."

"Right next door is another party," said her companion. "A dinner party. People from a paper company. Perhaps they are very happy and will soon be eager to show it."

"I have just remembered something," said the pretty girl. "I once stood in this very room and a woman showed me twelve different ways to wear the same dress. She was from Japan. It wasn't a very interesting idea."

"Blythe Danner is standing over there talking to someone who could be a jerk or who could be Francis of Assisi," said her companion. "I have no real thoughts on Blythe Danner."

"That woman in the red cowboy boots once wrote a long article about Stevie Wonder," said the pretty girl. "I admire all women, even when they haven't discovered something as important as radium."

"There is a reporter here from *People* magazine," said her companion. "The same man, who lives in Greenwich Village, makes out our taxes."

"All the people in this room care very much for each other," said the pretty girl. "Look at how interested each one is in what the others are saying. I am sure they call each other up every day just to make sure that not one of them is running a fever."

"Those two people are from Italy," said her companion. "They don't know who the man is they are talking to. Slowly, and using on-the-spot sign language, he is telling them."

"Unknown to me, someone took my picture," said the pretty girl. "I can feel myself losing altitude. I can feel my halo evaporating in the clear winter air. I can feel my spirit taking a long walk away from me."

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"THERE'S nothing out there," said the pretty girl's companion. "There's nothing out there except sometimes you see big rats—the kind that come from Norway. Or people in bootleg-cut jeans."

"Rats have buck teeth," said the pretty girl. "That is, they do unless they gnaw on something."

"When I look at Rockefeller Center," said her companion, "I say to myself, 'Now, that's a tribute to something.' "

"I knew a man who used to take

three teaspoons of sugar every day in his morning coffee," said the pretty girl. "Three teaspoons of sugar. While he was drinking it, he said, he felt like Atlas. But shortly after, he said, he felt as sluggish as a mole."

"Fifth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street," said her companion. "I ran into a woman I used to know, and she had just spent the summer in Montana. She said, 'This summer and fall in Montana, four hundred and fifty-six thousand six hundred and twenty-three dozen eggs, two hundred and eighty thousand six hundred and twenty-nine chickens, and forty-eight hundred pigs were destroyed because the feed had become contaminated with a chemical that causes cancer in animals.' I didn't tell her that that was not news to me."

"Talk about sugar!" said the pretty girl. "I heard of a man who lived in Harlem and for breakfast he ate Hostess Twinkies and cola soda. Every day, he ate that, and every day he went out and committed a gruesome crime. When he was finally caught, he pleaded sugar rush."

"When I look at the Empire State Building," said her companion, "I say to myself, 'Now, that's another tribute, to an entirely different thing.' When I look at the Empire State Building, I make a mental note of all the things I really need."

"I took a trip to Port of Spain once," said the pretty girl. "On a banana boat. I ate a lot of bananas, I was bitten by a lot of fleas, and a man who drank rum talked in my face constantly. For a long time afterward, it was no to bananas, fleas, and men."

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"THE people here," said the pretty girl, "don't like to dance to the new Joe Jackson record, or the new Police, or the new Talking Heads, or the new Tom Petty, or the new Clash, and they don't know how to dance to ska music. All the people here are older young white people. They like to dance to any Motown record from 1965."

"Well, well," said her companion. "Well, well."

"Last night, I dreamed that I was at a party with all these people," said the pretty girl. "The party was on the thirty-second floor. I willed *all* the guests to go out on the balcony, hold their nose, and jump."

"Well, well," said her companion.

"I danced with that woman in the man's suit," said the pretty girl. "As I danced with her, I knew she was a woman in a man's suit. And I danced with her as if she were a woman in a man's suit. When the dance was over, she said, 'I bet you didn't know that I was a woman wearing a man's suit.' I didn't say anything, but I thought, I bet you don't know that a potato when cooked has only about a hundred and twenty-five calories."

"Well, well," said her companion.

"This is my last party," said the pretty girl. "Tonight, as I was getting dressed, I said to myself, 'This is my last party.' On a cold night like tonight, I wear long underwear. Leaf-green-color long underwear. I said to myself as I was putting on my long underwear, 'This is my last party.' "

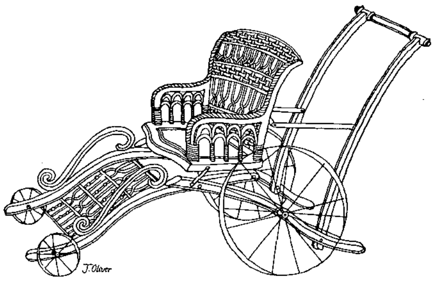
"Well, well," said her companion.

"The next time I get an invitation to a party," said the pretty girl, "I will say to myself, 'All those fish heads I have in the freezer—it's time to make a soup out of them.' "

"Well, well," said her companion.

## *Two Rehearsals*

NEW YORK can be a cornucopia of unanticipated delights during the holiday season, and here are a couple of recent examples. At Avery Fisher Hall one evening, Luciano Pavarotti, large, cheerful, and overwhelming in a navy-blue suit, was rehearsing some of the songs he was planning to sing in several forthcoming concerts, including one on New Year's Eve. He stood gripping the side of a piano and, with John Wustman accompanying him, sailed through Verdi's "Celeste Aida"—normally a tenor's nightmare—with the casual enthusiasm of a folk singer recalling one of his favorite ballads. He took the final high B-flat in *mezza voce*—as it was written—with a broad smile on his bearded face, and held the note until we thought his lungs would crack. Then he released his grip on the piano, turned to Mr. Wustman, and said, "*Basta.* The sound is O.K. Now we must decide on some happy encores for the New Year's Eve." Mr. Wustman suggested several titles, and Mr. Pavarotti picked out "Tra voi, belle," from Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," and sang it through. As he finished, ABC and NBC television crews hurried in, and, after some consultation with Mr. Pavarotti's manager, Herbert Breslin, Mr. Wustman struck up the opening bars of "Auld Lang Syne." Mr. Breslin handed the singer a very large empty champagne bottle, and Mr. Pavarotti held it up for the camera and began to sing, "*Domani tu mi lascerai, E più non tornerai.*" Halfway through the song, he forgot the Italian lyrics and, rolling his eyes toward the ceiling, began to hum, beating time with the champagne bottle.



"I must learn exactly for tomorrow night," Mr. Pavarotti said when the music stopped. "You know, in Italy we don't sing this song at *capo d'anno*. We sing it when a friend we love is leaving us. We sing it when somebody goes into the Army, and we always cry. But it is for you a happy song."

"No, it's really a memory song," said Mr. Breslin.

"But all memory songs are sad," Mr. Pavarotti insisted. He turned the empty bottle sidewise, held it up to his mouth in a flute-playing position, and began to whistle an intricately florid coloratura passage from "Lucia di Lammermoor," using his eyebrows to punctuate the high notes.

"Maybe you should sing *that* as an encore," Mr. Breslin said as the circle of photographers broke into laughter.

Mr. Pavarotti's eyes crinkled with amusement. "If I sing the mad scene from Lucia like that," he said, "there are very many sopranos who would kill me dead."

"Especially if you sing it accurately," said Mr. Breslin. "Now, Luciano, open the other bottle and let's all have some champagne."

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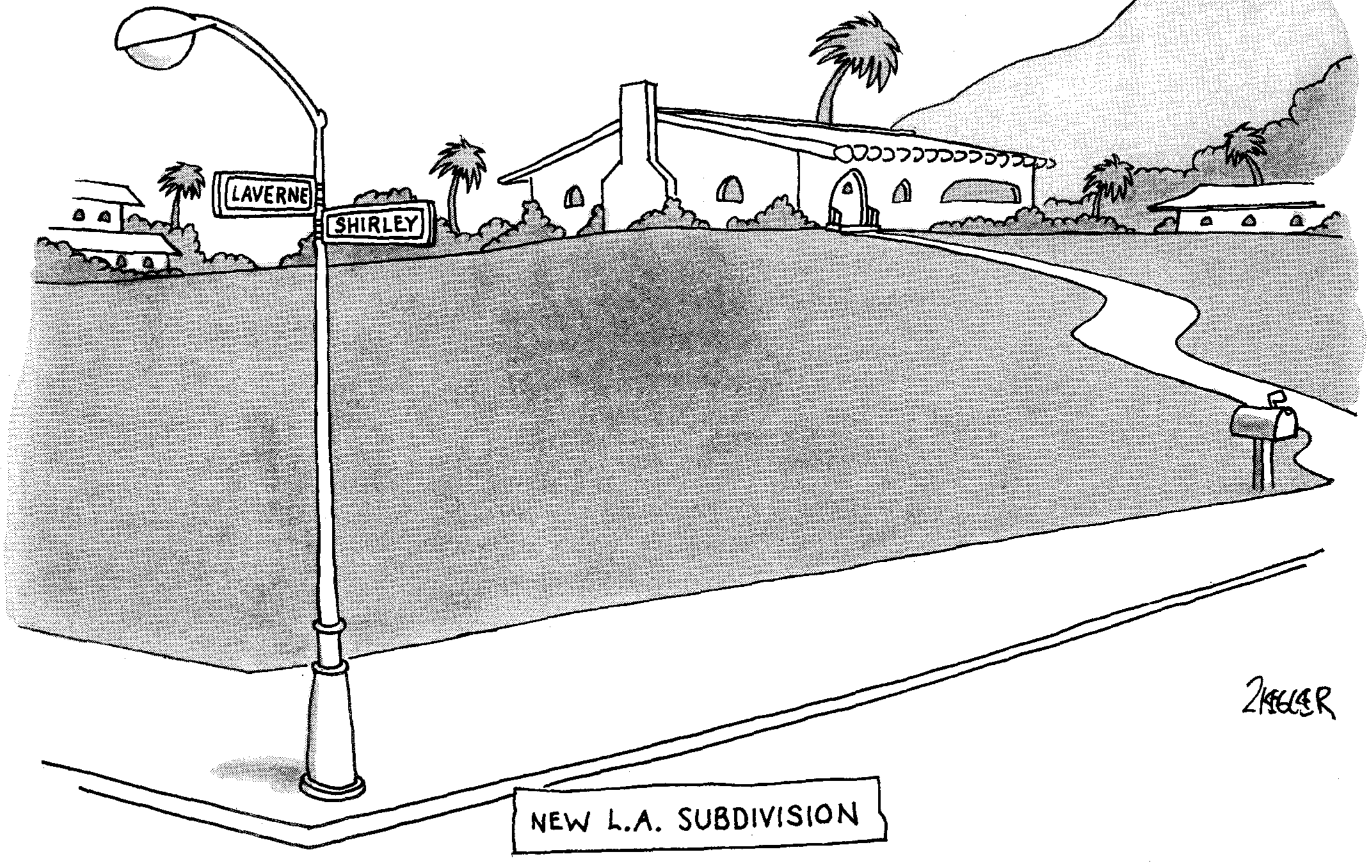
TWENTY blocks to the south, in a rehearsal studio at the Minskoff Theatre, Ron Field, the choreographer, was polishing a series of dance routines he had invented for "Baryshnikov on Broadway," a television special that will be taped on the West Coast in mid-January. At one end of a large, bare room, a pianist and a drummer were collaborating on the title song from "Hello, Dolly!" In front of a wall of mirrors, the two stars of the show—Mikhail Baryshnikov and Liza Minnelli—were dancing up a storm. They were dressed in baggy cotton rehearsal pants, loose sweatshirts, white kid dancing shoes, and broad-brimmed straw hats, and they carried polished black canes. Side by side, they soft-shoed across the floor in a series of complicated crossover steps,



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mugging at their reflections. Then they turned away from each other and strutted around the room and back to the center to hoof in place for a boffo vaudeville finale.

"It's the trenches," said Minnelli.

"It's what?" said Baryshnikov, looking puzzled. Baryshnikov, who was decompressing from twenty years of rigorous ballet training, was obviously fascinated by his new dance vocabulary. He threw out one hip, thrust his shoulders forward in a Tenth Avenue slouch, bent his knees, and turned in his feet, watching the results carefully in the mirror. Minnelli plunged into the routine with unself-conscious abandon, and the impact of her energy and theatricality on the rather cool Baryshnikov persona raised the temperature in the room.

For the next number—a Charleston from "The Boy Friend"—the two dancers faced each other holding on to a single cane and then exploded into a flailing mass of frantically kicking arms and legs. Then they did a bit of the "Wilkommen" routine from "Cabaret;" a sensuous "Big Spender," from "Sweet Charity" (during which Minnelli unexpectedly let her big voice bounce around the room); a bit of stamping flamenco from "West Side Story;" and a hot enough "Too Darn Hot," from "Kiss Me, Kate." The rehearsal ended with a rambunctious can-can (from the show of the same name), which began with a mild flirtation (Minnelli pranced around Baryshnikov, inviting him to dance) and ended with some spectacular scissors leaps (from Baryshnikov) and the traditional high kicks and splits (from Minnelli). Halfway through this number, Minnelli, who was just managing to keep up with her partner, failed to make a tricky inside turn that was supposed to bring her down front and to the left of Baryshnikov.

Field stopped the music and asked if she'd like him to change the step.

Minnelli, panting, shook her head vehemently and said, "Criminy. I didn't make it this time, but I made it before, didn't I? Well, if I did it once, I can do it again."

Baryshnikov, evidently impressed by her determination, walked over and danced next to Minnelli, counting the beats slowly and marking the steps to make sure that she reached the right spot at the right moment. "Here in the corner, you turn flat," he said, demonstrating a quick spin on the heel with knees bent, his right shoulder down, acting as a pivot.

Minnelli followed him and then sank into a split on the floor as Baryshnikov whirled around on one toe next to her. "Now, that's one place where I can't possibly catch you," she said, looking up at him with a grin.

When the two dancers threw themselves on the floor to rest, Field sat down nearby and told us that Baryshnikov had picked up jazz technique with phenomenal speed. "Most ballet dancers have a terrible time making the transition to jazz, because it's a totally different kind of body movement," he said. "They are trained to a style that involves flowing movement and graceful gestures. But jazz dancing, as it's been developed by Jack Cole, Michael Bennett, and Bob Fosse, uses the whole body more aggressively, to make a point in an intensely personal way. It requires total control—the relaxed, 'loose' look is strictly an illusion—and, technically, it's a way of making the chest, the hips, and the knees come right out at you and say 'Hi, want to buy?' to the audience. At the moment, Liza, who's danced with me for fourteen years, can do my particular style of work better than Misha can. But there's a great sense of friendly competition developing between them, and in three weeks they'll be absolutely together. What took her fourteen years to learn he can do in a month."

# IN TRUST

MELINDA GAVIN
KATE

## Act I

*We are in a small cobbled street leading into a square of cream-painted Georgian houses, all alike, with columns beside the front steps. Perspective view of one side of the square and of a few distant houses at the far corner. It is a quarter to eight in the evening of some balmy night in the nineteen-sixties. Street lamps along the square. We can also see, running parallel to the big houses, behind them, a cobbled mews of tiny houses, not well kept up: houses that used to serve as stables and grooms' quarters for each of the big houses.*

*Melinda and Gavin are in their early fifties, but played by actors whose ages are noncalculable. Only their faces are lighted. They are sitting outside a pub with their granddaughter, Kate—seven going on eight, with obvious confiding fondness for her grandparents. Played by an adult actress: an augury of what the little girl is going to be. Spotlight on her face, too. Head level therefore lower than her grandparents'. Her hair is in pigtails, and we can just see the top of her sailor suit. She is slumped in her chair. Glasses in front of them on a white wrought-iron round table under a parasol, one of three outside the pub. A little light comes from the pub's open door. The only other light is thrown through the stained-glass window of the church at the near end of the square. The church has been opened for someone to practice the organ. We hear the organ often, faintly. Cars occasionally.*

Melinda (*to Kate, raising glass*): Happy birthday, darling. In anticipation. Another month.

Kate: I've been seven for ages and ages. It never stops.

Gavin: For someone who has recently learnt to talk, like you, the years between one and three must have seemed a millennium.

Kate: I've talked ever since I can remember.

Melinda: You see up the mews there, darling? Those are old coach houses.

Kate: As old as you?

Gavin: About four times as old.

Kate: Good Christ.

Melinda (*to Gavin, quietly*): At least she said "good." (*To Kate*) Anyway, darling, the mews houses. We can see that at the minute they'd look more your scale, but we're thinking of the future. They sell for much less than our house, the house we're going to give you later. We're keeping it up for you so that we can leave you something that will last.

Gavin: Family tiara.

Kate: Where will you be?

Melinda: Hanging on somewhere.

Gavin (*to Kate*): Popped off. Kicked the bucket.

(*Melinda makes "no" gesture to Gavin.*)

Gavin (*to Kate*): If you'd been a boy when you were born, we'd have laid down a pipe of port.

Kate: A harbor?

Gavin: No, a drink for later.

Kate: *Later!*

Gavin: We decided to put the house in trust for you even before you were born, and we guessed right, because Mummy really lives in it in her head, which is why she keeps all her books there. She's sometimes away earning money for you to go to university and your quitter Daddy will love you later but not until he's put in his indoor swimming pool.

Kate: Good Christ.

Gavin (*to Melinda*): There it is again.

Kate: Why does he need a swimming pool when he's got a lake? Is he still in Derbyshire?

Gavin: Yes.

Melinda: Some people like a lot of water. At different temperatures. The indoor swimming pool is kept at seventy-nine degrees.

Kate: How do you know?

Melinda: He said so in the papers.

Kate: He never writes to me.

Melinda: He sent you a bikini for Christmas.

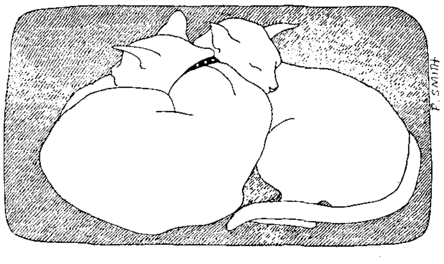
Kate: I keep trying, but I can't fit it.

Gavin: And he'll put in riding stables, perhaps. You must be braced for riding stables.

Melinda: And he'll put in a gym, perhaps.

Kate: Jumping over the rope still scares me, but I'm good on the parallel bars and I like the ribs.

Melinda: Your hair would float when you're upside down. You've been upside down a lot lately. I've noticed. Since your hair's grown.



Gavin: On the fire-escape ladder in your day nursery.

Kate: My hair feels nice. (*Throughout this act, she keeps undoing one pigtail or the other and lets the hair brush against her neck, wriggling herself to and fro.*) Could I have a fountain pen? Why doesn't Daddy send me a fountain pen?

Gavin: We'll get you one. We did actually get you one last Christmas, but you didn't want it.

Kate: The school confiscated it. They said I made too much mess with the blotting paper at the bottom of the inkwell.

Gavin: Why is there blotting paper at the bottom of your inkwell?

Kate: I expect a lot of younger children put it there. And then it collects on the bottom of your pen and you can flick the glub at the Scripture mistress. Also they say a fountain pen's bad for your handwriting. It's not. Only if you make a mess. Then it's harder to rub out than pencil, of course. Quite often you rub it out so hard that you make a hole in the paper and then have to start all over again. *But not if you have ink eradicator.*

Melinda: What's ink eradicator?

Kate: It's in two bottles in a box with instructions. I buy it with my pocket money. You're not supposed to do ink eradicating, so you follow the instructions with your desk flap up on your head. First you apply No. 1 and the mess looks even worse and you don't despair and you blow on it until it looks hopeful, and then you put on No. 2 and the whole thing disappears except that then you have to go on waiting until it's all dry or else there's *another* mess.

Gavin (*to Melinda*): Children are much at the mercy of their equipment.

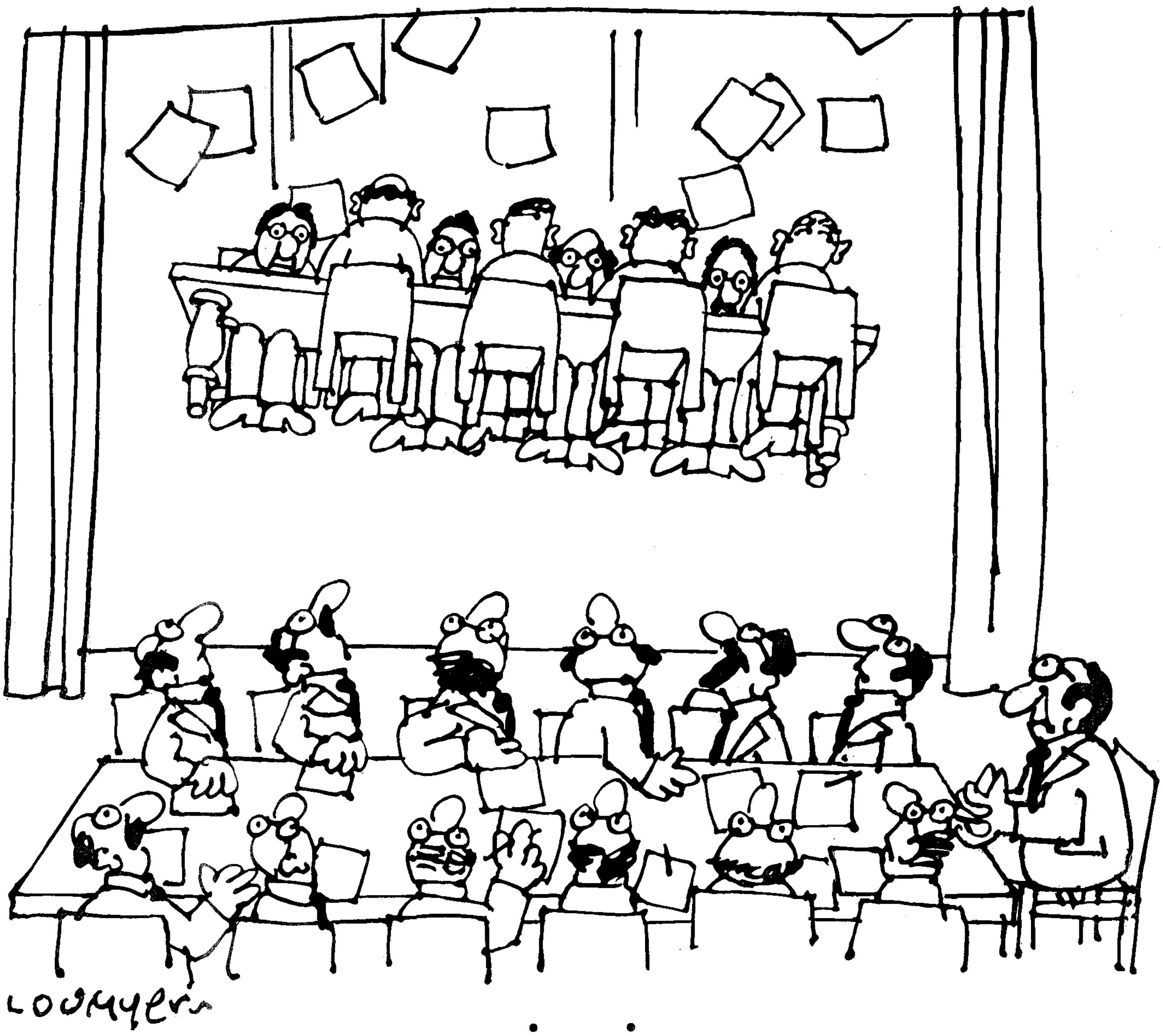
Kate: What about this gym of Daddy's?

Gavin: He's proud of his figure. He buys very expensive clothes. So far he hasn't given much thought to you since he ran out on your mother. We thought it was best to explain to you in confidence now that you're older. Do you know what "in confidence" is?

Kate: Yes.

Gavin: We mean, to explain why we're your parents, really. And about the point of the house. Your Mummy put up a horizontal ladder over the nursery staircase. Hung with Japanese paper lampshades and jingling glass from Czechoslovakia and many other beautiful things. Just before you were born.

Kate: I doubt if I could do it.



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(*She stands up on the chair with her arms up, as if to hammer, and can't.*)

Melinda (*after a glance at Gavin*): Would you like a sausage, Kate?

Kate: Yes, please. I've got some money, Granny. I shook it out of my money bank that Daddy gave me. There were seven pennies and a farthing.

Melinda: Thank you, but the sausage is a present. (*Disappears out of sight.*)

Gavin: Did the money come out easily?

Kate: I just banged it out.

Gavin: Oh dear, your Daddy gives you a lot of toys that don't quite work. No point in beating around the bush.

Kate: Could you beat around a tree?

Gavin: The bush is there for alliteration. B–b. Like "neither fish, flesh, nor fowl." Like "Mickey Mouse." Like "chatty children."

(*Kate falls silent.*)

Gavin: I *like* chatty children.

Kate: Where's Granny?

Gavin: Getting the sausage.

Kate: We could split it into three.

(*Melinda comes back with the sausage. Kate splits it into three.*)

Melinda: You see the back street behind the square?

Kate: Behind your house?

Melinda: It's really your house, as we said. It's in trust for you.

Kate: What *does* that mean?

Melinda: Being kept for you. Later.

Kate: Everything is later. I wanted to get a sausage here on the way back from feeding the ducks, and the people in the pub said nothing could be sold to me until later.

Melinda: To go back to the coach houses.

Kate: What coach houses?

Melinda: Those little houses. They used to be used for horses.

Kate: Could I have a horse?

Melinda: I'd rather not.

Kate: Why?

Gavin: Your Mummy broke her collarbone on a horse we liked.

Kate: How old was she?

Gavin: About twenty. It healed.

Kate: How old are you now?

Gavin: It doesn't matter.

Melinda: Of course it does, at her age.

Kate: How many cousins have I got?

Melinda: Gavin?

Gavin: No first cousins.

Kate: Why?

Gavin: Your Mummy and your Daddy hadn't got any brothers or sisters.

Kate: Like me.

Gavin: But you've got a lot of great-aunts and great-uncles. Granny's and my brothers and sisters.

Kate: How many?

Gavin: Granny is one of eight children and I'm one of eleven, so that's seventeen.

Kate: Are they as old as you?

Gavin: Some older, some younger.

Kate: What are you drawing?

Gavin: A family tree.

Kate: Put in their birthdays. Oh

yes, I know Stephen. He's the one who ate a whole fried egg at breakfast. In one swallow. Also he jumped all over his bed squashing mosquitoes with his pillow. The old Nanny thought it was me.

Melinda: That was why I sacked her. I knew it was him. It didn't matter.

Kate: Tell me how you and Granddaddy met.

Gavin: We met on a tennis court. I was playing with my first cousin and he had a friend coming over, a girl, and she said could she bring her cousin. That was Granny.

Kate: Then what?

Gavin: Then we got married, and three years later we had our first quarrel, and I said to her, Oh, go and put your head in the loo, and I went and looked for her and she had her head in the loo, and that was when I fell in love with her.

Melinda: Do you want another sausage?

Kate: Describe the house as if I've never seen it. I haven't, really. The old Nanny said I'm in the maids' floor, as if that was bad. So does the new one.

Gavin (*to Melinda*): Another one who'll have to go. (*To Kate*) In that case, you're coming down to sleep in the dressing room. You could do me a favor and sleep on the dressing-room bed and press my trousers underneath the mattress while you sleep.

Melinda: Well, this house. Shut your eyes. There's a garden in the middle of the square. It has cherry blossom and apple blossom. There's a very old oak tree where you used to swing, but the swing's hung too low for you now. Only the people in the square have keys to the garden. I've just today bought you this chain with your key on it.

(*Kate takes the chain carefully.*)

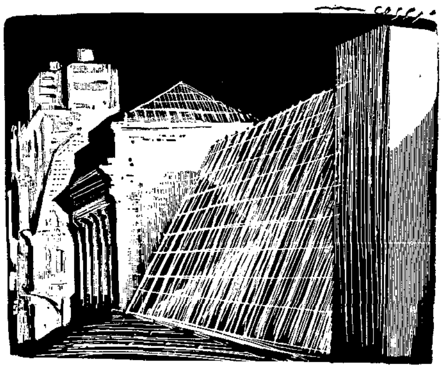
Kate: It looks like gold. Gold bends if you bite it, the science mistress says. (*She bites the chain.*) Yes, it bent.

Gavin: What the hell sort of school is this?

Melinda: Now you go up four steps, between columns painted pale cream, with four figures at the tops. The ones we had done in white.

Kate: Six, Granny. There are two more figures on the ceiling of the alcove by the lanterns.

Melinda: Then you put your key into the door. You go along a corridor made of gray slate that Granddaddy and I got in Wales. Off that corridor there is a huge dining room, for the most splendid parties you could imagine. A long refectory table where monks used to sit hundreds of years ago, and twenty brown leather chairs with old brass studs that date from the days of Cromwell, and at the head and the foot two paler brown chairs from Spain that a king and a queen used to sit in. Your Granddaddy and I had two copper doors, eighteen foot high, especially made for the dining room. It didn't cost very much then, because Granddaddy was an art student. The whole house didn't cost very much. When your Mummy brought you back from hospital, everyone in the house was so pleased that they leaned over your cradle, which your Mummy had beside her chair. Your Daddy sat at the other end of the table, but it was too far away and he came and sat beside you. Then your Granddaddy and I went up into the morning room to listen to the gramophone, and you seemed to like the harpsichord records best and in a very few minutes you went to sleep. (*Melinda brings out a penny whistle and plays five notes.*) Can you hear that there's a different space between two of the notes?



Kate: The third and the fourth.

Melinda: It's called a semitone. The others are tones. The fifth note is called the dominant. I think you're going to be musical. I always did. Oh, I forgot to tell you, there are fairy lights all along the big dining-room lighting fixture. Your Daddy had thought of it, and he put them in himself. You moved your arms at them. Your Mummy had got thin, but you should have seen the lunch she had. The cook thought she wouldn't want anything, but she suddenly said she'd been wanting bacon and eggs for months but hadn't felt hungry.

Kate: After that, was I ever properly in the dining room as a child?

Gavin: Your Mummy gave a birthday party for you when you were two. She asked us because we'd given her the house as a wedding present in trust for you. Your Daddy was very nice and gave us the cottage at the bottom of the garden until we moved in to look after things when he'd gone.

Kate: After the morning room, then what happens?

Melinda: More stairs, and the drawing room. Your Granddaddy and I bought you some doves the day you were born, and you used to lie there listening to them.

Kate: They're still there, aren't they?

Gavin: Of course. (*Pause*) Sometimes they die, but we get new ones.

Melinda: Then you can skip the next two floors, because they're not

## ENTERING THE TEMPLE IN NÎMES

As long as this evening lasts,
I am going to walk all through and around
The Temple of Diana.
I hope to pay my reverence to the goddess there
Whom the young Romans loved.
Though they learned her name from the dark rock
Among bearded Greeks,
It was here in the South of Gaul they found her true
To her own solitude.
For here surely the young women of Gaul
Glanced back thoughtfully over their bare
White shoulders and hurried away
Out of sight and then rose, reappearing
As vines and the pale inner hands of sycamores
In the green places.
This evening, in winter,
I pray for the stone-eyed legions of the rain
To put off their armor.
Allow me to walk between the tall pillars
And find the beginning of one vine leaf there,
Though I arrive too late for the last spring
And the rain still mounts its guard.

—James Wright

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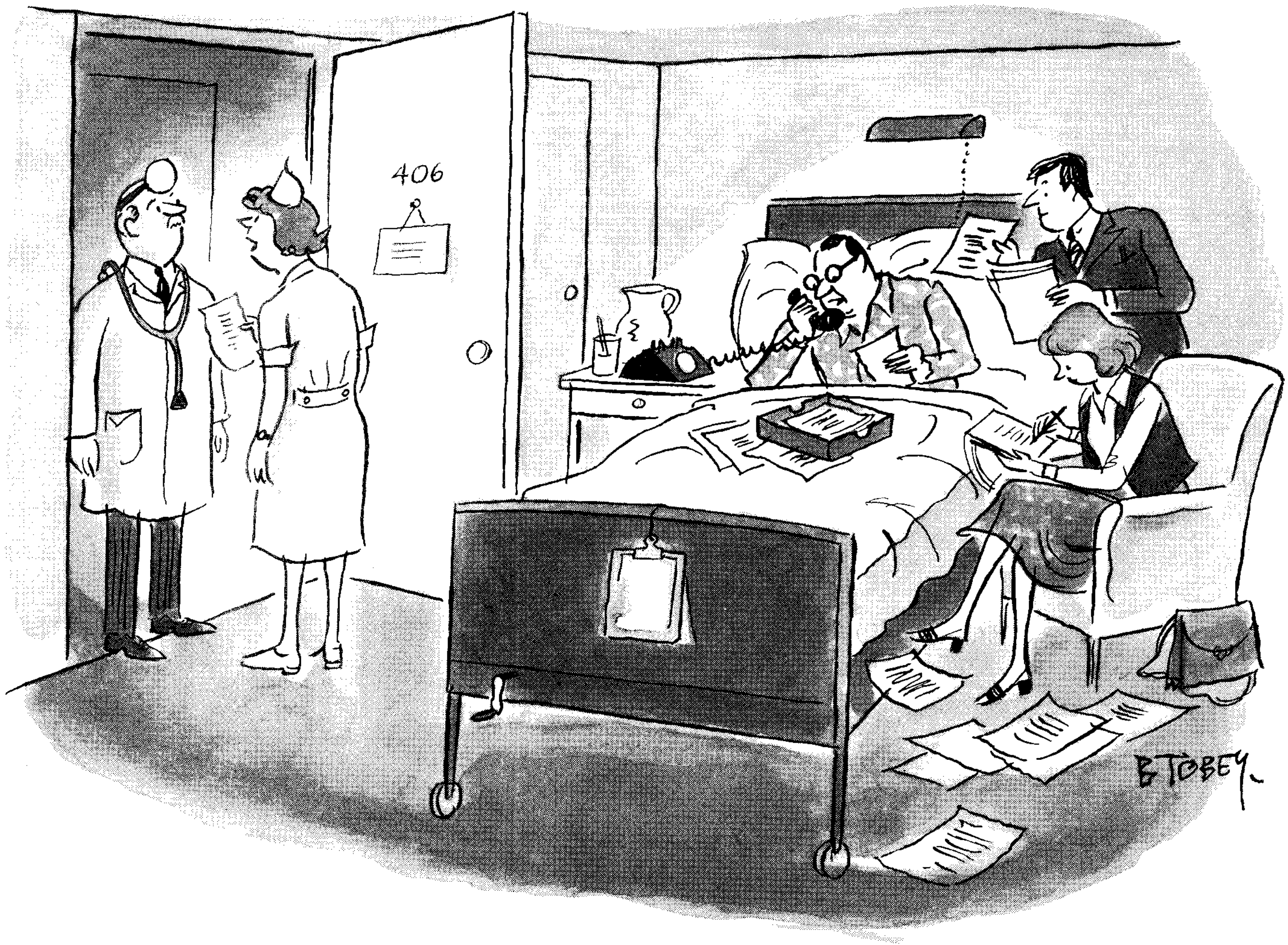

*"He's busy now, Doctor. Can you come back later?"*

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much fun apart from a big bath in the middle of a room. You'll grow into it. Then there are the library and the study, and then your nurseries. Mummy had a gate put up at the very top of the stairs, with a blackboard on one side for you to draw on.

Kate: That gate isn't there now.

Melinda: We had it taken away. You didn't seem to like it. And we thought you might want to let the floor when you own it. It was meant for you when you were a baby.

Kate: I've still got my eyes shut, but dreams are very tiring. Could I have another sausage? Will you?

Gavin: Granny's on a diet.

Kate: What's that?

Gavin: Later, again.

Kate: Everything's later again.

Melinda: What we're worried about is inflation. Not the way I've got bigger—I come and go—but how much the house may cost to keep up when you inherit it.

### Act II

*Four years later. Kate is eleven going on twelve. The same London pub, the same parasol. The same time of summery evening. Soprano voices from the same church rehearsing Handel's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day." Gavin and Melinda have again brought Kate out to have a drink with them before dinner. Noises of cars going by: more of them than in Act I. Kate, when we catch a glimpse of her below face level because of the dipped car headlights, is wearing jeans and a most English school blazer.*

Gavin (*to Kate*): Sausage?

Kate: Haven't they got frankfurters?

Gavin: Doubt it.

Melinda: Darling, frankfurters aren't good for people anyway.

Gavin: Made of horses' eyeballs.

Kate: Where could you get us one? I've never had eyeballs.

Melinda: I expect Granddaddy was making it up. Something he'd read.

Kate: He doesn't do that. Elsie told me she gives him her *Daily Mirror* when she comes to work every day after he's finished the *Times*, and he's always polite and always reads it but always says you can't believe a thing you read. She agrees, though they both read a terrific lot, don't they? Why does Elsie only come in for the evenings now?

Melinda: It's because of what we were saying to you about inflation. Everything's going up.

Kate: And of course you keep on having to get me a new blazer.

Melinda: Your Mummy pays for that. She always wants to know how tall you are.

Kate: Where is she exactly?

Gavin: Russia.

Kate: Still?

Gavin: Things take a long time in Russia.

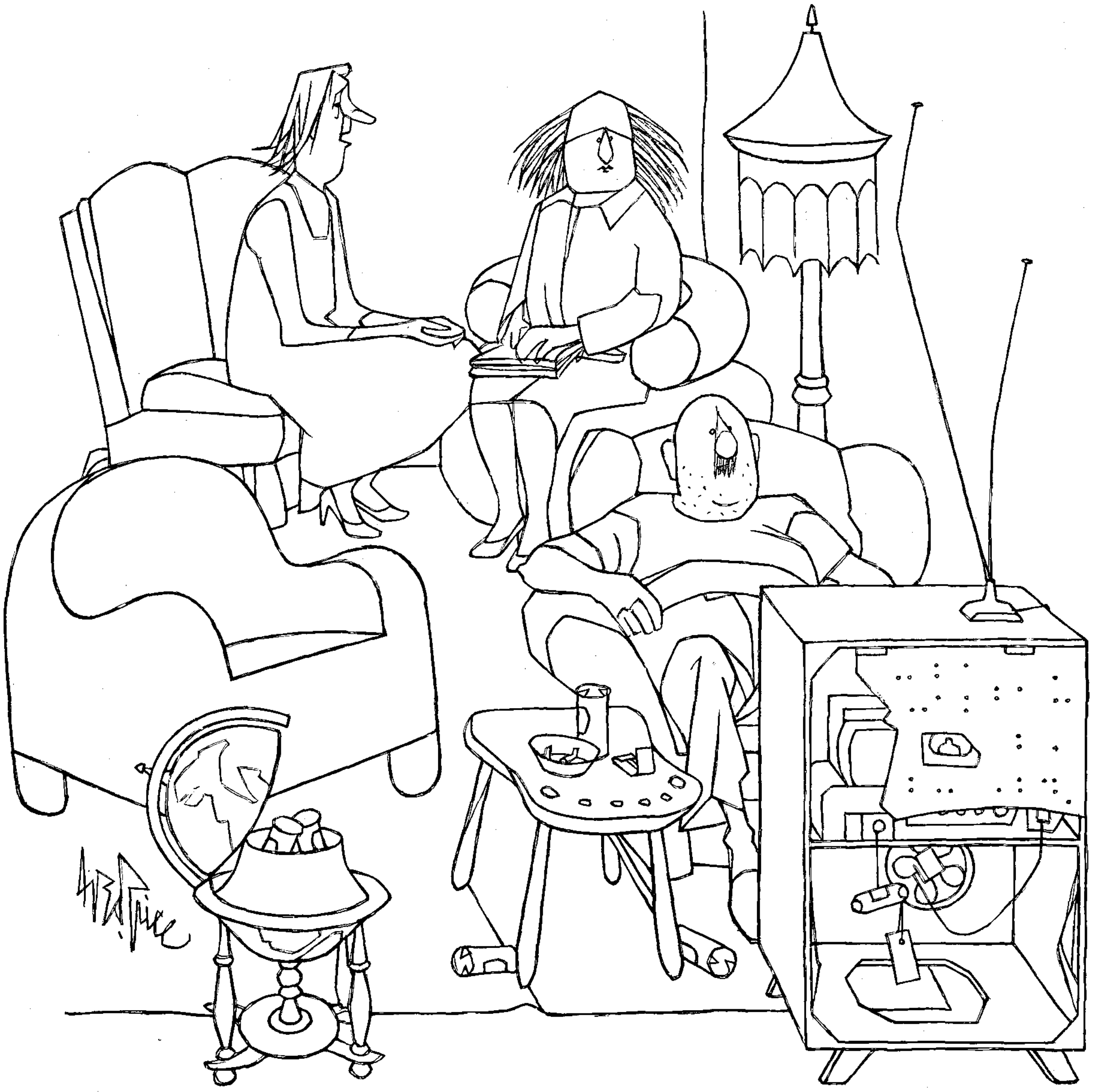
Kate: Things take forever everywhere. What's she doing exactly now?

Gavin: She's dancing and she's writing poetry. Do you write poetry much?

Kate: Only sometimes.

Gavin: Do you find the house a good place to do it?

Kate: I mostly do it in the cupboard outside your bedroom. The one



*"His peak earning years came and went without a ripple."*

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with the Hoover and my toys from when I was young. Sometimes in your library when you're not using it, but you are, generally.

MELINDA: Does your cat come in with you? Into the cupboard?

KATE: Course.

GAVIN: What's your favorite place in the house?

KATE: Your floors and the library and the cupboard. I don't much like the nursery floors. Everything's been moved around.

MELINDA: That's the tenants.

KATE: They're very nice, of course. They keep asking me up and showing me the things you gave me when I was born. (*Confidentially*) There's one rotten thing they've done, and that's lose the key to the brass watch. The one that's like a clock, at the top of the nursery stairs. They keep saying they'll get a new one, but they always forget. Could I have a slumber party?

MELINDA: What?

KATE: A sleep-over?

GAVIN (*to Melinda*): It's an American phrase. There are a lot of American children in the square. No harm would come of it.

KATE: I hate people who hate Americans. My second-best friend comes from Arkansas. It's spelled like Kansas, but you say Arkansaw. My first-best friend comes from the Philippines and the Bronx. One parent from each.

MELINDA: Where would you like the slumber party?

KATE: Oh, in the drawing room, of course. I like the big rooms best now.

MELINDA: I heard you playing the clavichord with Mr. Juniper when he was tuning it.

KATE: But he was saying the delight of his life was the harpsichord. Could we have a Cornish pasty?

(*Gavin disappears into the pub. Kate draws a plan of the drawing room on the back of a china plate with a felt-tipped pen.*)

KATE: Elizabeth and John and Philip can sleep on the leather sofa. Patricia and Pamela and Derek can sleep on the velvet sofa. Eight more can sleep on the cushions in the alcove. Peter and Christopher and me can sleep on the gray sofa, except that I'll have to remember to move the Chinese cups on the table or Peter will bust one of them. He's a very good rower, and he rows in his sleep. That's seventeen. Jenifer with one "n" can sleep by the fireplace, and Jennifer with two "n"s can sleep under the glass table. There'll probably be a few more. Donovan said he would come if he could sleep in Granddaddy's library with Claire. We've all got sleeping bags, and I'll wake everyone up because we've got to deal with the problem of getting Claire back to the fishmonger's where she skins mackerel every Saturday.

MELINDA: So you were thinking of the party's being tomorrow?

KATE: I asked Elsie, and she said she'd do anchovy-paste sandwiches and sausages on sticks stuck into a grapefruit and leave everything in the fridge. Me and the other girls can get the breakfast.

MELINDA: How many eggs?

KATE: Six would do. Most of us like water. Perhaps we should buy a Cornish pasty for Mr. Juniper, who's coming at eight in the morning to show me how to use the pedals on the harpsichord.

MELINDA: I could show you.

KATE: Yes, but Granddaddy says that when you get up at five in the morning to type the things for Mummy, the secret things, God knows what they are—

Melinda: Darling, it's rude to say "God" unless you go to church.

Kate: Everyone I know says it. Like "Parking." It doesn't mean what it sounds as if it meant.

Melinda: What?

Kate: You know, a sign saying "Parking" when it means "No Parking."

Melinda: I'd like to have got at least some of the flights of the staircase carpet cleaned before you had the party.

Kate: Nobody I know minds filth. Not ancient filth like ours.

## Act III

*Six years later. For Gavin and Melinda, sitting at the same outdoor pub table, the passing of time is nothing. Renewed parasol. Same light sources, same view of the Georgian square, except that the mews houses behind the square are newly painted, with expensive cars parked in front of them. Orange trees and window boxes outside the little houses. The music is no longer organ music or singing from the church but disco music from the pub.*

Gavin (*looking round for Kate*): To think it was always she who was saying "Everything's later." Now she's plain late.

Melinda: She was impatient then.

Gavin: Still is.

Melinda: She's got her own life to lead.

Gavin (*gaily, bouncing up and down*): Shut up. What about us? Let's talk about us.

Melinda: Leave her be.

Gavin: She doesn't ask questions any longer.

Melinda: She still likes the feeling of her hair down her back.

Gavin: She washes it every day. The strands clog up the drainpipes. It's a very *long* house as well as a very *big* house. Thus, nearly a hundred feet of drainpipes clogged. I had a plumber in today and he said he had this long-hair trouble all over the square. He didn't mention which sex of hair. What's her job this week?

Melinda: She's working in a Pakistani restaurant at night, and doing mime and learning Chinese in the daytime. The Chinese has been going on for months. She's been borrowing your Chinese books.

Gavin: Yes, I noticed. Does she know she was born by a Caesarean?

Melinda: Yes.

Gavin: Does she really know her father won't see her?

Melinda: Yes.

Gavin: Twice untimely ripped. Once, more fondly.

Melinda: Poor babe, and she's waited all this time until she's seventeen, and she's still not old enough to buy a drink in the pub.

Gavin: Shall we give a party for her and open the claret we laid down for her when she was a girl and it couldn't be port?

Melinda: The last party was all Coca-Cola, and somebody playing rock on the harpsichord let a candle drip into it. The whole top octave of the upper manual is dumb. Mr. Juniper the tuner is in despair.

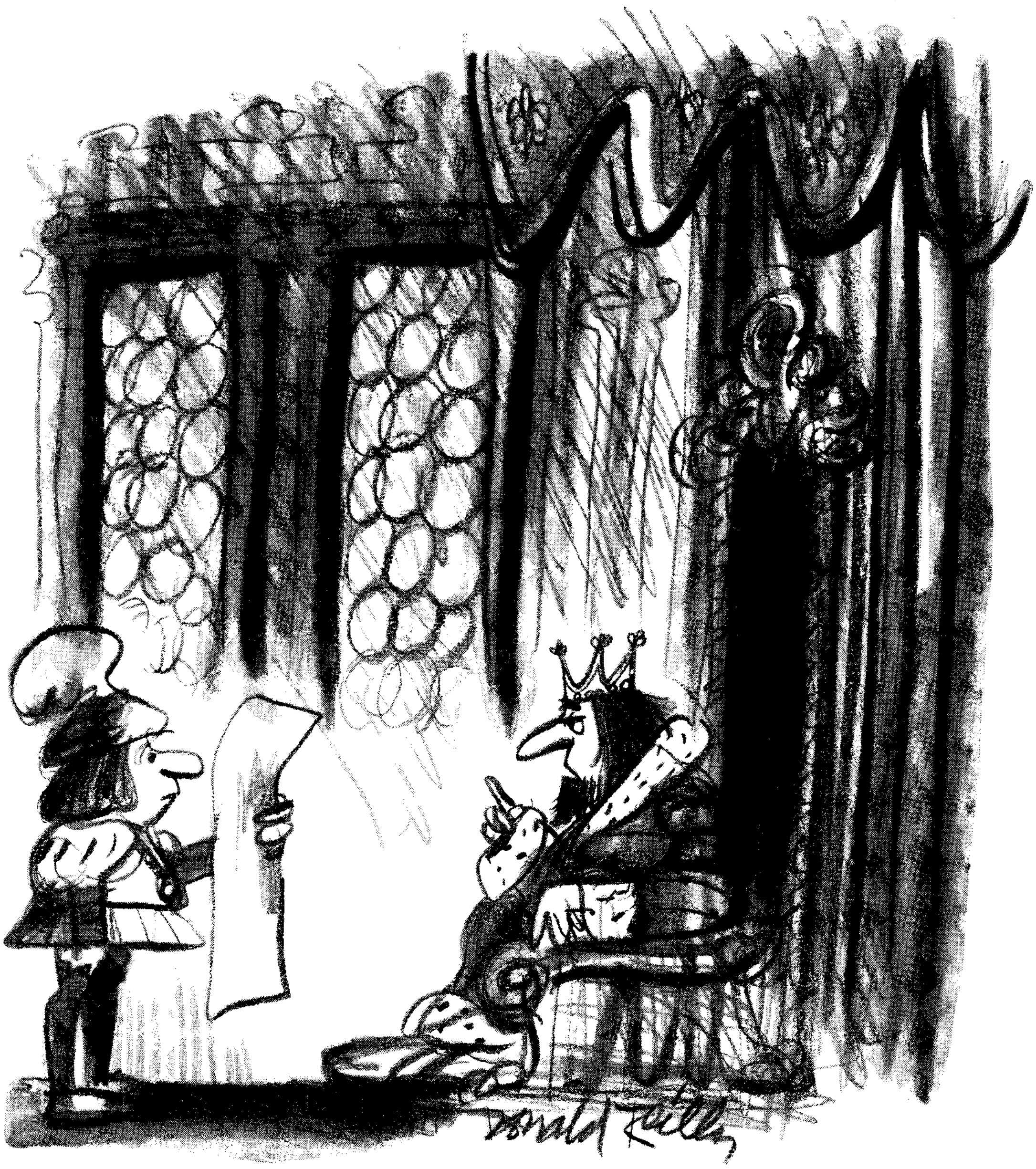
Gavin: Ring up *House & Garden*, or the emblem of good housekeeping, or some column that gives household wrinkles.

Melinda: I did. The nicest girl said I should iron the harpsichord with a warm iron through brown paper to absorb the wax. I tried to explain that you can't iron harpsichord strings and plectrums, but I don't think the girl quite understood the problem.

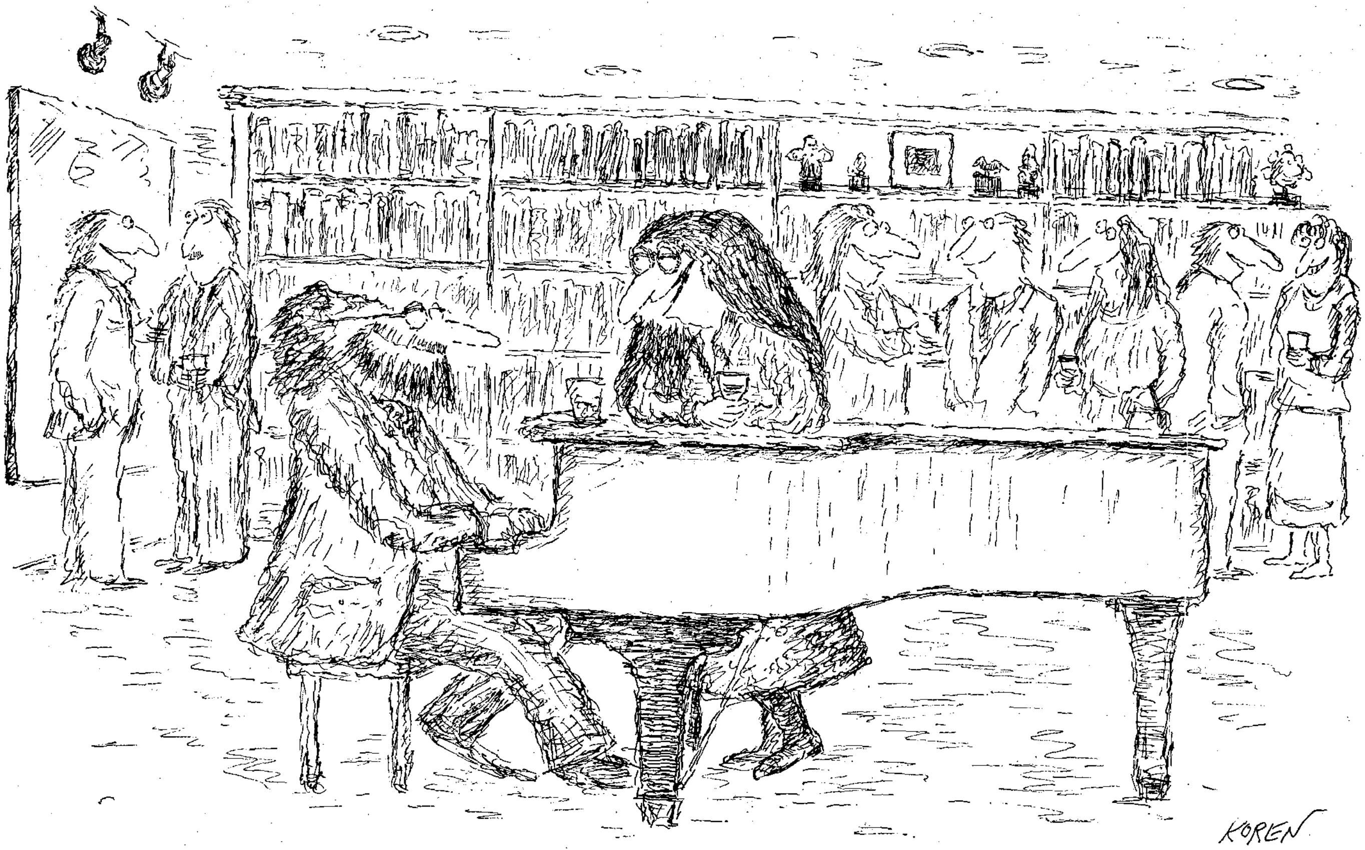
Gavin: You don't say "girl" any longer, you say "woman," or "person." "Personhole cover."

Melinda: What?

Gavin: "Manhole cover." All the lost words will come back, though I daresay the women's-liberation hoo-ha will see us out. (*Looks round.*) Here comes the silent one. (*Kate emerges*



"*I think I'll have the supplicants, petitioners, boon seekers, and courtiers, then lunch.*"



*"When they talked about the cultural scene out here, they never told me about you."*

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*into the light of her old chair at the table.)*

Gavin: What would you like to drink, darling?

Kate: Sorry I'm early.

Gavin: You're not *early*. Where's your watch?

(*Kate shows him.*)

Gavin: A Mickey Mouse watch?

Kate: It's Chinese. I don't mean Hong Kong.

Gavin: What sort of time does it tell?

Kate: It may be Chinese time.

Gavin: You mean it doesn't go?

Kate: It goes beautifully, but at its own pace.

Melinda: Granddaddy was asking you what you wanted to drink. I'm afraid you're still not old enough to buy alcohol—

Gavin: —though within an ace—

Melinda: —but he'll get you some *if* you want it.

Gavin: If I can stand going into that racket.

Kate: Could I have a Coke, please?

(*Gavin goes into the pub.*)

Kate: It's not a racket if you understand it.

Melinda: No, I see that.

Kate: I thought I might go to China if I can learn enough Chinese first.

Melinda: After Oxford? Mummy's worked rather hard for that. I thought she looked a bit tired at dinner last night. Did you?

Kate: O.K., you don't want me to go to China. It's all very well for you. You've already been everywhere anyway. (*Pause*) Yes, Mummy did look a bit flaked, but she's fun.

Melinda: You always did have pretty manners.

Kate: Is she lonely?

Melinda: She's got a lot of friends. You'll see more of her as time goes by. She's still young.

Kate: Fairly.

Melinda: One thing achieved.

Kate: And Daddy's new wife is very nice.

Melinda: Yes. Which one?

Kate: The new one. My age. She's there when Daddy's asleep.

Melinda: She's specially nice. The one he calls cheap to run.

Kate: It's a joke, but she doesn't like it much. He won't let her work, so that she can be a maid for him. And he gave her an old car for her birthday, so she can meet me at the station.

(*Gavin comes back with the drinks.*)

Gavin: And some sausages, in case. Kate, we've got something serious to ask you. Would you rather have one of those mews cottages than the big house?

(*Kate is silent.*)

Melinda: We were thinking that, with inflation, we'd be leaving you something much more valuable if we sold the big house and gave you one of the small ones.

Gavin: The small ones have been so redecorated that they're worth more than the big ones, now that no one can splash out on maids and plumbing.

Kate: Granny, it's the house you've always had. Generations.

Gavin: We don't want it to be a liability.

Kate: It's a present. You don't exchange presents. It's where you and Granddaddy got married from. When I was a little girl, you used to measure how much I'd grown on the big bathroom door and mark the places with the date. Everything's there. Granddaddy's library. The Chinese books. *No.*

(*Gavin walks away for a moment.*)

Melinda: It's only a place.

(*Kate, in panic, calms herself by looking at Gavin's back.*)

Kate (*muttering*): In trust. (*Pause*) Is he doing maths in his head the way he does in the morning when you're practicing the harpsichord?

Melinda: I should imagine he's thinking. Often you have to keep your own counsel or else you get into very deep waters. —Penelope Gilliatt

# MASTER OF THE REVELS

I HAVE small taste for obsequies. All sorts of distant relatives and chance acquaintances tiptoeing about, keeping their faces straight. Voices must be austere and low. That much I remember from somewhere in the past. "Pity we should meet in these sad circumstances." Window shades half drawn. "Please omit flowers"—but they come anyhow, great armloads of them, wreaths, fancy sunbursts mounted on trellises, all about to wilt away in wind and weather. No, I've always avoided what funerary rites I could, but I don't suppose it's possible to get out of my own.

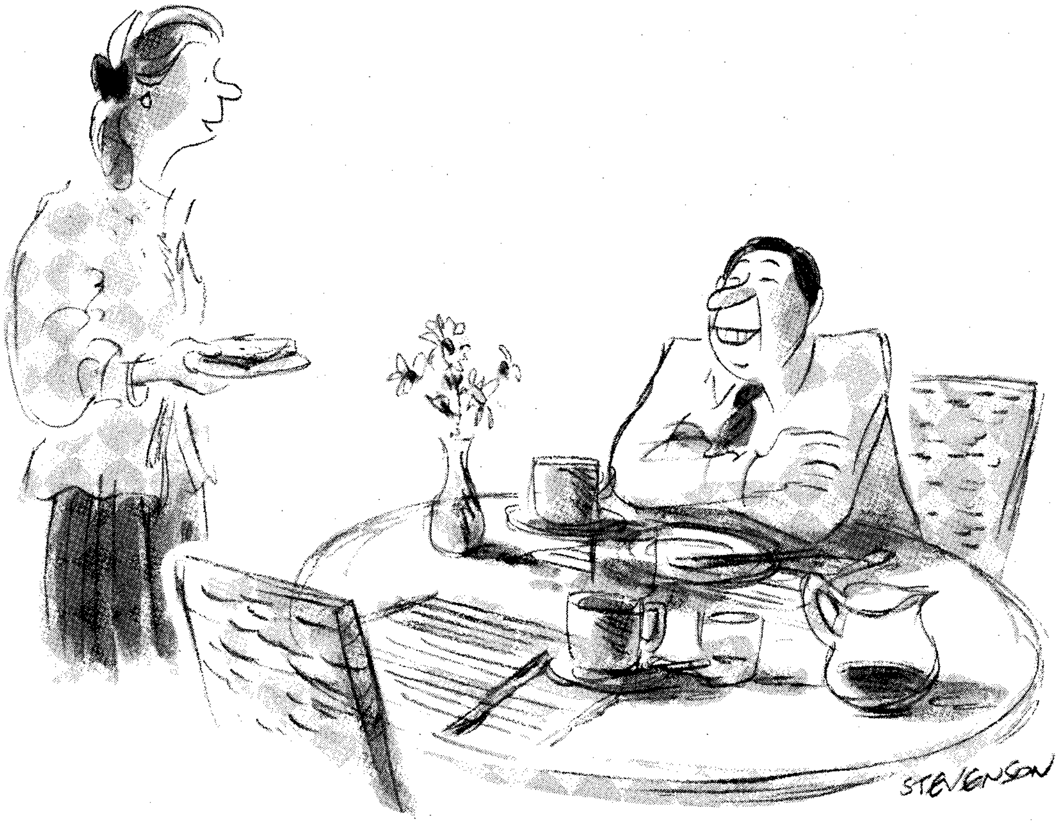
The trouble is, I seem to have had a large lapse of memory. I . . . crossed over . . . about two weeks ago, and what I've been doing since I can't surmise, but suddenly I'm in my own house, and some woman—I think she must be a relative—appears to be in charge. A bossy sort. Gray hair in a stiff, unstylish bob. She seems always to run, never to stroll. She's been on the phone up in my study the livelong day, issuing summonses to a memorial service in St. Luke's Episcopal. And the service is for me, though I don't recall having been in St. Luke's for the last—oh, fifteen years. But exactly who am *I*? Even my name escapes me.

Now, I know that Amanda—that's *her* name, if I'm not mistaken—arrived at my door from wherever she lives and gave it out that I'd had a heart attack. No such thing. Heart was as good as ever. Splendid. I just got my pills mixed up, watching the late-late movie. When you're eighty, your doctor thinks you ought to have pills. Well, the ones I took didn't go with the Scotch I was having. Trite exit, but nothing *planned* in my case. Pill bottles all look alike to me. I suppose I never will know how that movie came out.

No matter. Yes, Amanda's my young cousin. My only living—*carnate*, that is—relative. Brought up in this house. Mother took her in after her parents died. A little sister for me, though I was already grown. She's a lawyer now, I believe. A forceful profession. I saw her put a sheaf of newspaper clippings into a drawer in the second parlor. Obituaries. They'll have information. Yes, here they are, and now I seem to remember a few from that blank fortnight. I recall that I felt a mite puffed up, but what else could the writers say? Still "Nicholas Lockwood IV (ah, yes) . . . eighty . . . distinguished classical scholar . . . emeritus . . . great-great-grandson of the founder of Lockwood College, New Delft, New York . . . leader of the community . . . generous patron of the arts . . ." Well, that's an old family habit, and I suppose I absent-mindedly kept it up. Did it for Mother's sake. But it gets you onto committees. Traps you. Inveigles you into making commemorative speeches. But I was always nicely complimented on the ones I made. ". . . Son of the late Dr. Nicholas Lockwood III and Mrs. Lockwood . . ." I never knew my father well. An endlessly busy man. He died when I was ten. I wasn't as close to him as I was to Mother. Well, let's see. ". . . travelled . . . man of the world in every sense . . ." I suppose you *could* say that. Mother and I went to London and Paris a number of times. The best hotels and restaurants. Went to Rome, too, though that was on my account. Ovid and so on. I love Ovid. Why, I made my own translation of the first book of the "Ars Amatoria" when I was only seventeen. Interlined it with the Latin in a big notebook, all by hand, like a medieval monk. Mother didn't altogether take to Rome. She thought I studied too much. "Travel broadens one, Nicholas," she would say. "Come away from all those libraries. Look about you. Observe." I did get off on my own once and went to Greece, but I missed her. I wonder if I'll find her over here.

Condolence letters in the drawer, too—a lot of them, I must say. And with copies of Amanda's answers clipped to each one. How neat she is, how depressingly efficient. I'll just riffle through them and the rest of the clippings, learn what they can tell me, and mess them up a bit.

THERE'S a sameness about condolence letters, but they can be agreeable enough. So thoroughly approving. Here's one from Leitha Coburn. It's a very nice letter. Why should it surprise me? Wait a minute. She and Mother feuded for twenty years. Leitha was far younger than Mother (and as huge as Mother was tiny), and she tried to climb to the top of the social pecking order. Over *Mother*? In *this* town? I've always imagined that some of Leitha's resentment must have brushed off on me, but apparently not. In her letter she says how greatly she admired and respected me. Pleasant. Very pleas-



*"Are you really happy this morning, or are you just dealing with your anger in a positive way?"*

## LEAVING THE ISLAND

Your small plane takes off. Drifting
snow crosses the runway, the parking lot, hissing
against the bedroom window—it began
in our sleep. Where will you land?

Huge waves batter the seawall. Your small plane
takes off overhead. A fisherman in a yellow slicker
staggers on the pier, his boat leaping like a horse.
No one is leaving the harbor today.

At low tide we explore the beach. My hands
search under your layers of clothing.
I begin to speak. Your eyes close.
Your small plane takes off.

Wobbling, your small plane takes off, and plunges
into the icy water. You gasp, you try to swim.
No. You land in Boston. You smile
at the baggage clerk. You go on.

You roll in your sleep—your small plane
takes off lurching in turbulence. Below you
people are walking on the beach, a bearded man
looking up, and waving, without gloves, me.

—John Witte

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ant. Amanda's reply is almost curt. *I* would have been more gracious if the cases were reversed.

Amanda. Yes. Upstairs. I must admit that I never really cared much for Cousin Amanda. I don't know exactly why. Too much strength of character, I suppose, putting it kindly. She wanted to move in and look after me when Mother died, but I managed to hold her off. Took care of myself perfectly well—until that business with the pills, of course. I left her money enough. Had to. Stays in the family, by Mother's will. With the interest, Amanda can carry on and be a generous patron of the arts. I'm sure she adores committees.

Another letter. Wilfrid Lanfair. He says I always provided his intellectual and aesthetic goals. I was towering and benevolent. To be sure, I did get him a fellowship in a small college in Pennsylvania, and he was endlessly grateful, though I suppose I got him the place to keep him as far as possible from my office. He had an unlimited appetite for advice. An ugly little man. Bright, but hunched and stooped and—oh—fawning. He had what looked like a fixed sneer on his olive-colored face. Mother liked to entertain my students in small groups for tea, but she asked him only once. He was no ornament. His letter *is* quite artless. I'm sure he means every word. He says he's coming for the service.

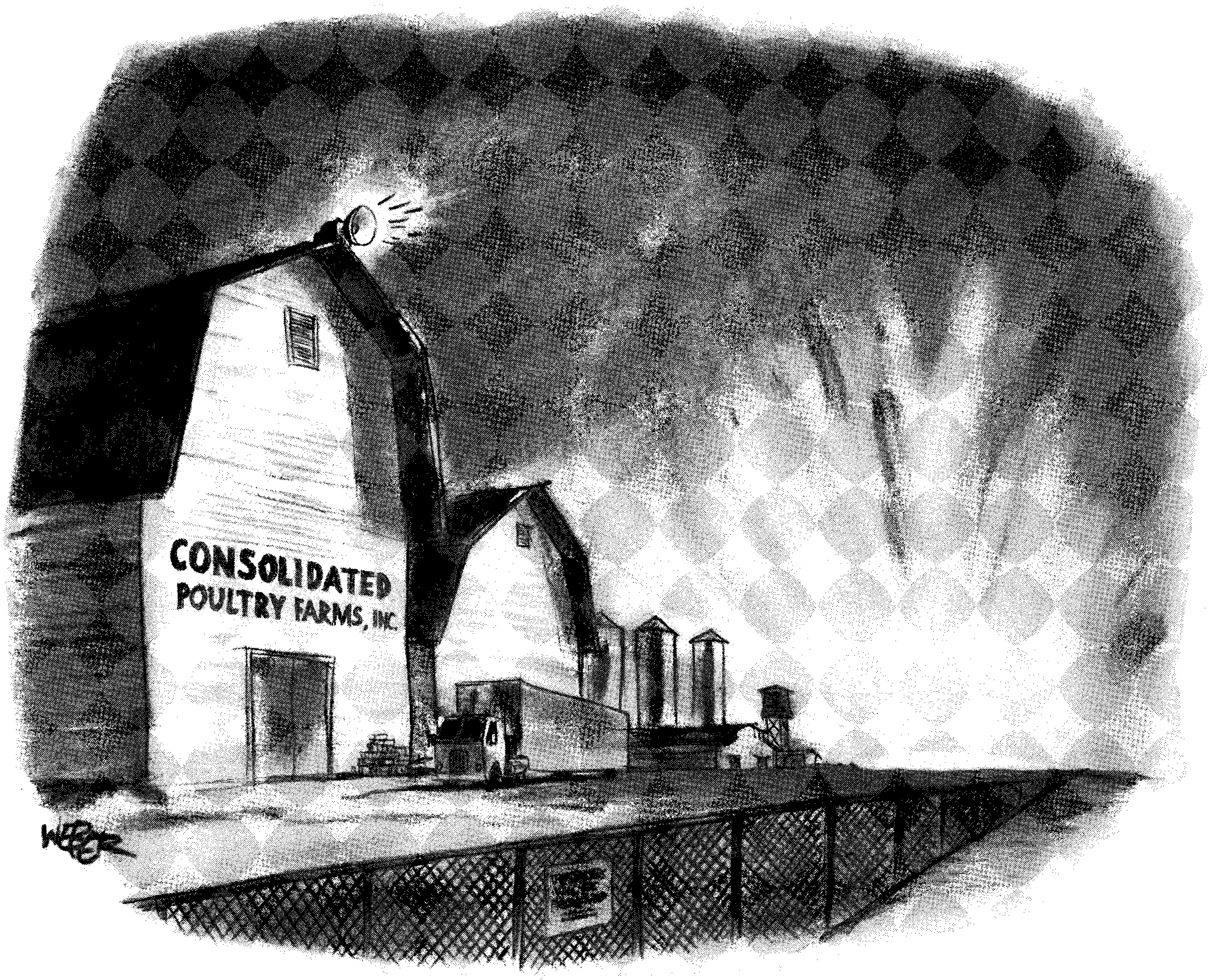
This is rather fun, this grab-bag business of fishing letters out at random. Here's—why, here's Alice! My wife. I remember her as quite beautiful. She wasn't cut out to be a performing pianist, though she played well enough here at home. Still, that is why she left me, or so she said. She had ash-blond hair, very light and fine, and usually flying. She never made the concert stage, as far as I know, but I've known nothing about her for many—for over forty—years. The note is from New Mexico and says that she is sad and that she grieves to think how great a loss I will be to Amanda and to the college. I wonder how Alice learned I had gone on. If Mother were alive, she might have told her. Mother seemed to like her, but now, in retrospect, I almost feel that she may not have. Why would I think so? She always warmly encouraged Alice in her playing.

ANOTHER day, the day of my service. The memorializing day. Thank God the rites were short—but moving, truly moving, if I do say so. At least, *I* was greatly moved, though I saw few other tears shed. Of course, I was—am—eighty, and somewhat reclusive. An esteemed relic living alone. End of the dynasty. The rector (he's not someone from Mother's and my day) did very well, considering that he and I had met only twice. I suppose he was well briefed by Amanda. He spoke in a resonant though deferential voice. ". . . eminent student of our classic birthright . . . a humble Christian man . . ." I wonder why she put him up to *that*. Humble? No, I wasn't in the least toplofty, but I did take a good deal of legitimate pride in my work. As for the other, why, I went on contributing to his church. A form of attendance. Mother always went in person, considering it a social duty (she was very strong on duty), and I—I went along.

So now the cream of the community will be coming to the house for sandwiches and cakes and a ceremonial drink, and, no doubt, the requisite final tributes to the unseen protagonist of the day. I look forward no end to mixing and mingling. It will be something like being a boy again and coming out at night to sit on the stairs. All children do it, I guess, but the back stairs here pass very close to the living room and are completely hidden. I've heard a lot in my time.

Yes, and not all of it when I was a boy. There was something—something—after I was grown, after I was married. We were living here, Alice and I. I was going down the back way. Alice and Mother were talking, and I went slowly and then stopped. Mother was vetoing another house that Alice had found for us. Mother vetoed them all as not being good enough—settings not imposing enough—but she was always patient and extremely kind about it. I suppose she just wanted us to stay on. We never did get a house of our own, but we had a wing—a whole very nice apartment—here. I tiptoed back up, and in a little while Alice came. I could see that she had been crying, but I didn't make anything of it. Perhaps I should have. If she lives in New Mexico now, she would hardly have come to my service.

Here's Amanda. Bustle, bustle. Get out the sandwiches. Get out the cakes. And now who's coming up the walk? The Marquists. Peter and—let's see—Evelyn. She has blue hair. Now she's



*"Cock-a-doodle-doo."*

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shaking hands with Amanda at the door. "He was such a devoted son," Evelyn is saying.

Well, I lived here, and Mother and I were always invited together. Except, come to think of it, during the time that Alice and I were married. I remember the day she told me she was leaving—had to leave. She spoke only of her music, never of any sense of confinement in this house. I couldn't answer at first, but then I told her I wouldn't stand in her way. It seemed the only decent thing to do. Later, Mother sputtered and looked shocked, and then wished her well in her career, and it occurs to me—belatedly by forty-odd years—that Mother may have *wanted* her to leave us for her piano. Alice should have had her own house.

WHAT'S past is past, and I'd best get on with my mingling. The place is already full. I must say people do seem in excellent spirits. That strikes me as close to morbid, all things considered. I keep milling and milling, eavesdropping from a vantage point none of *them* can enjoy. The athletic director, that great side of beef, is talking about football plays. Evelyn Marquist, of the blue hair, is estimating the cost of some woman's dress. Really! Here's a woman I don't know hinting that Evelyn had an affair years ago with a man in the English Department. "She had a lot of free evenings. Her husband was in Astronomy." Gossip and smile and gossip, and get your drink refilled. Why, it's like a damned cocktail party!

I have heard myself mentioned twice, each time as my mother's faithful son. Just that. Only that—with the addition, in one case, that after her death I became a stiff old hermit. Well, I kept my privacy, though I have sometimes walked the streets at night, too chary of intruding to drop in on anyone, but longing to. And what about my work and, yes, after all, the gifts, the endowments? What about *myself*? I think I had humor in the old days. I could often make people laugh. I wasn't just tied to Mother. I went to Greece alone, and I had a few passing affairs down in the city. I suppose I was looking for Alice, in a way, though I never came close to finding her. The affairs were only friendly. No, Mother just brought me up on duty, and I tried to do mine for her—more from a sense of obligation than affection, it may be. I suppose she brought Amanda up in a similar way. She's a lot like Mother, when you come down to it. But I never thought that I *resented* Mother. What a queer notion. She was much younger than Father, and he brought her into a world she had not known before. She was suddenly the wife of the leading citizen of a very close-knit town. When he died, she had to maintain his status, the family's position. Duty. She became a sort of regent while I was growing up.

This afternoon, I remember her as being softer when she was young. She taught me to read before I went to school. She would write something on my slate, out in the back yard. "Run to the oak tree," say, or "Go and sit in the swing," and I would do it. When apples were ripe, we would wash them with the garden hose and later eat the best of them while she read to me from a book of fairy stories. Yes, she changed, but too gradually for me to notice, as time went by.

THERE'S Wilfrid Lanfair, older but unmistakable, ugly as ever, off in a corner by himself. I suppose it's touching that he should come. I suppose I should be grateful. The . . . *party* . . . has settled down to a congenial buzzing. Amanda is moving about, discreetly emptying ashtrays, straightening chairs. Neat—neat as always. But why "as always"? More memories seem to be coming. *I* do not haunt, but *they* do. I can see Amanda standing just back of someone in my study doorway. She is young—perhaps twelve, thirteen. Tears are in her eyes. She stares at me and turns her back, then runs headlong down the hall. The other person is a maid, and I am berating her for having tidied my study. She has orders never to touch it. Mess though the room was, I knew where to find every book, every scrap of paper in it. But the maid hadn't straightened my study, put the books back on the shelves, hadn't put all the papers in a single neat pile on the newly orderly desk. Amanda had done it all. Done it for me. I wanted to go after her and tell her I was sorry for what I'd said—for all she'd overheard—but I didn't. Of course, she had known full well that I meant every word. That was a long, long time ago.

I can hear Leitha Coburn (she's getting on, walks with a cane) saying the Lockwoods all had delusions of grandeur but I was a devoted son. Yet again! Amanda has gone to talk to Wilfrid. They're ill-matched. A purposeful attorney and an obsequious gargoyle. This could at least be funny.

AMANDA'S sitting down alongside Wilfrid. He looks sad, but that's only the ordinary set of his features. Why am I edging closer so cautiously? They can't see me. Habit, I guess. Obsolete sense of visibility. They're actually talking about me—and nothing to do with my mother! Wilfrid is saying much what he said in his condolence letter, but he's going on from there. Amanda has taken his hand. So—sometimes he used to come and stand across the street here at night? Just to look at the house? What *is* he getting at? He was subject to dreadful depressions, but I could always straighten him out? What's he talking about? I never got him out of his darker moods. I didn't know he had them. "The nearness," he says. "Just the thought that he was there."

Well, I'll be damned. He says he stood across the street a long time the night before he left. Soaking me up, I suppose, for heaven's sake! Why, yes, even so. To carry along as much as he could to his own future students. My God! To give them the feel of the classics that I had given him. He goes on and on like that. Amanda nods. She squeezes his hand a little and says, "I have something to give you."

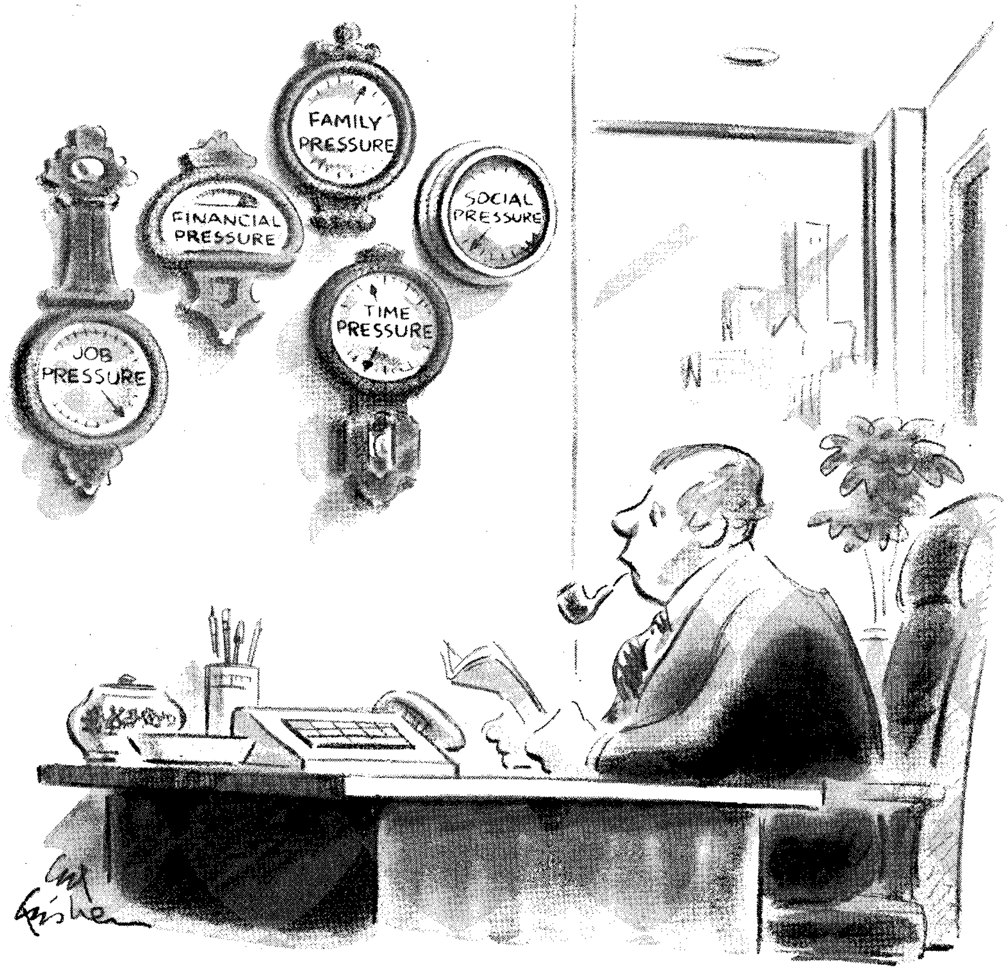
She goes upstairs, and Wilfrid sits staring down at his feet. He looks sadder than ever—truly sad—and now not so very unsightly. I so wish I could talk to him. I so wish I had.

I wish I could talk to them all. I wish I could thank Wilfrid for all that misplaced admiration. I wish I could tell Alice that I know at last why she left, and that I longed to have her back. Yes, Mother did drive her to it bit by bit, but Mother was another one I was close to but never quite knew. Doing my duty, holding myself aloof even while dancing attendance. I went everywhere with her, but I never gave her much love. Would things have been different all along if I had managed that? Perhaps.

Amanda is coming down again with a book in her hand—a large old battered notebook. Why, it's my Ovid translation! "I was going to keep it," she says to Wilfrid, "but I think it's you who must have it."

He looks at it, blinks, and tries hard to refuse, but she persists, and at last he takes it and kisses her. They are both holding back from weeping. For me. Old Wilfrid, who will keep the book safe. Amanda, speaking for me, doing my errand, doing my work.

—ROBERT HENDERSON



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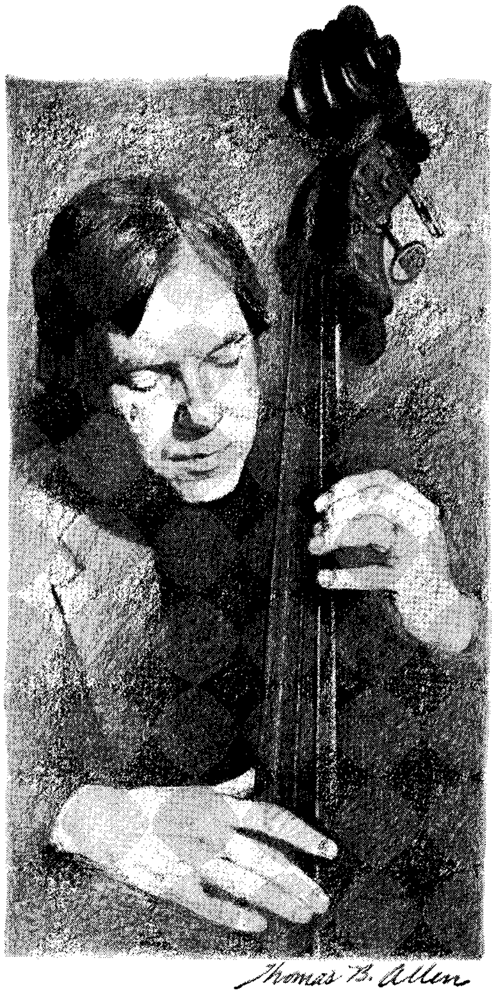
## MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Champaign-Urbana (Ill.) News Gazette*]

KIDDERMINSTER, ENGLAND (AP)—Couples showing up to be married at the Kidderminster registry office are being issued crash helmets.

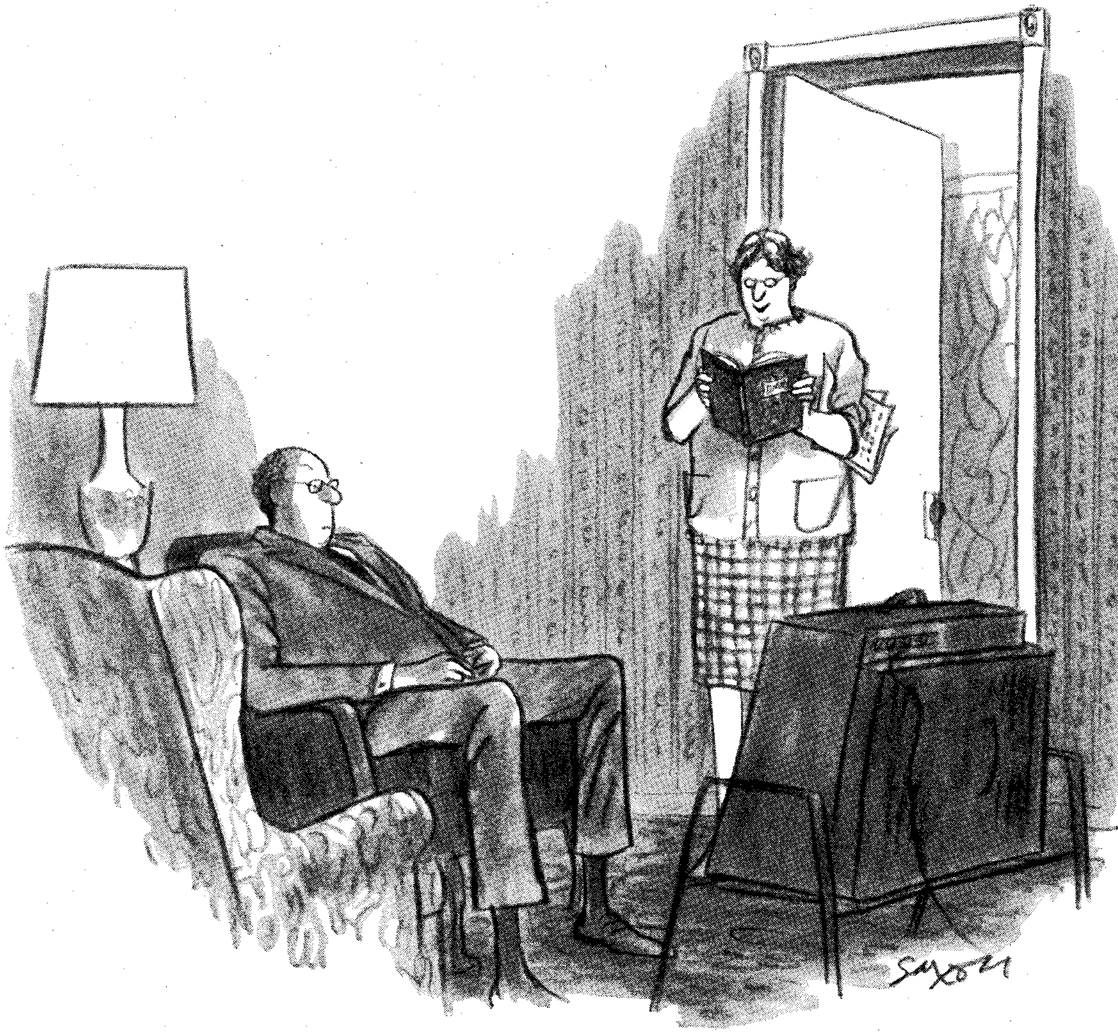
# PROFILES

## GOOD, CAREFUL MELODY



Michael Moore is the best jazz bassist alive. He has been preceded, with varying brilliance, by Oscar Pettiford, Slam Stewart, Charles Mingus, George Duvivier, Red Mitchell, Ray Brown, Wilbur Ware, Scott La Faro, and Jimmy Blanton (who in 1940 single-handedly made the bass not only a timekeeper but a solo instrument). Moore has appeared at a time when the bass is running amok in jazz. The instrument has been electrified during the past ten years, and the old soft, articulate boom-boom-boom has been replaced by BOOM-BOOM-BOOM. Since most young bassists either have poor amplifiers or don't know how to use their amplifiers properly (conditions that still afflict electric guitarists), they produce a tone that is wooden, raucous, and disquieting. The new bassists have discovered what drummers have long known—that a little manual dexterity (in the case of bassists, a couple of triplets followed by a good descending arpeggio and a double-stop) can raise cheers. This has gone to their heads, and they offer empty, reverberating solos, which are greeted as fulsomely as drum solos once were. Many of the new bassists have also fallen fashionably under the sway of Indian music. They do not play their notes on pitch but slide up to them, sometimes overshooting and sometimes never arriving at all. This gives their playing a querulous, singsong quality. Michael Moore balances these aberrations by ignoring them. He concentrates on perfecting his tone, which is rich and even and affecting. He avoids singsong effects and keeps his volume at a gentlemanly level. Most important, he is carrying to new heights the flag of lyricism and melodic beauty borne by all great jazz musicians since the arrival of Louis Armstrong, and he is doing it with a low-pitched stringed instrument that is prone to all manner of tonal difficulties and has a bare three registers. Marian McPartland said recently of Moore, "I first heard him soon after he came to New York from Cincinnati, his home town. In fact, I *hired* him then. He astonished me. He played perfect time, he had pure sound, he chose his notes with great care, and he was quick to learn. He was the best bass soloist I'd ever heard. Most bass solos don't have much content, but his have logic and structure and wholeness. They have such lyricism, such melodic glow, that you don't think of them as bass solos. They are closer to guitar solos, but in the end they're entities unto themselves."

Like all jazz bassists, Michael Moore comes in three parts: the accompanist, the soloist, and the arco player. (Bowing the strings is called arco playing, and plucking them is pizzicato. The pizzicato bass has been brought to a high technical level by jazz players only in the last forty years. At one time, the technique was almost unknown. Hector Berlioz wrote of the Prague Conservatory in the late eighteen-forties, "The study of the violin [and, by extension, the bass violin] is incomplete. Pupils are not taught pizzicato. As a result, a whole host of passages in arpeggios involving all four strings, or in repeated notes with two or three fingers on the same string in rapid tempo—passages that are perfectly feasible, as any guitar player will show you (on the violin)—are said to be impossible and consequently proscribed to composers. No doubt fifty years from now a director with a flair for innovation will take the plunge and lay it down that pizzicato is to be taught in violin classes; and then violinists, having mastered the novel and piquant effects that are possible with this technique, will laugh at our present-day players.") Bassists and drummers often talk of hitting the "back" or the "front" of their notes, but Moore the accompanist hits his in the exact center. He chooses them according to the situation he finds himself in. He frequently uses the low notes in the chords of a song, but in a duo with, say, the guitarist Gene Bertoncini he will construct countermelodies. When he plays with Teddy Wilson, he duplicates many of Wilson's left-hand bass notes. Marian McPartland often piques him, and he wages exhilarating contrapuntal warfare. But he shies away from playing with Dave McKenna, feeling that McKenna's left hand is so strong that he would add little to it. Moore's solos are models of melodic beauty, of sheer improvisational exuberance. They surpass the instrument they are played on. Moore values silence, and he uses it to great effect. He will start a solo with a rapid descending phrase that begins in eighth notes and expands into quarter notes. He will pause, play a triplet, pause again, and repeat the triplet, altering the final note to introduce a falling-and-rising arpeggio delivered with great speed and perfect articulation. He will pause once more, loose five commanding staccato notes and go into a series of rapid ascending notes that keep breaking off. Then still another pause, and he will shoot into his high register and construct an eight-bar melody that turns out to be a jubilant new song. After a flurry of on-the-beat notes, he will close the solo with an unresolved note, which leaves us with a polite question—"Was it all right?"—and the promise of more to come. Despite the headlong quality of Moore's solos, they have a controlled emotion that takes us right to the heart of his improvisation. Moore's arco work is regal and delicate and exact. Most jazz arco playing has a stiff, mahogany sound, and most of it is off pitch, but Moore



*"October 14, 1956: Arrived at George Cinq. Concierge sent basket of fruit to room. Walked to charming bistro Ethel told us about. Had delightful lunch. Escargots, Suprême de Volaille, white Bordeaux. Maître d' brought me a pink tea rose tucked into the folded bill."*

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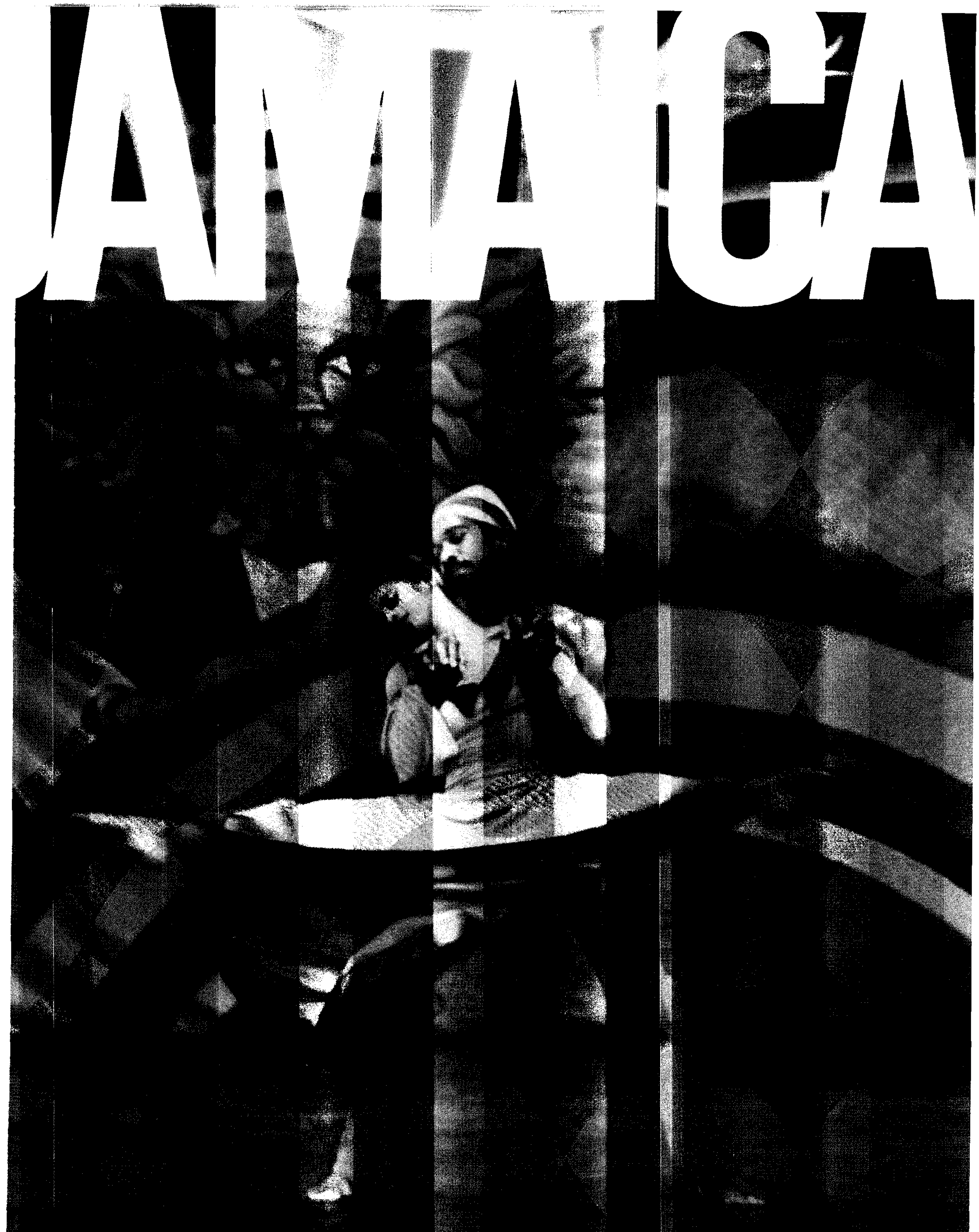
stays in tune and has a soft and buoyant tone.

MOORE lives with his second wife, the singer Anita Gravine, in an old slope-shouldered building on Thompson Street, in SoHo. The apartment is barely big enough to swing a snake in. It has a cheerful kitchen, dominated by a photograph of Louis Armstrong and a reproduction of Edward Hopper's "Nighthawks." An adjoining bed-sitting-room looks out on an airshaft that occasionally floats a breeze. Off the bed-sitting-room is a narrow room with a window at the end, and leaning against one wall are five basses. The bed-sitting-room has a Victorian rocker, a double bed, a Morris chair, and an upright piano. Moore has half a dozen or so students, each of whom averages a visit a month. A session usually lasts an hour and a half, and is intense and difficult. Moore fills his students until they spill over, for he talks as fast as he can play. He stands most of the time, even when he isn't demonstrating passages on one of his basses. He recently gave a young Canadian bassist, Rick Kilburn (who has worked with Mose Allison and Dave Brubeck), the first lesson he'd had in a few years. Before Kilburn arrived, Moore, pacing the bed-sitting-room, talked about music. He is compact, about six feet tall, and has brown hair, and round, gracious Irish-burgher features.

"My main problem with the bass has always been sound," he said, sitting briefly in the rocker and pitching rapidly back and forth. "I have a proper bass sound in my head, but it has taken me years to get near it on my instrument. You should be able to carry that sound from room to room, from tune to tune, without losing it. Jack Teagarden always said, 'Don't let the drummer or anybody else wreck your sound,' and he never did. But trying to perfect that sound first is another matter. I use a Xavier Jacquet bass. It's about a hundred and forty years old. If you had a bass made, it would cost at least six thousand dollars, and it might not be as good, because of the new wood. Old wood is looser and transmits vibrations better. Playing an amplified bass (or raising your strings higher from the board—which most bassists used to do) helps. You don't have to pull the strings so hard just to be heard. At the same time, your sound is apt to become distorted, particularly when you record. Trying to get a natural sound on records—a sound that sounds something like *me*—is driving me crazy, because the young engineers, raised on rock and Fender basses, don't know what a natural bass sound *is*. They feed a wire right into their control panel from my pickup, which would ordinarily be connected to my amplifier. And they put a microphone on my strings, and fiddle with their knobs, and you come out sounding like branches creaking on a winter night.

"It's easy to forget that the bass player plays just about every beat. A whole band can be ruined by a bad bass player. I've decided that the combination of players in a rhythm section is terribly important. There can be a conflict between two players which will make a rhythm section go. When Miles Davis had Ron Carter and Tony Williams on bass and drums, Carter was the anchor, and Williams tended to rush the beat. That created tension, and tension creates excitement. In John Coltrane's rhythm section, Jimmy Garrison had to be the anchor, too, but for a different reason. Elvin Jones was the drummer, and he has always liked to play off the bass player's time. Elvin has the ability to sound like he's playing *on* the beat when he's playing both the back of the beat *and* the front of the beat. Bass players who work with him



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have to be very strong. Slam Stewart, who was marvellous thirty-five years ago and is marvellous now, is that strong. He plays right in the center of the beat, and he has the nerves of a thief when he plays way up. Listen to the recording of 'I Got Rhythm' that he and Don Byas did impromptu at a Town Hall concert in the mid-forties. Slam makes himself almost invisible, but the notes are all in the right place. That reminds me of what my father, who's a guitarist, once told me: 'You know the right notes, now learn the best notes.' Bass players should be invisible, instead of sounding as if they were all leaders, which is the way it is now. You have to be unselfish. You have to let the other players take most of the shots. Accompanying different instruments raises different problems. Horn players sound one note at a time, but guitarists might hit four, only one of which will be right for me to play. When I played in a trio with Jim Hall a couple of years ago, I discovered that he goes in strange harmonic directions, and that even if I chose the correct note it might *sound* wrong, or it might set the tonality going in the wrong direction. Pianists are all different. Teddy Wilson uses all the bass notes in his left hand, so you have to play a lot of the same notes he plays. Modern pianists leave out the bass notes, and that gives you latitude. More and more modern musicians want the sound of the bass right out front, and I hate that. It's an ugly sound. I just got a new amplifier—a Walter Woods. It's made on the Coast, and it's small and very clear and quiet. If I had my way, I'd play without an amplifier. But it isn't possible anymore. Drummers are louder and louder, and, to compensate, the horn players increase their volume and then yell at the bass player to turn up, turn up. If you don't turn up, you can't hear yourself, and it's like going into battle with just a hammer."

Moore, who had been doing figure eights between the kitchen and the bed-sitting-room, sat down on the piano bench. "When I play a good solo, I feel that I've just been sitting by and listening. I think, Where did *that* come from? But if I play badly it's my fault. I've always been attracted to melodic players; nothing else moves me. You have to study a song if you want to improvise on it well. I learn the melody and every note in the chords and the best harmonic way through the tune. Then I'll play the melody straight a couple of times, and sometimes before I perform I'll take a drink to dull the old conscious brain and let the subconscious out. All of which means that you discipline yourself first—because that's what music is: discipline—and then throw the discipline out the window. When I solo, I have a brand-new melody in my head that wants to get out. That's why I leave so many spaces in my solos, why I force myself to wait—so that the melody has the time to get itself organized before it comes out. It's nerve-racking. It's like a ballplayer waiting to swing at the last possible second. But it creates tension in the listener, and then release, and that's what improvising is. You have to keep your intuition open, even if you play a wrong note. Gary Burton told me once that there is no note that can't be fixed, and he's right. A good improviser should study good songs. They fill his head with melody, and eventually all that melody will come out in a new form. I see the bass in a strange way. The tone is the same as melody: they get mixed up together. They become indivisible. Of course, I hear things in my head that I can't play—that are perhaps impossible to play on any instrument. But complexity has nothing to do with beauty. You don't have to sound like Coltrane on the bass, which is what most of the young players are trying to do. The bass by nature is closer to the spaced-out playing of Miles Davis and Lester Young. It is also a lower-register instrument, and many bassists forget that. They forget that people don't hear notes down there as easily as they do the higher notes. Pure technique will go right by the listener's ear, whereas good, careful melody will rest in it."

Kilburn turned out to be thin, dark-haired, and relaxed. Moore gave him a bass and stationed him near the kitchen door. He put a book of bass exercises on a music stand. The exercises were by Ludwig Streicher, the Austrian master bassist, whose new methods of fingering and bowing have become a passion for Moore. The Streicher bowing method involves rotating the bow from one side of the hair to the other when crossing strings, to make a smooth, connected sound. The thumb lies lightly over the top of the bow shaft and the little finger on the bottom of the frog. The little finger becomes the bow's rudder. Streicher suggests dropping the left elbow from a horizontal position, so that it points more toward the floor. This eliminates

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*"I'm not just offering marriage, Rowena—I'm offering leadership."*

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the pain in the arms and sides that bassists often experience after a half hour of playing. He also suggests that bassists stop draping themselves over their instrument. Keeping the left foot cocked against the bottom of the bass's sound box helps in pulling back on the instrument, provided the peg that the bass rests on isn't too long. Moore taught Streicher's methods by demonstration, and Kilburn slowly bent himself to the new ways. Moore told him to go through Streicher's book several times—the new methods would soon fall into place, and he'd have trouble remembering the old ones. Then Moore abruptly sat down at the piano and played a medium-tempo version of "What Is This Thing Called Love?" He played chords hooked together by spindly runs, and Kilburn accompanied him pizzicato. Kilburn soloed, and when they had finished Moore gave him an extended reading, on harmony and scales, which became increasingly abstruse but began this way:

"What are you thinking about in the first part of that tune? What harmonic decisions can you make?"

"A C-sharp diminished scale?" Kilburn said.

"That's one you can use. But there are other possibilities: the C whole-tone scale or the D-flat melodic minor scale."

On the piano, Moore played some of the scales he recommended, and he played some on the bass, his fingers moving like hummingbirds up and down the strings, his full, heavy tone filling the room.

Kilburn watched intently. When Moore's lecture on harmony was almost over, Kilburn asked, "How do you think of all these things when you're playing? Do you know them well enough to do them without thinking about them?"

"Yes," Moore said. "Unless the song is new. Then I woodshed first."

"When I have to play a new tune, I learn the chords, but I depend more on my intuition, and what I do often sounds wrong to me."

Moore nodded. "The intellect has to train your ear. You have to feed new information into the computer, and practice that information intellectually. Then, when that information becomes intuitional to your ear, the melody will flow out."

"I'm an ear player, but eighty per cent of the time I can sound like I'm not."

"Most bass players are boring, because they think from the bottom of their instrument to the top rather than from the top down. Streicher's methods make it easier to think from the top. Anyway, you should learn to be a good team player first, like Ron Carter, and worry about soloing last of all. The bass is especially difficult, because the notes aren't right there in front of you. Half of playing the instrument is finding the notes, and half is making them come out clearly and well—particularly the low ones, which tend to run together."

"I've got to clarify all this, and it will take time," Kilburn said.

"That's right. It will. But nothing to worry about."

Kilburn's lesson lasted a couple of hours. When he had left, Moore sat down again in the rocker and drank a beer. He talked for a while of how promising he thought Kilburn was. Then, reminded of beginnings, he talked of his own.

"I started on accordion in third grade in Cincinnati. I took lessons with a friend of my father's for three years, and he never knew I couldn't read music. I won ten dollars in a talent show for playing 'After You've Gone' in block chords that my father had taught me, and I won simply because I kept going. Then I was out of school a year with nephritis, and that was the end of the accordion. In junior high school, I was told to pick an instrument for the school band that the school would buy, and I chose the tuba. I hated it. I went to Withrow High School, and they needed a bass player for the school jazz band, so I switched then and there. My father bought me a Kay plywood bass, and I studied with Dave Horine. He'd played with my father, and he had a bass shop. I was easily discouraged. When I tried to use a bow the first time, it sounded so bad to me I didn't play at all for months. I studied with Harold Roberts, who was a symphonic bassist. And I became a part of the Withrow Minstrels, a high-calibre musical organization run by George Smith, who was the musical director and something of a legend in Cincinnati. Smith would hire professionals when he needed them for his shows, which were practically Paul Whiteman productions. In fact, he used my father in his very first one.

"I graduated from high school in 1963, and played at the Playboy Club in Cincinnati with a pianist named Woody Evans, then with the guitarist Cal Collins. He was a natural player, but he wasn't much help when you asked him what such-and-such a chord

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was. He'd say, 'Oh, that's kind of an E chord.' The Cincinnati College Conservatory of Music took me on scholarship for a year. Then Dee Felice, a local drummer, recommended me to Nat Pierce, who was Woody Herman's pianist, and I joined Woody the day after Christmas in 1966. That was the band that had Marvin Stamm and Ronnie Zito and Bill Chase and Frank Vicari and Sal Nistico and Carl Fontana. They'd had a bunch of bass players with bad beats. I couldn't read well, but I knew how to keep time, so I worked out. But I worked out in spite of myself. I was a pretty testy kid. I hadn't been in the band two weeks when I had my first scene with Woody. He's an old-time bandleader who not only knows how to handle a band but knows how to handle audiences as well. He's tough and he's savvy. Scott La Faro was my big influence, and I had all these notions that I was going to free the bass, so during a performance I started accompanying just the saxophones, ignoring the rest of the band. Of course, it was crazy, because the bass player is supposed to anchor the whole band. Then I took a girl on the bus without saying anything to anybody, and *that* bugged Woody. I didn't understand the hierarchy in a big band—that if Stamm or Chase wanted to take a girl on the bus, O.K. They had long since proved themselves. But if a new player like me wanted to, he had to introduce the girl to Woody, just as if he were bringing her home to his family. We had another blowup in Morocco. 'Satin Doll' was the bass feature, and during it Woody would hold the mike on the bass. But halfway through my solo he leaned over and said, 'Watch your intonation, pal.' That did it. Afterward, I picked him up and swung him around and told him he better get another bass player, and left the band. But later I went back and subbed with the band. After all the scenes, you become part of the family.

q. ehrenberg

"I studied two more years in Cincinnati, with Frank Proto, and came to New York in 1968. I worked right off with Marian McPartland. She's always open to new players and new tunes, and she plays better and better and better. You can use confidence when you first come to this town, and she built it up. I was with Marian a year, and with Freddie Hubbard for a while, and then with Jimmy Raney. Then I moved back to Cincinnati. I was married and we had a mongoloid child, and things weren't working out well with him in New York. In Cincinnati, I spent a lot of time with older retarded kids, just to see how they functioned, what they were like. They were often slow and lazy, but my son wasn't. We found that he was educable, and now he talks a mile a minute, and he reads. He's sharp and he's got all the human qualities, and sometimes they get in the way. I wish I could see more of him and be closer to him. My wife and I were divorced, and I only see him twice a year. After nine months in Cincinnati, I missed New York so bad I came back, and joined the Ruby Braff-George Barnes Quartet. It was tightly structured and had an immediately identifiable sound. None of the solos were long, and we communicated with audiences on both a traditional and a modern level. Barnes was a great guitarist in his older, chunky way. He was totally ordered and never wasted a note. I'd be amazed at the sounds he'd get off sometimes. He even sounded like a clarinettist once in a while. It was too bad, but a venom developed between the two men after a time. Ruby is the most honest guy I have ever known. He just doesn't know how to smile and say O.K. He *has* to say what he thinks, no matter the grief. But he's a super player and we're good friends. I go up to his place in Riverdale, and he plays me all sorts of Louis Armstrong tapes and tells me wild Sid Catlett stories."

A short, cheerful woman with dark hair, wide cheekbones, and a narrow aquiline nose came in. It was Anita Gravine. She asked Moore how the lesson had gone, and said she would make some coffee. She has a contralto voice and talks as fast as her husband. When she brought in the coffee, she said she had to go out again and would be back in a little while.

Moore stood up and stretched, and sat down on a stool that Kilburn had used in his lesson. "I was born in a suburb of Cincinnati—Glen Este—in 1945. I'm an only child. My father's sixty-one now, and he has white hair and a white beard. He's not too tall, and he has a great sense of humor. He's a kind of Cincinnati Ruby Braff who always says the wrong thing. He's a really fine guitarist, Charlie Christian style. For years, in

# ENTER THE EIGHTIES

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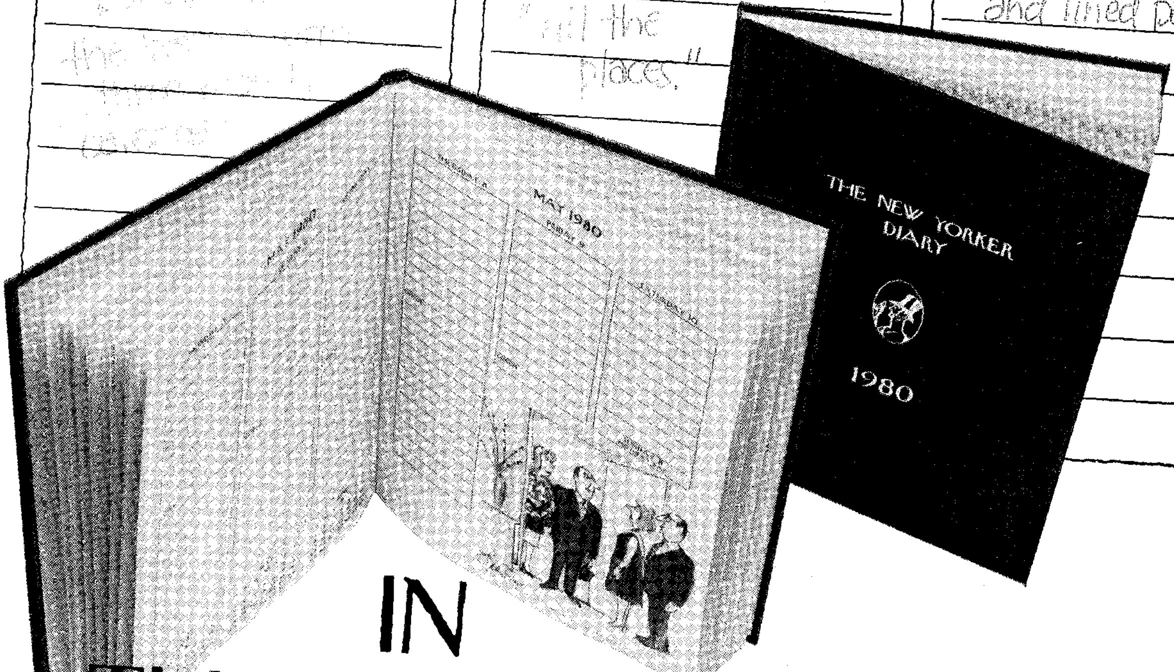

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the forties and early fifties, he had a Nat Cole-type trio with a piano player named Teddy Raeckel. They were busy until the bottom dropped out in the mid-fifties. My father went into the insurance business, and he was very unhappy. But now he's retired and back in music. He practices several hours a day and works three or four nights a week. He used to dress Brooks Brothers style, but now he's looser, with his beard and all. He sat in with Marian McPartland one night, and she tried to hire him, but he wouldn't do it. My mother's an elegant, white-haired, tall lady who's very composed, very self-contained. She knows herself and is comfortable with what she knows. She came from Ripley, Ohio, and her maiden name was Jeannette Gardner. She has an autobiography written by my great-great-great-grandfather, who was a circuit preacher. He published church music and travelled by flatboat down the Ohio River in 1810. And he cleared the land and fought bears and mountain lions. *His* father fought in the Revolution. There have been a lot of musicians in my family. One of my grandfathers had a country band, and an uncle played bass. My mother taught piano fourteen years. She plays very well, and although she never could have been a performer, I think she sold herself short. She used to try to teach my Dad to read music, but he was scared to death of it. I inherited the feeling. I can read, but it makes me nervous. A couple of years ago, I sent my parents to Europe on a tour. They'd hardly ever been out of Ohio. At first, my father was Mr. Worldwise—'I don't want to travel with a bunch of tourists,' and all that. But he bought the Eiffel Tower and everything else he saw in Paris and Rome and Venice and London. When they got back, they looked more alive and happy than I'd ever seen them. They'd bailed me out a number of times, and I figured it was a good thing for me to do."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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The Thom McCann Shoe store, of Trumbull Shopping Park, reported that someone had made off with a pair of boots Thursday afternoon, Dec. 20, police said.

They said a young man came in and tried on a pair of size 12 boots. He then asked the clerk to bring him a size 10 boot. When the clerk left, the youth disappeared with the boots on. The police added that the youth left his old pair of shoes, which, oddly, were a size 10.—*Trumbull* (*Conn.*) *Times*.

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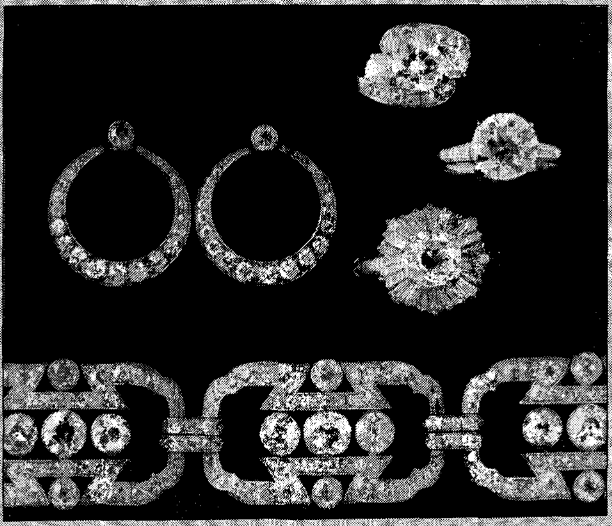

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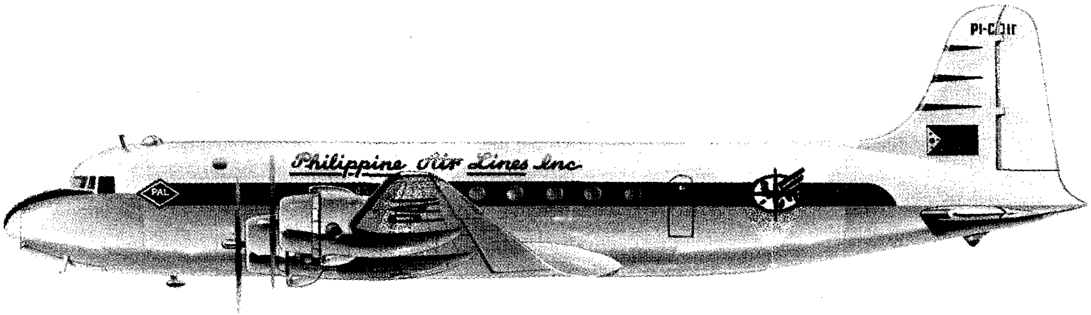

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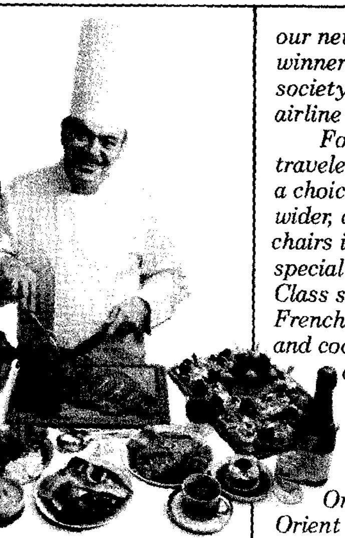

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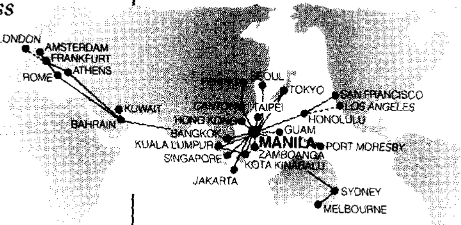
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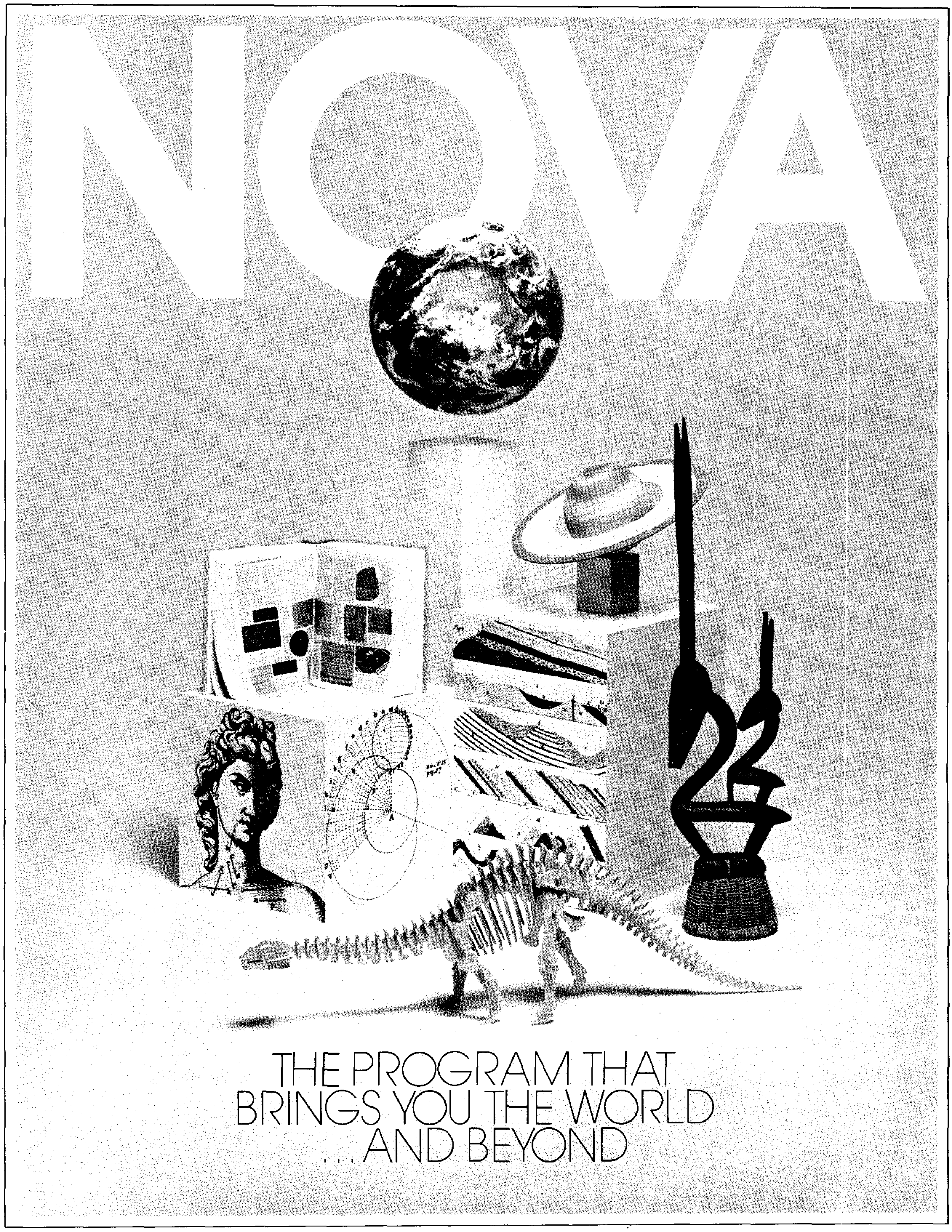
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# THE THEATRE

## *Looking Back*

THE first thing to be noted about Lillian Hellman's "Watch on the Rhine" (at the John Golden) is that the play is almost forty years old. The late Wolcott Gibbs reviewed it in the issue of this magazine dated April 12, 1941, which happened to be Easter Saturday; among the headlines in the *Times* that morning were "NAZIS REPORT YUGOSLAVS ROUTED," "BATTLE IS JOINED WEST OF TOBRUK," and "COVENTRY SUFFERS FRESH ATTACKS"—sufficiently vivid evidence of the fact that the Hellman play had reached Broadway during one of the darkest periods of the Second World War. The play and Gibbs' review of the play were both written out of the heart of that darkness. With a greater vehemence than he usually permitted himself, Gibbs began, "Miss Lillian Hellman's 'Watch on the Rhine' is unquestionably the best serious play of the year, and perhaps of several years. It is hard to say what our children will make of it, this story of a political refugee who murders a guest in a peaceful American household with everybody's complete moral approbation and even their connivance. Paradoxically, it is probably the hope of the world, as well as Miss Hellman's unselfish purpose, that they won't be able to make anything of it whatever. If 'Watch on the Rhine' still means much to anybody twenty-five years from now, if the peril to free men which it attacks can still be readily identified and the behavior of its protagonists is still credible, it will have failed, along with many other things of infinitely greater importance. It is a fine, honest, and necessary play, but I would be glad to think that someday people who happen to run across it in libraries may find it melodramatic and improbable for all its eloquence."

A far longer time than Gibbs' proposed twenty-five years has passed, and today our grandchildren as well as our children are in a position to make something of "Watch on the Rhine" not in libraries alone, as Gibbs surmised, but in a theatre only a few yards away from the one in which it opened. For the play is still charged with meaning; the moral and political questions with which it deals continue to torment us. In Iran, in Afghanistan, in Russia, and in our own country, people in houses not unlike the pleasant country house that serves as the setting for "Watch on the Rhine" (to say nothing of people in hovels, people in palaces) surely go on asking two of the oldest and most anguished of questions: "Am I my brother's keeper? And if I am, and if this is a good thing, then how evil dare I to become in the name of keeping him?"

Miss Hellman has always been a champion of the well-made play, and it's true that one detects in the neat plotting of "Watch on the Rhine" a taint of melodrama that grows less and less tolerable with age. The present production tends to emphasize this taint instead of concealing it; the director, Arvin Brown, who is well known for the respect he pays to the text of a play, and who likes to take his time in presenting it, has given us too many opportunities to listen to gears turning. I wish the first act of the play had been speeded up by at least ten minutes. If half a dozen characters are onstage at the same moment, they mustn't be seen to be waiting for cues; in the reunion of three generations of a family after twenty years, a helter-skelter collision of emotions is to be expected, and not a stately parade of them.

Although Fanny Farrelly, the tyrannizing old mistress of the house, no doubt has the most lines—lines that are rapped out by Jan Miner with an assurance that Tamerlane might envy—the leading figure in the play is Kurt Muller, a German anti-Nazi, who at the final curtain is setting out for Germany and his probable death. George Hearn plays this intelligent and touching character very effectively indeed. Scarcely less effective is Harris Yulin as a Rumanian count who does evil with an air of weary resignation; he is a member of the *ancien régime*, and he has seen no signs anywhere in Europe that good is likely to flow out of doing good. Mr. Hearn and Mr. Yulin convince us that they are members of different social orders; they are natural enemies, because unnatural distinctions of class and opportunity have been imposed on them. Joyce Ebert gives Muller's wife as much vigor as the role will sustain; she is perhaps a trifle too wifely for our contemporary taste, as her brother David (Joel Stedman) is simply and impotently too sonly and brotherly. Mary Fogarty has great fun as Anise, Mrs. Farrelly's long-suffering French companion and housekeeper, but I'm sorry to say that Jill Eikenberry seems totally at sea in the role of the count's American-born wife. The Muller children are played by Mark McLaughlin, Monica Snowden, and Bobby Scott, and the black butler—in the forties, no play about a big house near Washington would have been complete without a black butler in a crisp white jacket—is played by Robert Judd. The handsome setting is by John Jensen, the costumes are by Bill Walker, and the lighting is by Ronald Wallace.

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"BETRAYAL," at the Trafalgar, is curiously thinnish Pinter, containing few of the usual Pinter hints that behind the banal domestic chitter-chatter of our time lies some irremediable Original Sin of incommunication, older, perhaps, than Adam and Eve. The play runs backward, from 1977 to 1968, but little illumination is furnished by this device: the three characters with whom the play is concerned change scarcely at all over those nine years. Though they gain a certain amount of information about one another, this information is fastidiously circled around rather than learned from. Robert is a book publisher, and Jerry, who is Robert's best friend, is a literary agent. Emma, Robert's wife, was also, for seven years, Jerry's mistress. Jerry's wife, Judith, remains offstage but is frequently spoken of, as are the two children with which each of the marriages has been blessed. The "betrayal" of the title is plural, for Robert has often been unfaithful to Emma, as Jerry has been to Judith, and Robert and Jerry come to feel that their sturdy (if fatuous) male bonding has been placed in jeopardy, in part through Jerry's affair with Emma and in part through Robert's concealment from Jerry that he has long had knowledge of the affair. This is a comedy in which everyone's feelings are forever being hurt, invariably for selfish reasons; though the characters are approaching early middle age, their emotions are not much above the nursery level, and it is characteristic of Emma and Jerry as lovers that they "play house" in a leased flat on convenient afternoons. Only Emma promises to become fully mature, and that promise is a shaky one: as the play opens, she appears to be beginning an affair with a best-selling novelist named Casey, whose agent is Jerry and whose publisher is Robert. Another round robin of betrayals is almost certainly in prospect.

Blythe Danner is Emma, Raul Julia is Jerry, and Roy Scheider is Robert. All three are excellent, with the edge of preference going to Miss Danner. The scene is London, and the actors work valiantly to speak the broken-off Pinter patter with convincing English accents, not always in vain; still, we are never unaware that they are Americans, and their plight is made the graver for them by the ingenious but skimpy sets by John Bury, which provide nothing substantial in the way of place; except for a bedroom in a Venetian hotel, the various interiors could be in Erewhon. The play has been directed with an easy hand by Peter Hall.

THE Phoenix Theatre's latest production is an incoherent little play called "Shout Across the River," by Stephen Poliakoff. We are again in London, where a scatter-witted mother (Barbara eda-Young) has a daughter (Ellen Barkin) who for many excellent reasons has just been expelled from school. Mother finds herself kidnapped and knocked about by Daughter, whose subsequent breakdown causes Mother to pull a few of her scattered wits together. Not a word of the play struck me as being capable of utterance in real life, and the nature of the relationships within the family—mother and daughter have a dippy son-brother to deal with—remained for me wholly obscure. The author is said to be an exceptionally prolific young man, and I am sorry to hear it. The inept scenery for "Shout" is by Hugh Landwehr, the costumes are by Linda Fisher, and the lighting is by Stephen Ross. The direction, as shifty as a March wind, is by Robert Woodruff. —BRENDAN GILL

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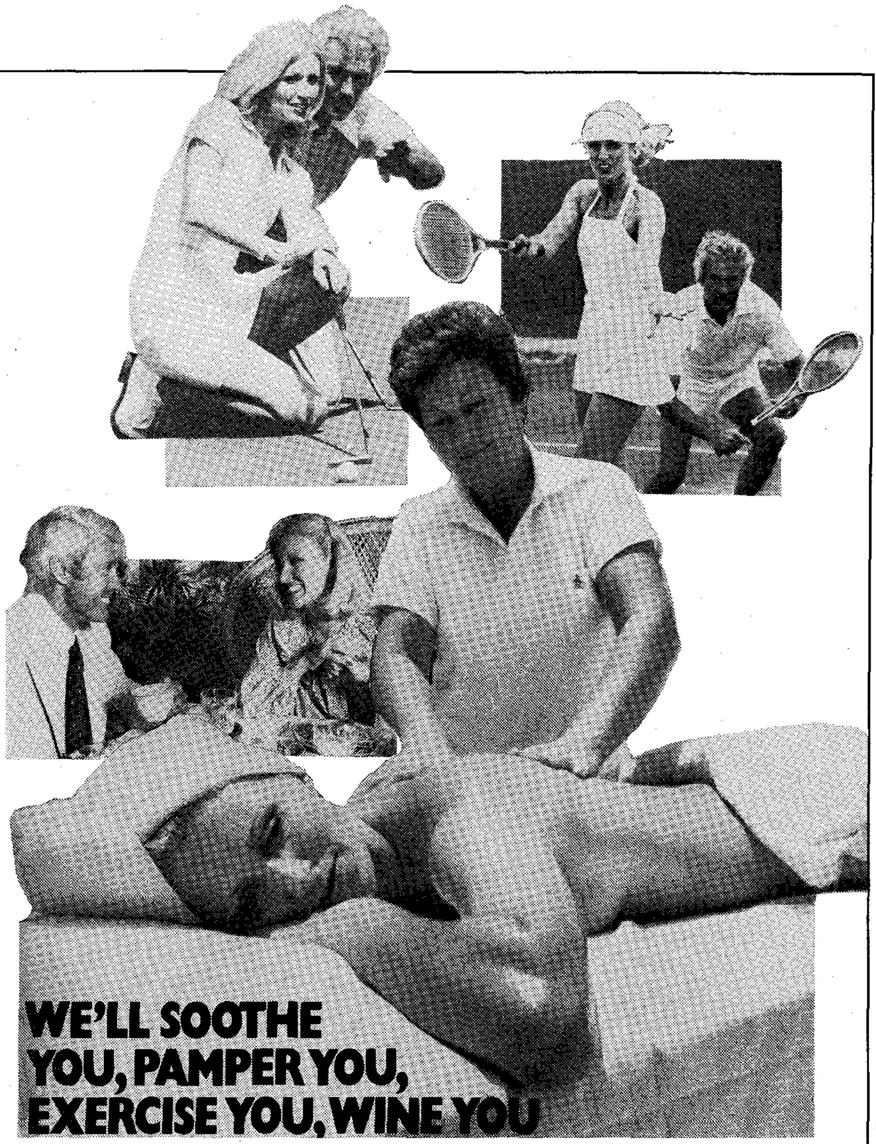

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# POPULAR RECORDS

## *Porter!*

SURPRISINGLY, Cole Porter resuscitations and discoveries of genuine interest continue to appear. The latest examples are to be found on "Cole Porter Revisited, Vol. IV" (Painted Smiles PS 1371) and "Cole: A Musical Tribute to Cole Porter" (Stanyan SR 10136). The latter, an American issue of an English recording, is in large part made up of familiar material, whereas the former contains quite a few genuine rarities. There is the fact, of course, that Porter, whose custom it was to develop words and music simultaneously, left us a trunkful of completed songs—unlike, say, Gershwin, Kern, Romberg, or Youmans, who left behind only tunes that resisted the efforts of later lyricists, even those who had been closely associated with the composers during their lifetimes, to turn them into successes. The posthumously produced Romberg musical "The Girl in Pink Tights" was not a complete success; perhaps the fault lay in the production, but in any case the composer was obviously not there to touch up the score in rehearsal or tryout. And although Ira Gershwin was somewhat more successful in putting lyrics to a few of his late brother's leftover tunes for the movie "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim," the best of the resultant batch, "For You, For Me, For Evermore," never made much of a mark. As for Berlin, who also provided both words and music for his songs, he almost invariably wrote with a hit in mind, whether he was doing a succession of holiday numbers for a motion picture ("Holiday Inn"), an array of catchy revue numbers ("As Thousands Cheer"), or a Western assemblage ("Annie Get Your Gun"), so that there has been relatively little neglected Berlin. Furthermore, the greater part of what he wrote has been published, most of it by his own firm. Porter, though his list of standard love songs—all of them witty and tender, and possessed of great charm—is a long one, also delighted in constructing pieces that might appeal only to his social set, or so he may have imagined. Not that he was deliberately limiting his audience; he was simply writing for himself and his friends, and if the songs turned out to have a wider appeal—well, so much the better. In any event, this practice resulted in a good many numbers that are now being dug up and recorded. "Thank You So Much, Mrs. Lowsborough-Goodby," an amusing parlor song on the "Revisited" disc which Porter purportedly created to entertain members of his circle, is such a piece, and, while its melody is unfailingly graceful, it lends itself to a parlando style of expression. Katharine Hepburn (the same) is the interpreter on the recording, and the authority and appeal in the actress's voice are, as you might expect, commanding. But I'm afraid I preferred the broader yet steadier and more skillful rendition by Patricia Routledge, the English comedienne, on the "Tribute" recording.

In the "Revisited" collection, with its several unfamiliar items, there is, as almost invariably happens with Porter, the unexpected adjective, twist of phrase, or repeated phrase with a subtle alteration—always sparklingly reinforced by the tune—which catches us up, elicits a smile, and makes us silently exclaim "Porter!" "Big Town," which opened "Seven Lively Arts," an ambitious 1944 show, and which is the opening number on this recording, proves to be a fleet and winning work, and to cover in a little over five minutes much of the same ground traversed by "A Chorus Line" in a couple of hours. I exaggerate, of course, but one must admire the cleverness with which Porter used this bright choral piece—asking what New York will offer a clutch of young hopefuls—to encompass discrete little numbers describing the background, aspirations, and other circumstances of the individual characters. The best of those interludes is a nifty, swinging statement, mostly about a boyfriend overseas, by a young woman aiming to sing with a band. The closing piece, "Is It the Girl (or Is It the Gown)?," is from the same show and was used to adorn a fashion display. It's not one of Porter's better efforts, yet it possesses his characteristic skill, and is nicely delivered by Dolores Gray and a mixed chorus, with the accompaniment of a small orchestra, under Dennis Deal, which is heard throughout. "Ours," a broadly melodic charmer from "Red, Hot and Blue" which somehow never achieved the popularity it deserved, is beguilingly presented by Blossom Dearie with an assist by Arthur Siegel, who is heard in the verse to a second chorus, which—in contrast to the first, offering the world at large to the lovers—limits its blandishments to New York. We generally associate five standout Porter numbers—"You're the Top," "Blow, Gabriel, Blow," "I Get a Kick Out of You," "All Through the Night," and "Anything Goes"—with the show "Anything Goes" (Porter's finest achievement until "Kiss Me, Kate"), but there is a sixth, "Buddy Beware," which has been almost totally overlooked. Though less striking than the others, it is nevertheless a lark-

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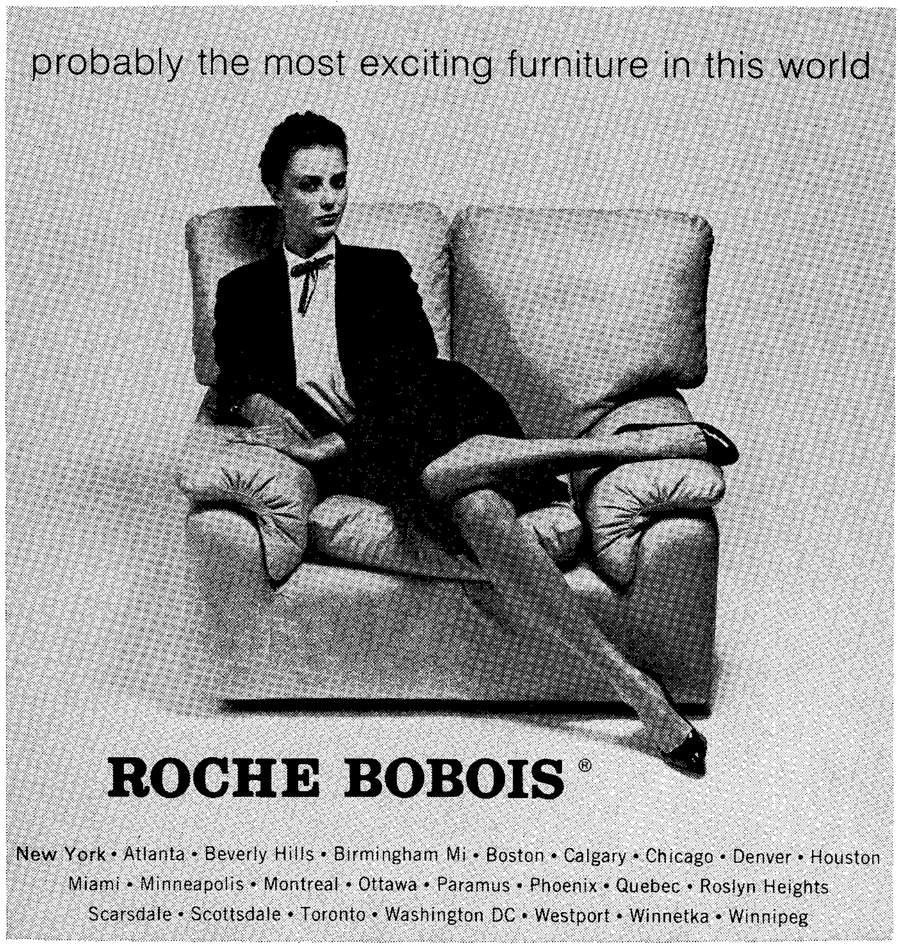
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some thing and is given its due here by Helen Gallagher. "I'm Unlucky at Gambling," an infrequently heard song from Porter's early Broadway success "Fifty Million Frenchmen," is agreeable even without any introduction, and is well sung by Dolores Gray and the male chorus, but it is given an added fillip by the sly verse, new to this listener.

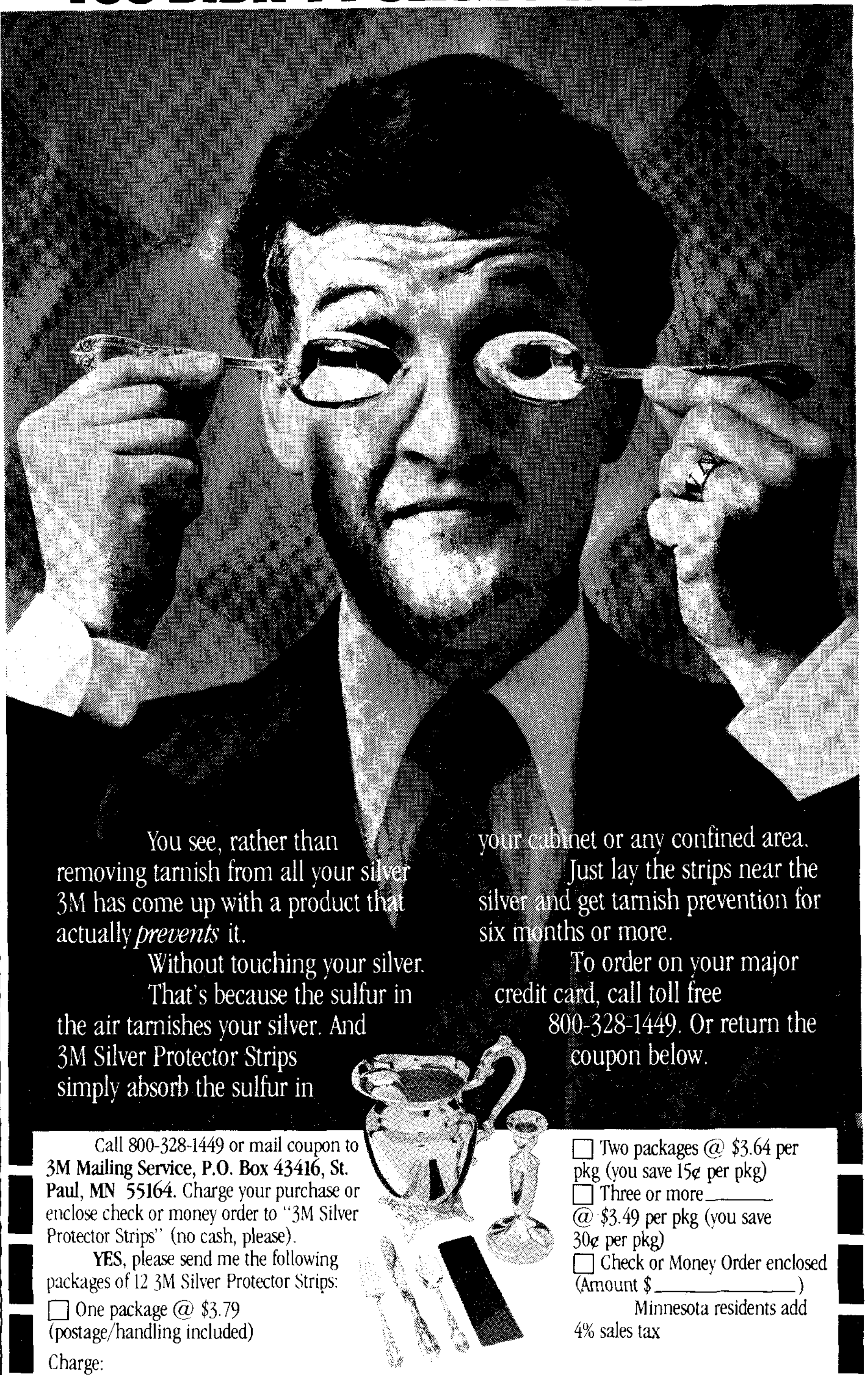
Among the unpublished items on the "Revisited" disc are four pieces from widely dissimilar sources, three of them sung broadly but effectively by Patrice Munsel, and the fourth—"Olga," a "Russian" oddity of little interest from an English revue—delivered by Siegel. Miss Munsel's contributions are "Yours," a steamy bolero dropped from "You Never Know," the musical Porter began composing shortly after he suffered his crippling riding accident; "Alpine Rose," a trifle that stems from the composer's French period and "La Revue des Ambassadeurs," and that may have found its justification in a production number; and "The Boyfriend Back Home," a conventional upbeat Porter tune that was also in "Fifty Million Frenchmen."

Of the remaining "Revisited" songs, I was most taken with "Wild Wedding Bells"—a novel, plangent precursor of Frank Loesser's "If I Were a Bell"—which was set down for an unproduced musical entitled "Greek to You," and which is sung here by Miss Gray and the chorus. Miss Hepburn is delightful in "The Queen of Terre Haute," an exasperated statement by a big fish in a small pond, but she seems less happy with "A Woman's Career"—a number dropped from "Kiss Me, Kate." Siegel delivers a touching plaint, "The Extra Man," nicely. It was used in the London production of "Wake Up and Dream!" Siegel also brings to light an engaging up-tempo creation (I'm surprised Bobby Short hasn't picked up on this one) called "High Flying Wings on My Shoes," which was left out of the movie musical "Les Girls." "Why Do You Want to Hurt Me So?," a comic torch song excised from "Out of This World," doesn't quite come off, in spite of Miss Gallagher's strenuous efforts.

"Cole: A Musical Tribute to Cole Porter," which, as I have noted, consists mainly of familiar things, presents Elaine Stritch, Ian Carmichael, Susannah McCorkle, Miss Routledge, and the Mike Sammes Singers and an orchestra. While Miss Stritch avoids the distinctive half-note triplets of "I Get a Kick Out of You," greatly lessening the song's effectiveness, she makes up for it in other sorties, among them "Nobody's Chasing Me," from "Out of This World;" the recently unearthed "Why Don't We Try Staying Home?;" and "Brush Up Your Shakespeare" and "Why Can't You Behave?," both from "Kiss Me, Kate." Miss Routledge sings "Easy to Love" pleasingly and with an interesting, very light instrumental support, of the kind that backs Ella Fitzgerald in her definitive recording of this lovely piece on the Verve reissue "The Cole Porter Songbook." Except for the admirable contributions of the Misses Stritch and Routledge, this can be set down as a nice, respectful English "tribute" to an American songwriter whose special flair proved a bit elusive.

YOU would suppose that for her first record in fifteen years the singer Anita Ellis would have come forth with something fresher or more pungent than "Echoes" (Michael's Pub EPM2-151627). It is a collection of songs whose lyrics were written by the late Johnny Mercer, a prolific and talented man, who collaborated over his long career with some of our finest popular composers, but who is represented here in association with only one of them, Harold Arlen, and only in a single piece. (Some, I am aware, might say that Alec Wilder, here by virtue of a song entitled "If Someday Ever Comes," is also among the best, and that Willard Robison, whose "Guitar Country" is included, was, too.) Elsewhere we have a musical composition by Mercer himself, which lends the collection its title; a band instrumental by Ralph Burns and Woody Herman called "Early Autumn," for which Mercer supplied words; a tune by H. Souvaine and E. Miller which Mercer used for "(Wouldja for a) Big Red Apple;" a perfectly ordinary melody by Doris Tauber to which Mercer fitted a lyric called "Drinking Again;" and, by André Previn, four pleasant but utterly undistinguished numbers from a soupy English musical of a few seasons ago called "The Good Companions," based on the Priestley novel of that name.

Nowhere is Mercer represented in top form except in the Arlen song, "Any Place I Hang My Hat Is Home," from the show "St. Louis Woman"—the composer's most ambitious score, and Mercer's deepest involvement with the theatre, where he labored infrequently and then with only moderate success. And it is Larry Kert, Miss Ellis's brother, who gets to sing this



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one. Mr. Kert also joins his sister in the opening selection, "Pleasure of Your Company," and the closing one, "Good Companions," both from "The Good Companions." Miss Ellis, who occasionally employs Billie Holiday voicings, and employs them aptly, sings as well as ever she did in the past—which is to say, securely and, for the most part, expressively. The supporting combo, led by the pianist Dick Hyman, who did the arrangements, is an exceptionally fine ensemble. But, picking up this record, one expected more.

A RICH mélange of recordings drawn mostly from two long-playing discs that were made in the nineteen-fifties by Beatrice Lillie, probably the funniest female performer in the world's history, has been brought together in a two-record set called "Queen Bea" (DRG DARC-2-1101). Though a great deal of the comedienne's appeal was visual—and sometimes she could fool you by singing a song straight, or almost so—the remarkable clarity, range, and lilt of her voice, coupled with her scintillating personality, make this set (for the most part very well re-recorded) thoroughly enjoyable. Included are such Lillie standbys as "Maud" and "There Are Fairies at the Bottom of Our Garden," as well as pieces by Noël Coward, Irving Berlin, the team of Dietz and Schwartz, and even such onetime Tin Pan Alley successes as "Three Little Fishies" and "I Apologize." Miss Lillie's last Broadway show, "High Spirits," was a musical version of Coward's "Blithe Spirit," in which she played the blithe spiritualist. Blithe spirit, she, indeed. The recital closes with Coward's "The Party's Over Now." —DOUGLAS WATT

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The East Detroit Public School District is offering cash bonuses—up to $1,000—to lure substitute teachers into the system.

"We're putting the carrot in front of the dog to see if they'll pull the cart," said Robert Benson, district personnel director.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Aren't you thinking of Alpo in front of the donkey?

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Federal Register*]

39232 SHIPPING FMC proposes rules regarding certification by Chief Executive Officer of common carrier operated in water of company policies and efforts to combat rebating in U.S. foreign commerce; comments by 9–4–79

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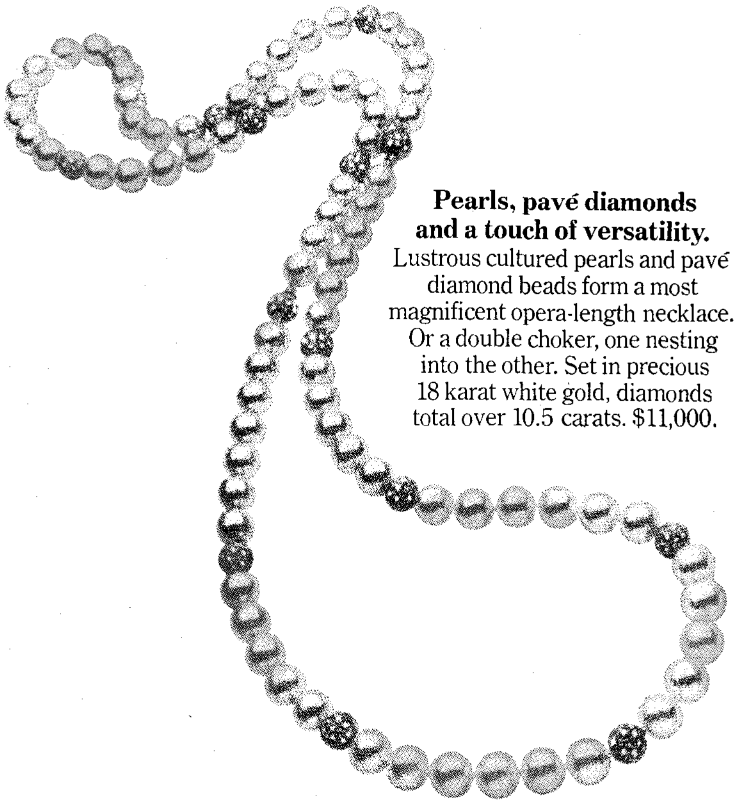

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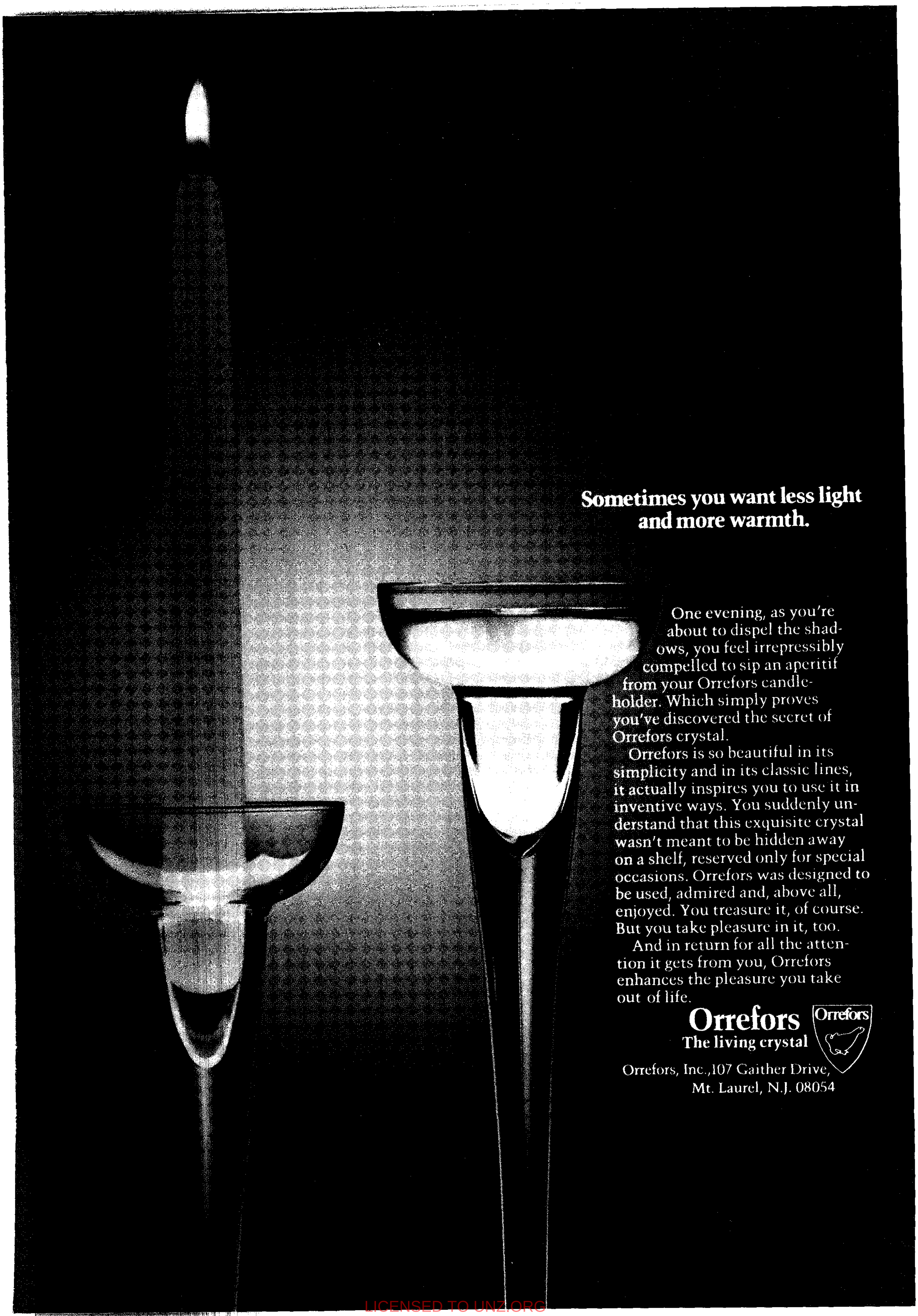

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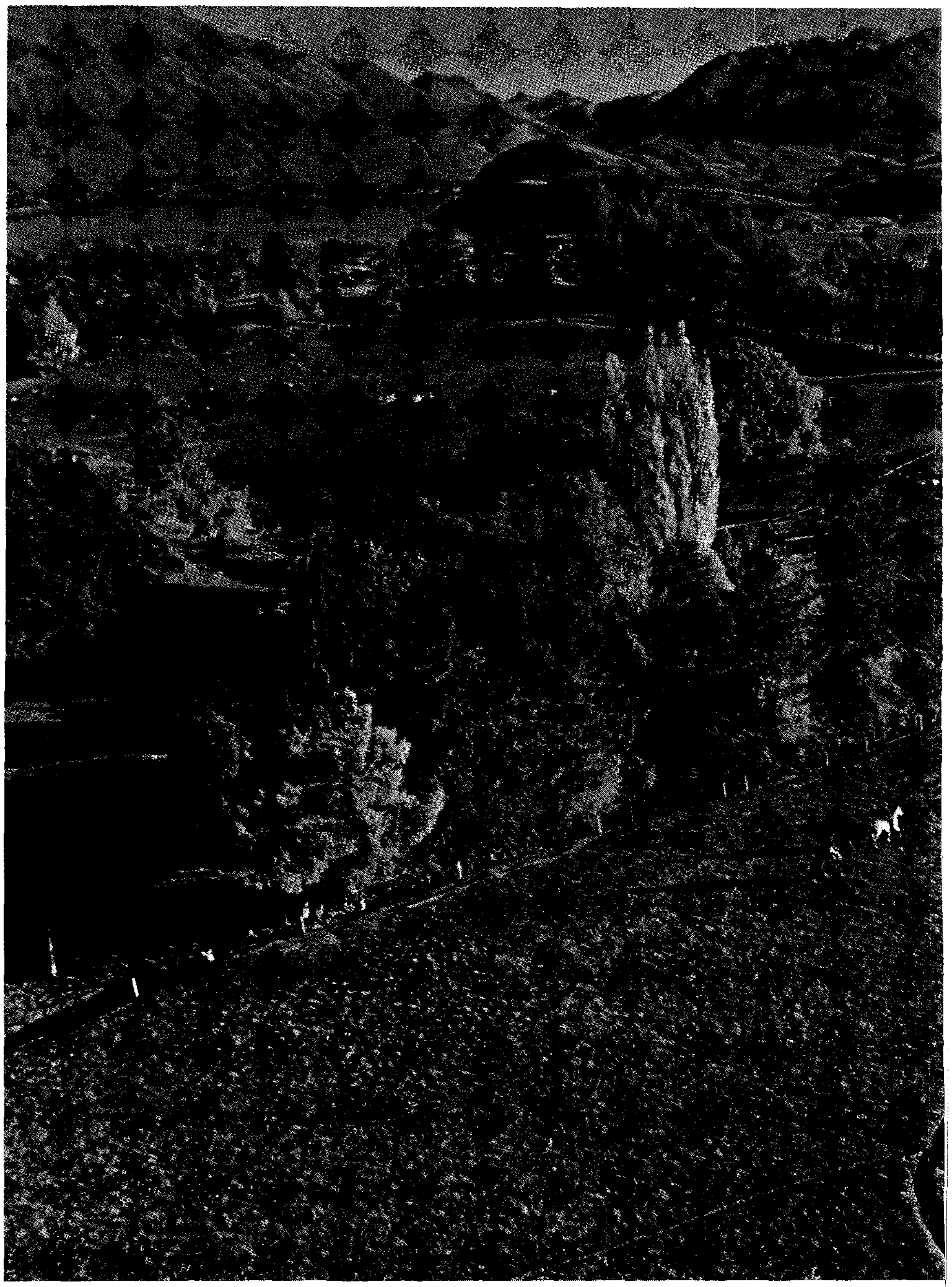
# The South Pacific. If you've seen



If you've been everywhere, this was worth waiting for. If you've been nowhere, this feels like everywhere. The South Pacific is so much more than you bargained for. Beyond the tropical islands you've dreamed about, there are other islands. Touch a little of each and you've taken the trip of a lifetime.

**New Zealand. The World's Great Surprise Package.** Begin on the North Island, in Auckland. Drive up through the lush Henderson Valley. This is the wine country, and it's perfect for your first taste of New Zealand. Stop for lunch at a tavern that plunks you into Europe. Till you get the bill. *$8. For two!*

Travel through farmland, cattle ranches and meadows full of sheep, till you reach the Tasman Sea. Below you, miles of black sand beach stretch out as far as the eye can see. Do it all in a day and return in time to watch the sun set on Auckland Harbor.

**Caving And Carving.** Drive South, and your first stop is the Waitomo Caves. Now, in a small boat, steer your way into a grotto. Shhh. Above you the glow worms cling to the cave ceiling, lighting your way like millions of stars. You want to shout. But don't. If you do, the lights go off.

Next stop, Rotorua. The earth's crust is so thin here that steam breaks through everywhere. Geysers shoot hundreds of feet into the air. And mud pools bubble in the ground. You'll meet the Maoris, New Zealand's native people, here. You'll see how they've harnessed the steam to pressure cook their meals, and you'll watch master woodcarvers teach a lost art to a new generation.

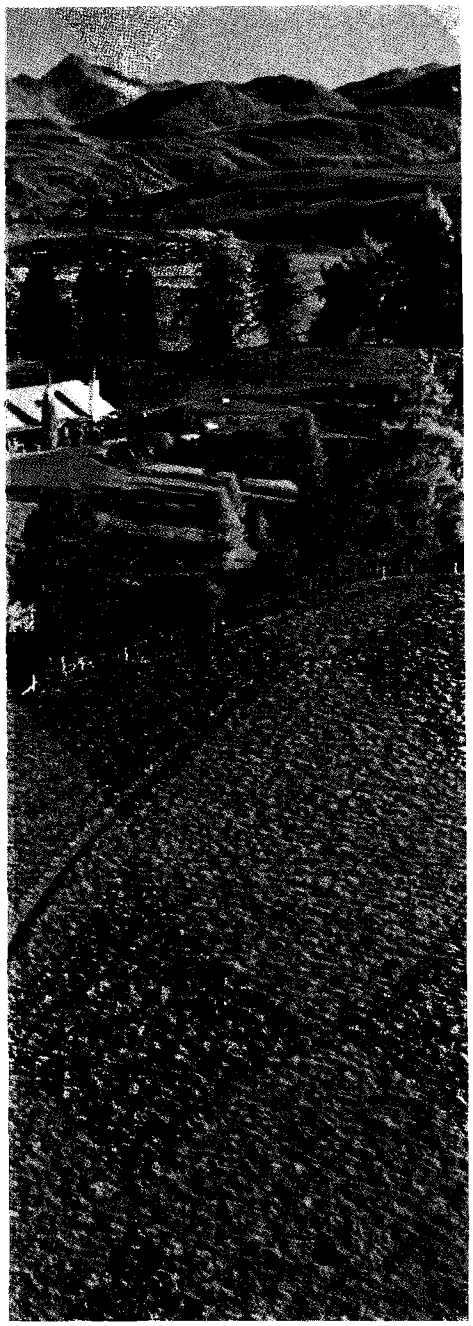
You can't resist buying their work.

Finish the day in a steamy mineral pool, dreaming about tomorrow.

**On To England.** Bright and early, fly across Cook Strait to the South Island.

Land in Christchurch and step into England. Paddle a tiny boat along the river Avon. Have a picnic on the bank under the willows and watch a rugby match in the distance. Spend an

# one island, you haven't seen 'em all.

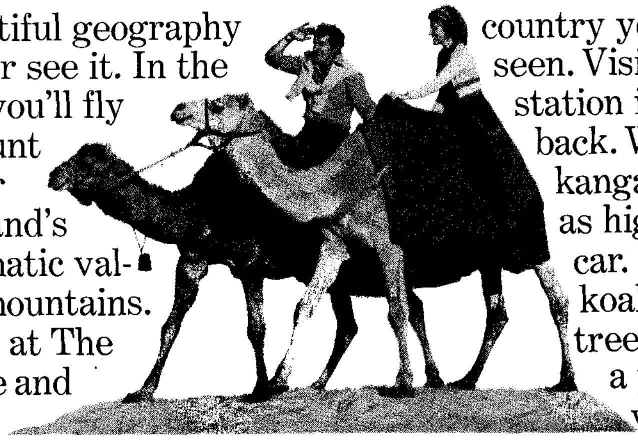


afternoon driving through lowers. They're everywhere.

The city gives prizes for andscaping, to homes, streets, even factories. And the people are as warm and riendly as their gardens.

Stop at one of the pubs. Chances are, someone will buy you a beer and bend your ear.

**Up Like An Eagle.** You're about to see the world's most beautiful geography as few ever see it. In the morning, you'll fly out to Mount Cook, over New Zealand's most dramatic valleys and mountains.



Lunch at The Hermitage and then fly up to a starchy white glacier, and see what it's like to land on skis. Later, watch the sun turn the mountains pink from a lovely room that reminds you of Switzerland, at *one-half* the price.

In the morning, you're off to Queenstown, ready to try "the most beautiful flight in the world." Twenty minutes in the air brings you to the world's most stunning sight. Milford Sound. Take a cruise between towering mountain walls through a fjord that impresses even the Norwegians.

Beyond is the Tasman Sea. And tomorrow you'll cross it to Australia.

**Australia. The World's Wildest Island.** Start in Sydney. It's a dash of San Francisco. A touch of London. The flavor of New York. And the style of Paris.

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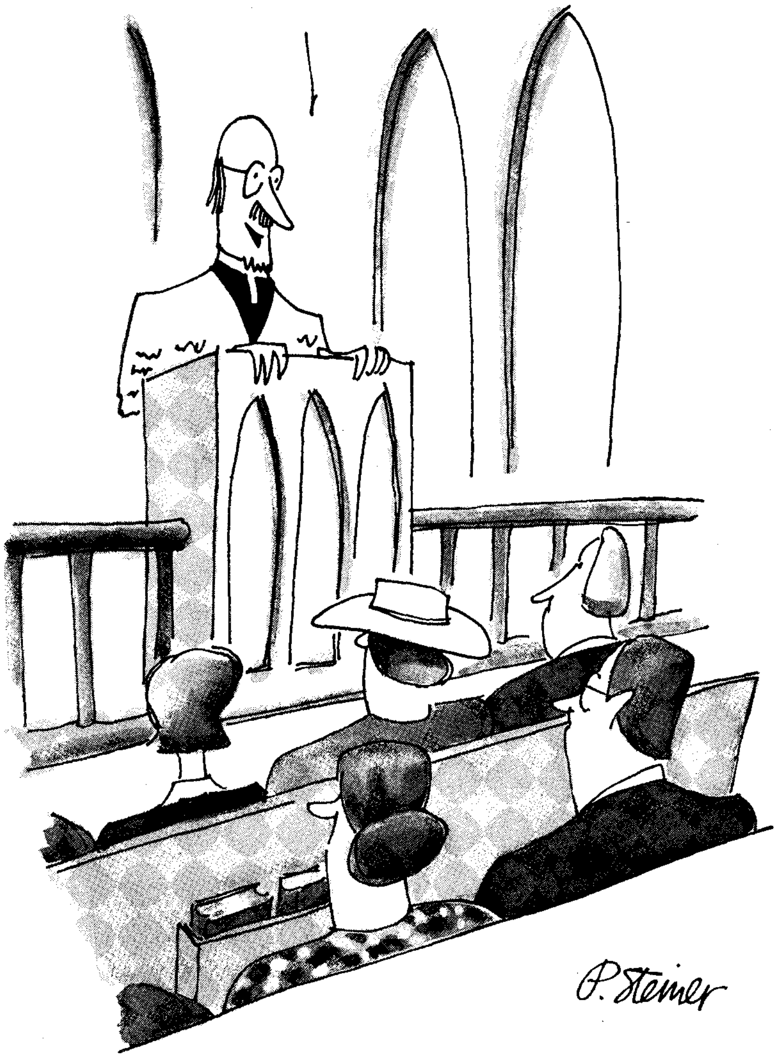
# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS

FASHION appears to have reached an impasse. The curious impression that everything is withering cannot be entirely explained by the fact that the collections that designers have recently unveiled are for spring, and therefore by tradition are less ambitious and less innovative than those for fall. Nor does the current economic climate—a time of anxiously watched inventories and tightened credit—really account for the inhibition of experiment and progress. In truth, fashion has been atrophying for a decade or more. It may now simply have achieved the end toward which it has been tending: to short-circuit or completely foil spontaneity in its creators and its followers. The snag is that spontaneity is the whole point of fashion. It's the golden egg, the jewel in the crown, the mainspring at the center of a mechanism of otherwise unworkable and irreconcilable contradictions—between commercial dissemination and amateur self-expression, between fashion and anti-fashion, between conservation and progress. If you take away the light in the individual eye, can there be fashion at all?

The process began when it became clear that the way clothes *looked* was essentially unimportant; what counted was who looked at them or wore them and therefore what they *meant.* This surprising and apparently self-destructive shift in emphasis may in fact have been based on the valuable perception that the people who looked best were not those in the latest or most expensive fashions but those with the most vitality. For whatever reason, changes in shapes and hemlines really don't seem to matter anymore. Such purely visual significance was banished years ago, when the era of meaning was ushered in. Yet even with the birth of this new age, there remained the nagging problem of the tangible, visible existence of clothes. Of course, anyone with any fashionable instinct knew that this didn't count. But there the clothes still were—public statements that some people might perversely persist in seeing, judging, or misinterpreting. So, hard upon the era of meaning, there came the era of protective intellectual coloration and of obfuscation. Clothes came to be worn and seen as an assemblage of thought-out paradoxes, as irony, whimsy, or deliberate disguise. Thrift-shop dressing carried it all to its ultimate. We took to clothes for which we had spent little money, which didn't necessarily fit us, and which had belonged in the past to some dead stranger's life. Behind the bravado of what came to be known as "style," there may have lurked a fear of being part of our time, of being locked into our own personalities, and of revealing too much about our own lives.

Above all, what ultimately characterized the fashion of the past decade was detachment. People went out of their way to dissociate themselves from what their clothes might say about them. Observers of other people's clothes were at the last baffled by all their contradictory reactions and too discouraged and exhausted to figure out anything at all. Clothes were set free to float in limbo, with no one to take any particular responsibility for them. Designers discovered that their work could coast in a no man's land between vision and meaning. If anyone seeing their styles detected a meaning that seemed undesirable, creators could simply say that there wasn't supposed to be a meaning there, that they were just plain visual folk, expressing themselves intuitively and casually pulling ideas from an "atmosphere" they were not in the business of philosophizing about. In the main, these evasive tactics worked quite well. If, for example, one wonders out loud about the moral implications of the cold and brutal sadomasochistic fantasies in the fashion photography of Helmut Newton, one is made to feel—and really does seem—visually insensitive, old-fashioned, and gauche. Or take the absurd headgear shown with some of the recent Paris prêt-à-porter—hats like windmills, brioches, or First World War biplanes. If anyone was reminded of the desperate gaiety of Schiaparelli's lamb-chop hats or the wood-shaving confections of women in Nazi-occupied Paris, it seemed too tediously pedantic to point it out. If styles look right for the moment, art for art's sake is the spirit that prevails. If they don't look right, it must be the fault of the observer,



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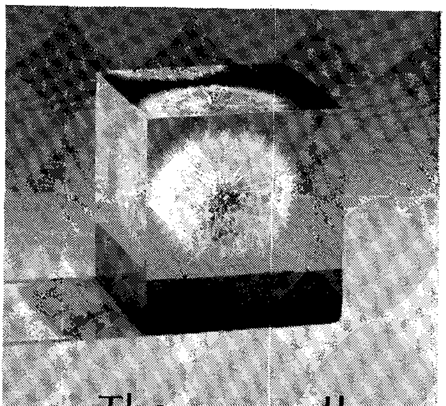
who has missed their meaning and their point. By now, obfuscatory style is deeply ingrained in even the most derivative and commercial dress designers. The job of deadening direct visual response and baffling interpretation is virtually complete. One can sit through a fashion show in a peculiar state of seeing and yet instantly discounting the thing seen—with eyes fixed unnaturally wide before a panoply of color and movement and shape but also with an odd sensation of suffocating for lack of life. The whole dream is dismissed with a blink; the image of the show has faded from the retina before the spectators have left their seats. And no one, least of all the creators themselves, seems to have much idea of what fashion means or how it is supposed to look.

SMALL wonder, in this perplexing environment, that fashion designers should so often have been drawn of late to "bold" designs in black-and-white that take their tone, if not their entire shape, from fashions of the past. Many fashion shows open, these days, with stark, static tableaux that have been repeated often enough to have become a cliché. Groups of models in angular poses are lit to appear only as giant silhouetted shadows—faceless beings in dramatic hats, gloves, and hard-edged "chic." The intention behind such introductions—which often resemble old fashion photographs—seems to be to instill in creator and audience alike the confidence that here, at least, in this protected world, everyone is in the presence of something that may still be called fashion. Such friezes are a visual incantation, a hopeful ritual summoned up to keep a crippled, schism-riddled faith. The fashions of the past continue to recur not so much for love of their details and lines as for the security blanket they provide in these times of terrible confusion. The past offers a vision of measurable, wrapped-up order. Fashion had its place, once upon a time, and its own clear rules. It could put one elegant foot in front of the other from one season to the next, and quite unselfconsciously. Many fashion designers today—at least, many of those who attempt anything more artistically ambitious than the merchandising of bluejeans—are drawn time and again to the past as to a world of paradisal certainties.

It is a measure of how inextricably the visual language of the past is tangled with that of the present that you don't hear much mention of historicism in fashion anymore. You'd think that



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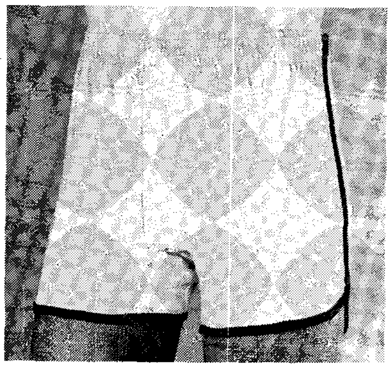

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"retro" was a cloud that passed, some five years back, leaving us with a brilliant expanse of purely contemporary style. That most collections both here and in Europe continue to be absolutely saturated with more or less direct borrowings from the twenties, the thirties, the forties, the fifties—and now the sixties as well—is often passed over in silence. In some part, this is a conspiracy among those whose business is the promotion and sale of new clothes. Too many potential customers are either bored by the idea of retrospection or made nervous by the untried prospect of it. If a brand-new fashion is really blatantly retrospective, some expert is called in to wave a magic wand and pronounce that, this time around, it has been done "in a contemporary way." Often, though, it's not even a question of denying the presence of retrospection. In all sincerity, we simply don't see it, so successfully has our eye assimilated it and our mind forgotten how to distinguish it from innovation.

Who could possibly have foreseen in the spring of 1970 what some of the world's most respected, well-established designers would deem appropriate for that of 1980? Here is Bill Blass, giving his wealthy customers a lavish show of styles with a marked resemblance to what those customers were wearing in 1960. As if to wryly underscore the mad evanescence of it all, Oscar de la Renta has come up with Balenciaga-style balloon skirts that are printed with a design of carnival balloons. It's supposed to be fun, it is all a glittering and gorgeous charade, but it has an uncanny, Fellini-like unreality. Instead of lifting the spirits, it somehow oppresses them. There's an edge-of-the-precipice defiance to it, a sterile irony that amounts to cynicism.

Now that fashion has started reviving the nineteen-sixties, it seems clear that we've reached the end of some sort of line. Dislocation, mystification, revival—these, more than anything else, were the hallmark of fashion in the seventies. You can't fake innovation indefinitely, any more than you can revive revivals, view irony ironically, or camp up camp. There won't be anything of the seventies to revive. From this distance, the sixties—or, at least, the latter part of them—seem to represent the last period when fashion spoke with a kind of common voice. Women of different ages, social backgrounds, political opinions, and nationalities very often chose a single distinctive silhouette—namely, skirts above or well above the knees. It need hardly be said that the sixties also opened a

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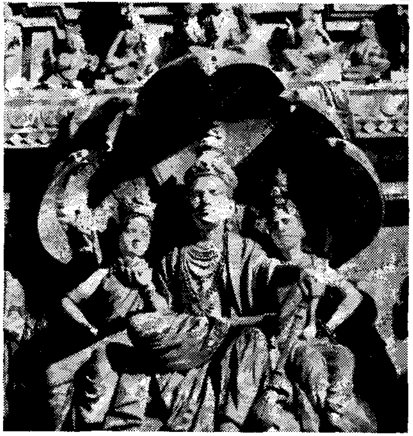

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lot of floodgates. After that, everything came pouring down: wide skirts, slim skirts, short ones and long; jeans and running shoes one day, teetering heels the next; trousers in every imaginable shape and length; women moving schizophrenically from buttoned-up boardroom suits to near-naked evening silk. Everything and everyone moved back and forth in a single tapestry that constantly unravelled and re-formed. Everything was in style and yet nothing was. Here was freedom or chaos, depending on your point of view. People had by no means abandoned the hope of finding the spark of fashion, but they were convinced that it was somewhere other than where they were. If it wasn't always on the professional runway, could it be in the streets of SoHo, in the latest discothèque, or in Punk, perhaps? The American fashion industry kept hoping the new ideas were in Paris, while young people in Paris thought maybe style was lurking on the American campus or in American sporting-goods stores. And did fashion automatically reside with young and rebellious extremists, or could quieter, established citizens get in on the act?

The most dispiriting aspect of nostalgia (which means, literally, homesickness) is that the successive waves of it have come from precisely the group that society depends on to push its culture blindly forward—the young and avant-garde. Older and more conservative designers have for some time been keeping pace with their juniors a season and a decade or so behind. In 1979, some young Paris designers were obsessed by points and spikes drawn from the crests of dinosaurs, while others turned to ancient Egypt. Mary McFadden, in New York, claimed to be inspired by the buried civilization of Pompeii and Herculaneum. It's discouraging to see modern sensibilities flirting like this with the romantic idea of extinction, but staring into the far-distant past of design is a phenomenon of long enough standing in the history of fashion, after all. It seems more ominous to see some young designers choosing to revive space-age sixties fantasies, miniskirts, and short white boots.

If even the symbolic costume of rebellious energy is not just a revival but a revival of a revival, the rebellion looks anemic indeed. If teen-agers—female ones, that is—are now dancing away in their miniskirts, they may be too young to have seen the look before but they know and somehow accept that their gesture is an exercise in style. It has all been done more tumultuous-

*There's a naked little mermaid in the harbor of Copenhagen. People travel far and wide to see her. She takes her fame in stride. And enjoys all the attention. Visit her in a beautiful fur by Birger Christensen. It's time she had competition.*

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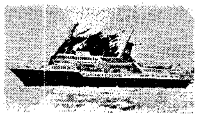

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ly, more authentically by people who are barely their seniors in the life span, let alone in history. One French fashion magazine recently published a photograph of two ordinary young Parisiennes in the street, with the implicit suggestion that such girls were trendsetters to be watched. They were wearing ponytails, black leather blousons, and drainpipe pants, and they puffed away on cigarettes in an anti-establishment kind of way. How did fashion wander through the looking glass? Surely such a costume has been the symbol of rebellion for at least thirty years, from the postwar Greenwich Village Beats to the British Punks of—what, is it already a whole half decade ago? At its birth, Punk at least had some weirdly real vitality—enough to give a few original twists to the classically rebellious garb. I'm brought to a halt at the brink of the same old vacuum—on the point of regarding the distant, once spontaneous eccentricity of bright-green hair and safety-pinned noses with a feeling akin to nostalgia.

—KENNEDY FRASER

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But noting that the United States retains some influence in the Middle East, he said, "The Saudis at this time are probably as dependent upon their safety and their security by the Americaursday when Kennedy charged in prepared remarks that Milrose Thursday when Kennedy charged in prepared remarks that Miller "hursday when Kennedy charged in prepared remarks that Miller "has been busy asnedy charged in prepared remarks that Miller "has been busy asking Oharged in prepared remarks that Miller "has been busy asking OPEC td in prepared remarks that Miller "has been busy asking OPEC to raisrepared remarks that Miller "has been busy asking OPEC to raise oil d remarks that Miller "has been busy asking OPEC to raise oil pricearks that Miller "has been busy asking OPEC to raise oil prices rather than wr "has been busy asking OPEC to raise oil prices rather than warninas been busy asking OPEC to raise oil prices rather than warning it to restrain them."

While he did not read the sentence when he spoke, aides said he stood behind it.

—*Fairbanks (Alaska) Daily News-Miner.*

Aides for whom, exactly?

•

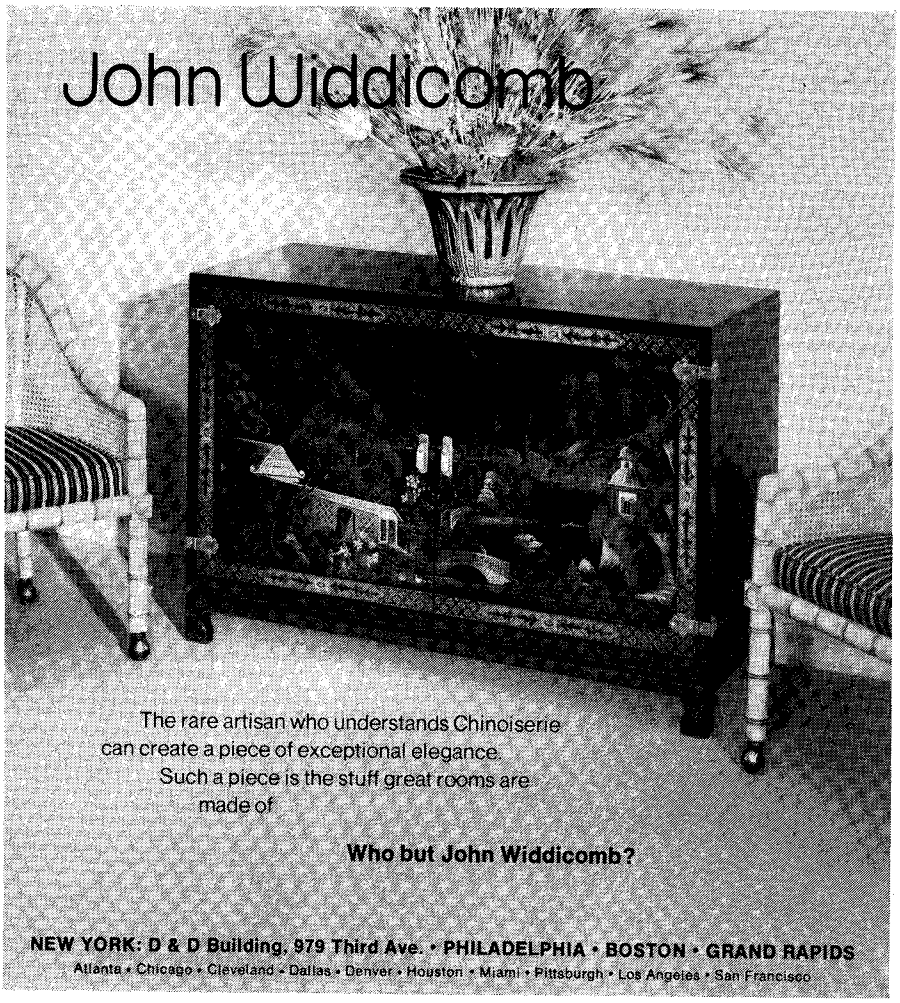
### WHICH HEADLINE IN THE "TIMES" D'YA READ?

EMBARGO ON EXOTIC BIRD IMPORTS LIFTED BY AGRICULTURE DEPARTMENT

—*Page 22.*

CURB ON IMPORTED BIRDS IS MADE MORE STRINGENT

—*Page 50, same issue.*



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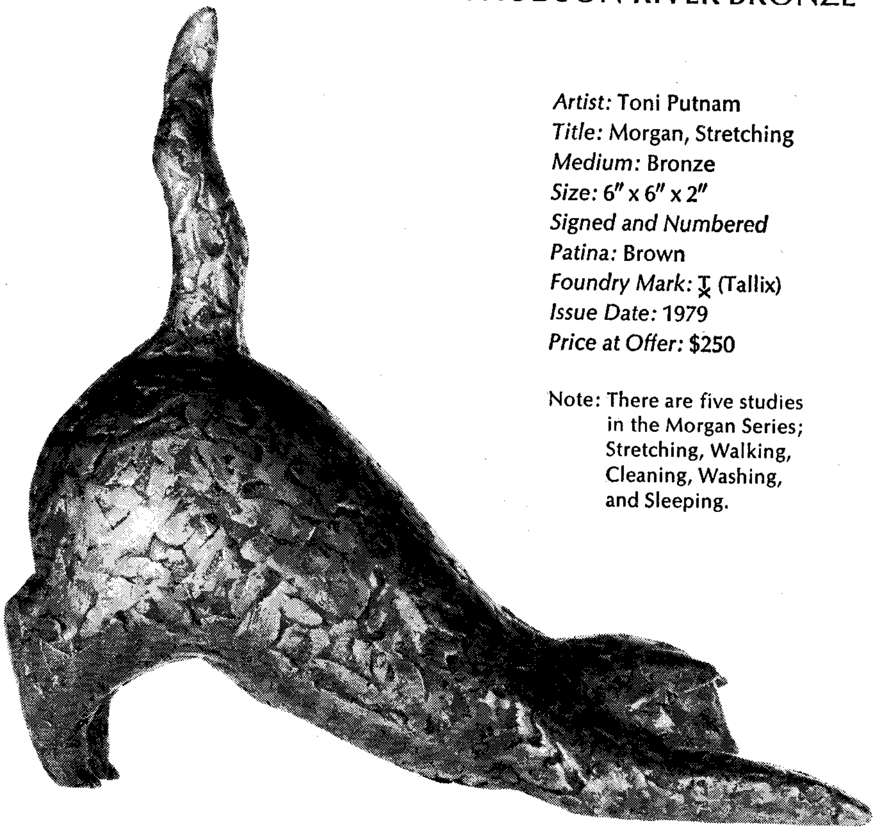

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# REFLECTIONS

## ARISTOCRACIES

THE American experience since the nineteen-fifties has been of dismantled hierarchies. This has never been a country of fixed classes, in the European sense, but there were nonetheless hierarchies that outlasted the first century and a half of our existence. The most ignoble was racial, with the black man scarcely educated, largely confined to menial work, segregated even while waging war for his country—the object of systematic legal discrimination. Another lasting hierarchy was of values, in which a certain conventional system—of Protestant religious and British legal and social origin—dominated public life and education. Americans who did not accept this system of general beliefs at least paid it the tribute of hypocrisy. The United States was a puritan, entrepreneurial, unintellectual, middle-class nation, and those who did not belong to the white Protestant ascendancy but wanted to succeed made themselves as much like it as they could—Booker T. Washingtons of every race.

In our time, the Protestant ascendancy has lost its force. It had included a national political élite, but that "establishment" made its last stand during the Second World War, when its members oversaw, among other things, the creation of the modern American foreign-policy and intelligence organizations. Vietnam finished them off as a coherent and confident governing élite. Our surviving government apparatus of international affairs no longer possesses a recognizable class character, and this circumstance marks only one dramatic development in a national mutation. Conservatives call our condition twilight, in which, according to Robert Nisbet, "the loss of confidence in political institutions is matched by the erosion of traditional authority in kinship, locality, culture, language, school, and other elements of the social fabric." Certainly we are in a situation we could not have expected even twenty-five years ago, when American life and government were still dominated by a Protestant gentry certain of its values. Hostile as we always have been in principle to the existence of formal or inherited class, it is only now that the United States has really discovered what it is to be a society without a recognizable governing class, and thus without that consensus on political values which is implicit in the existence of such a class. We have entered unmapped territory. It is difficult to think of foreign analogies. Even in revolutionary societies, the successful leaders rapidly establish themselves as a self-perpetuating élite. And in societies that we think to be like our own there are successful and enduring governing classes. The two obvious contemporary cases are Britain and France.

IN Britain, Margaret Thatcher, the new Prime Minister, has formed a Cabinet in which all but one (besides Mrs. Thatcher herself) of twenty-one members are public-school men. Seventeen were educated at Oxford or Cambridge, while three others went straight from public school into the armed services. There are in the Cabinet five former members of the Brigade of Guards and two former cavalry officers. There are six Old Etonians, two Wykehamists, one Old Harrovian, one Rugby man. Five are barristers, two of them Queen's Counsel. There are three peers of the realm and three knights in the Cabinet. Including appointments to the second rank of Mrs. Thatcher's Government, there are, in all, fifteen peers. The distinguished senior columnist of the Tory *Sunday Telegraph*, Peregrine Worsthorne, wrote last spring that the Thatcher Cabinet is "encouragingly full of hereditary peers, self-made and hereditary millionaires, wealthy landowners," and he also declared, "It is quite marvelously well-heeled. Most of its members have either made, married, or inherited splendid fortunes. Some are even the proud owners of great ancestral country estates. . . . Tory rhetoric in recent years tended to suggest that Socialism and egalitarianism had destroyed the old order beyond repair. . . . This is not quite the picture presented by the new Government." But in fact this Cabinet is not so very different from the Cabinet of Edward Heath, Mrs. Thatcher's predecessor as Tory Prime Minister, from 1970 to 1974. That, too, was a Cabinet of barristers, stockbrokers, and bankers, ex-Guards officers and public-school

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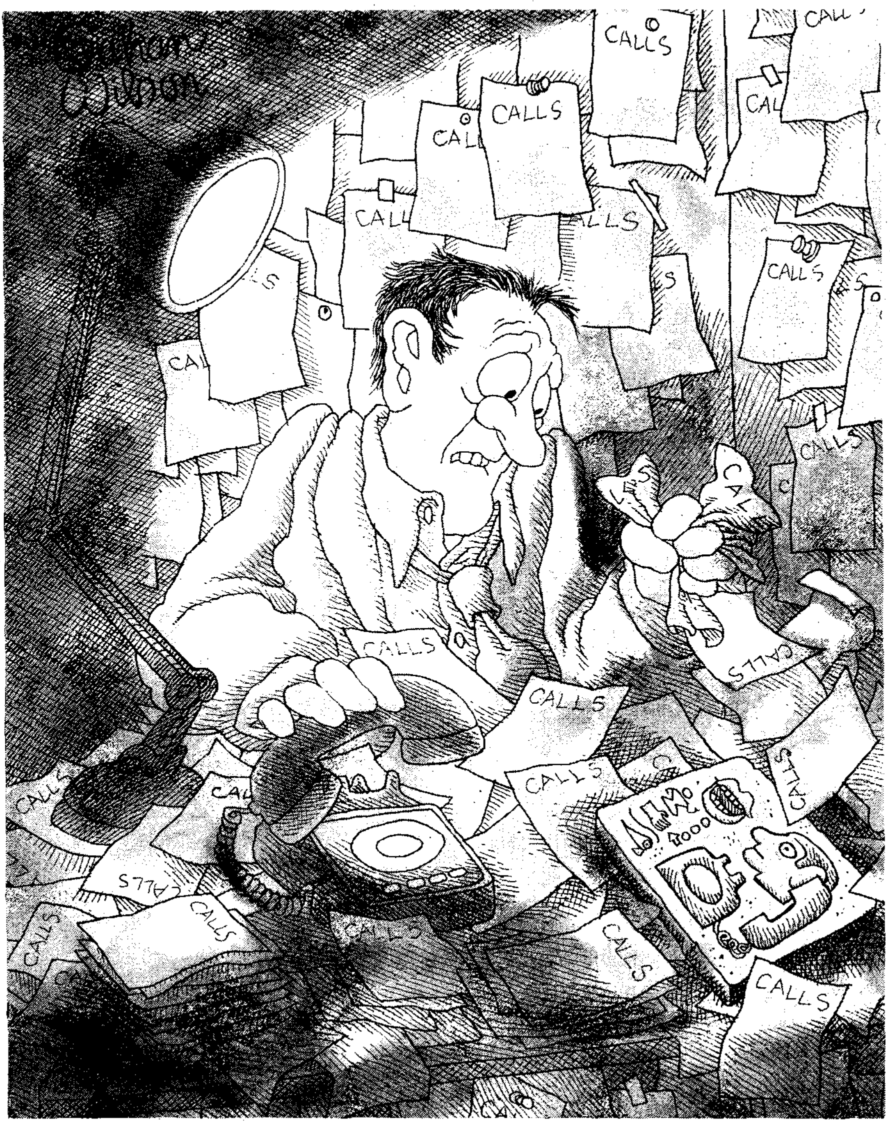

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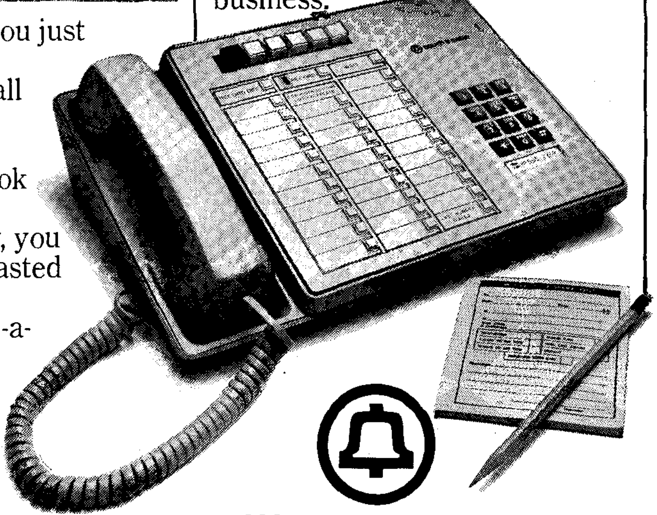

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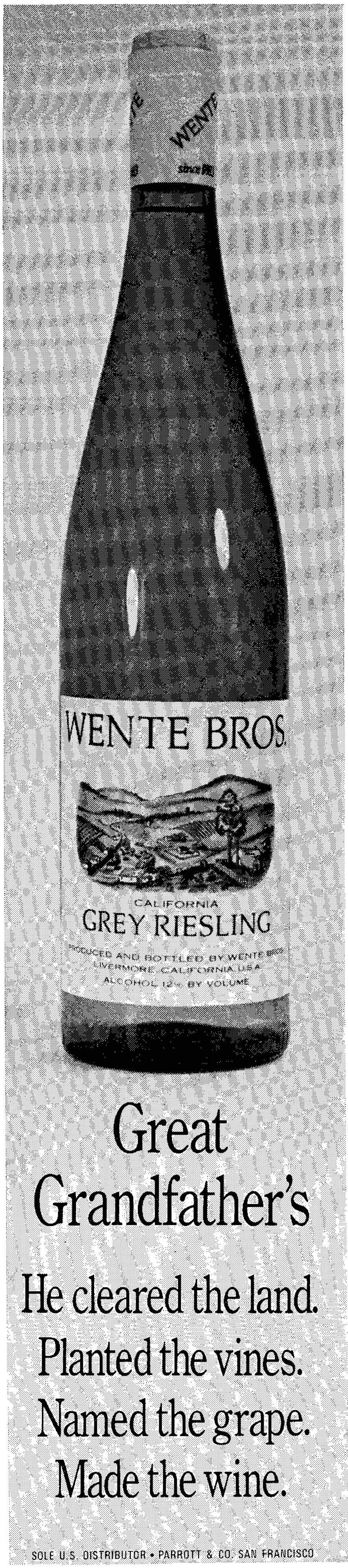

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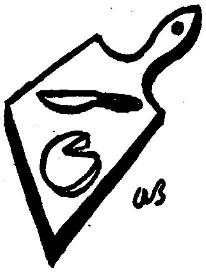
men—although the incidence of inherited privilege was not as large as in the Cabinet of Mrs. Thatcher.

It all makes a remarkable tribute to the survival in British politics and power of an upper-class élite, which during the last two hundred years has only occasionally yielded power, always able to return, assimilating to itself talent from outside and below—as with Mrs. Thatcher and Mr. Heath, both of lower-middle-class origins—compromising with the times and with change so as to give up what has to be ceded in order to save the essential. It has been an élite of honorable service as well as of privilege, willing to lead and die in Britain's wars, ambitious for the country and doing well for it, on the whole, and even saving it on occasion (it is not, perhaps, too much to say that of 1940), but also doing well from it and, by its hereditary character and claim to privilege, serving as a cause of bitterness and alienation—perpetuating Britain's divisions, limiting its possibilities. This has been the most enduring aristocracy in Europe, strong because it is, properly speaking, a meritocratic governing class assimilated to an aristocracy and to the values of that aristocracy. Those values are essentially agricultural, anti-industrial, anti-capitalist; the social ideal is the landowning gentleman.



The ethos is profoundly seductive, and not least to Americans. Its seductive power comes in part from a style acquired over decades, when survival was connected to lack of sentimentality. The novelist Simon Raven has spoken of "the steely self-sufficiency, the boundless ability to overlook the feelings or welfare of others, that is perhaps the purest characteristic of the upper class." That puts it cruelly; but there is no cant in these circles, and that is a factor in their attraction for Americans. In a puritan democracy, ruthlessness is usually cloaked in sentiment and cant. For Americans, intimately involved with British civilization yet always separate, the antipathy to capitalism of British aristocrats is also an unexpected attraction. It is an ethos opposed in significant ways to modern times, about which Americans perhaps know too much. This upper class deserves to be called brilliantly modern, having not only survived but triumphed over every democratic threat to its existence. Its survival, though, comes from an instinctive manipulation of powerful and traditional national images of landscape, succession, family, hierarchy, and ritual. The effect on British life has been to perpetuate an Arcadian illusion, and perhaps to mask certain necessary choices, by sustaining for the British what Julian Moynahan calls "an idea of themselves as indeed a people with immemorial rural roots and of a spiritual disposition that is at home among tall trees, clear streams, hunting fields and sheepfolds, ricks, roses, and hedgerows." This in the country that invented the dark satanic mill.

But the meaning of class in Britain is very dangerous ground for an American, and one should simply insist upon the evident minimum: that there is an identifiable upper class in Britain with an aristocratic ethos and a hereditary base, although open to talent, not closed; that this class perpetuates itself through certain institutions, of which primogeniture and the public school are the most important; and that this class has proved itself to be of lasting political importance, with durable links to power and money.

The "old order," as Worsthorne calls it, that has returned to rule in Mrs. Thatcher's Britain is an intelligent and able upper class. Its aristocratic French, Italian, and German equivalents have disappeared because they were incompetent, stupid, or possibly unlucky. To be a marquis in France or a baron in Germany today affords invitations to parties with others bearing titles, the odd business introduction or invitation to earn fees decorating someone's board of directors; it may imply inherited wealth, but it provides no serious and sustained link to political power. Industrial and economic power in Continental Europe is held by a business class that survives on merit. In politics, a West German, French, or Italian Cabinet composed mainly of aristocrats, bankers, former officers of fashionable regiments, and graduates of a small group of socially exclusive secondary schools is simply inconceivable today. It is as absurd an idea as an American Presidential Cabinet made up all but exclusively of graduates of Groton and St. Mark's, ex-Knickerbocker Greys, members of the *Social Register*. But the analogies fail. We do not have institutions equivalent to the British public school and the good regiment. Harvard and Yale will not do. Perhaps fifty years ago there could have been a comparison, a limited one.

Mrs. Thatcher's is not, of course,

the only British élite. The Labour Party includes public-school men in its leadership, but, like the mainstream parties of Continental Europe and the political parties in the United States, it also finds its leaders in local government, the trade unions, the universities and middle-class intelligentsia, business, law. Harold Wilson was an Oxford don before entering politics, but his origins are in the provincial middle classes. His father was an industrial chemist, and Wilson came up through grammar schools and scholarships. James Callaghan's father was a petty officer in the Royal Navy who died when Callaghan was nine. While Clement Attlee, the last Labour Prime Minister before Wilson, was a public-school man, a barrister, and the son of a solicitor, the Labour Government that preceded his, before the war—Britain's first Labour Government—was led by Ramsay MacDonald, who was the illegitimate child of a farm housekeeper and a head plowman, and was educated in a Scottish village school and in the trade unions.

It thus would be false to say that Britain is dominated by a certain class. There is no lack of mobility or economic openness in the society as a whole or in the parties. In business, in intellectual life and the schools, in the professions and the press, things are much as they are in all the other modern industrial societies. The Tory Party itself is a middle-class party, resembling the center-right parties elsewhere in Europe, with an equivalent membership. It was Edward Heath, not Labour's Attlee, who was Britain's first non-public-school Prime Minister since Ramsay MacDonald's time. The Tory Party's social composition and the policies it defends are wholly in the West European mainstream. What is unique in this party is its attachment to the rural, aristocratic ethos and its alliance with a hereditary social class. And here is the problem. Since a hereditary class and the Tory Party are allied, the Tories' turns in national leadership tend to divide rather than reconcile. There is a sizable part of the British public which simply refuses to concede legitimacy to the leadership of a hereditary social class. It is inherent in the existence and nature of this class to divide. Its essential claim—to be apart, different from the others—rests historically upon the belief in an inherited hierarchy of duty and privilege which democratic Britain has formally renounced. But, then, that puts it too strongly. The hereditary peerage does still exist and has a

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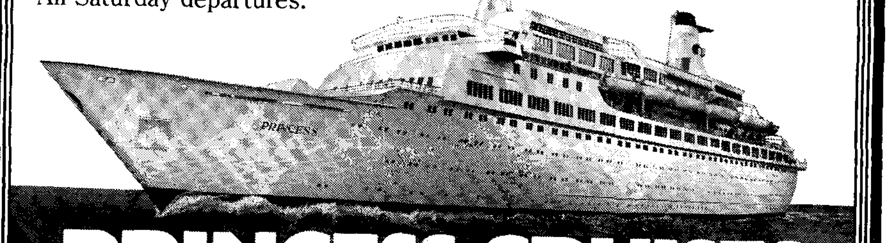

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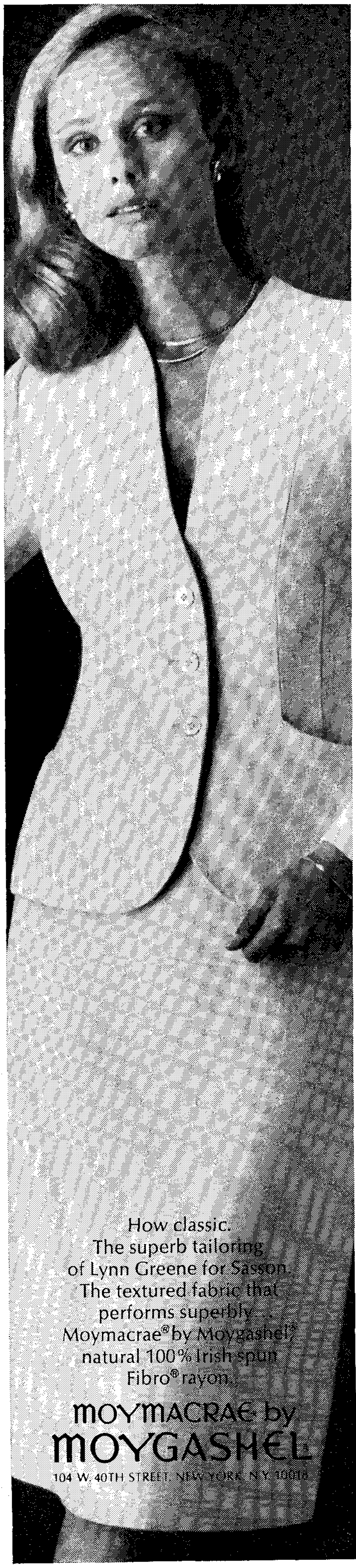

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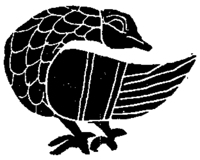
constitutional role in British government, however attenuated. The peculiar symbolic force of the honors system is to associate with the hereditary nobility those commoners who have earned the state's gratitude. The British say that this makes a good, pragmatic compromise of tradition with merit. But the solution has not cured the tension between classes and the social resentment that is so marked in Britain and that continues to obstruct its economic and industrial adaptation to the challenge of its neighbors. It also is a condition for which no remedy is apparent. The class that divides, the legitimacy of whose role is contested, is also capable and persuasive. Its members have survived—and the British majority seems to want their survival.

A COMPARISON with France is illuminating, because the French historical inheritance is much more narrowly monarchical, absolutist, and aristocratic than the British. The revolution of 1789 ended a regime and an aristocracy but did not alter the nature of French society itself. Important institutions and characteristics of the *ancien régime* survived, and continue to survive, under new names. France today might be said to have an aristocratic government, with an elected monarch. And, indeed, in certain respects it is an authoritarian government. But the aristocracy has been laicized, and the authoritarianism is subordinated to elections, law, and the ultimate sanction of revolution. Government is dominated by a civil service that is sure of itself and is aristocratic in its assumptions of both duty and privilege. Theodore Zeldin, in the new Oxford history of modern France, speaks of "benevolent despotism, modernized by meritocracy, democratized by the public-opinion poll and a broadened social conscience, but remaining firmly seated in the old traditions of centralization and bureaucracy." France's lay aristocracy, which was originally an élite of the civil service and was formed in a group of special schools—the "*grandes écoles*"—now manages a significant part of private as well as state enterprise and has come to hold a leading position in the country's political life and in its political parties, including parties of the opposition.



Since Napoleon, the French government has been dominated by certain "*grands corps*" of the civil service: inspectors of finance, counsellors of the Cour des Comptes and of the Conseil d'État, and members of the diplomatic service. The power of these *grands corps* has not, however, come simply from their institutional functions. Detached from duty within the corps, their members have over the years colonized the rest of the civil service, acquiring quasi-formal control over major agencies and functions throughout the government. Together with the important engineering and scientific corps, they run most of the things worth running in the French government. They lead ministers' cabinets, control key departments within ministries, advise the Prime Minister and the President. Since 1945, they have taken on an important role in both public and private sectors of the national economy; they run the nationalized companies—energy, aerospace, transportation, communications, major manufacturing groups—and also often leave the state service for high appointments in private industry, keeping up informal but effective links with the government's managers and planners. One of them, a young inspector of finance, says, "My power lies in my book of telephone numbers. In it is everyone who counts. But you can also imagine how hard this is on the people who don't have that book of numbers." It is not an exaggeration to say that the French state and economy today are dominated by a highly restricted, specially educated élite.

Nearly all of France's important younger politicians are members of this élite, products of a single, formal, meritocratic system of education and state service. President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing attended the École Polytechnique (founded in the eighteenth century) and the École Nationale d'Administration. (The graduates of E.N.A. are usually called, in a play on its initial letters, *énarques*; technocratic France today is sardonically described as an *énarchie*.) Prime Minister Raymond Barre graduated from the principal school for economic and political studies, the Institut d'Études Politiques (known as Sciences Po), and later was a member of its faculty. Former Prime Minister Jacques Chirac, leader of what used to be the Gaullist Party, is from Sciences Po and E.N.A. François Mitterrand, leader of the Socialists and the principal figure in the French opposition, is a graduate of the prewar Sciences Po. The main rivals for succession to leadership of the Socialist Party, Michel Rocard and Jean-Pierre Chevenement, both attended E.N.A. and have degrees from Sciences Po. In contrast, although there are individual Communists from the *énarchie*, the Communist intelligentsia as a whole tends to be drawn from the universities, such as the Sorbonne, which since the Second World War have played only a secondary role in French higher education.

Until 1945, each of the *grands corps* of the civil service conducted its own competitive entrance examination. One's career was in a particular corps. These examinations were difficult and highly specialized. Originally, for the nontechnical corps of the government, candidates mostly prepared by studying law. After the Franco-Prussian War (as Ezra Suleiman, the American scholar, explains in his "Politics, Power, and Bureaucracy in France"), dissatisfaction with the results of this practice led to the founding, on private initiative, of the École Libre des Sciences Politiques. By the nineteen-forties, this fee-charging school had virtually a monopoly on preparing young men and women for the examinations to the *grands corps*. (Polytechnique, a state school, prepared candidates for the engineering and the scientific services, and the École Normale Supérieure, then France's leading institution of higher learning, prepared people for the educational service.) But as the old École Libre des Sciences Politiques was not free, careers in the nontechnical higher civil service were effectively restricted, before 1945, to those who could afford to live in Paris and pay for their schooling. The civil service was meritocratic in that admittance was in strict order of priority according to the examination results, but it obviously was not egalitarian. Thus, one of the most important early reforms of the first government of General de Gaulle, in 1945, was to nationalize the École Libre—which became the Institut d'Études Politiques—and abolish fees. The reform was carried out with the active support of the Communists. The Gaullist reform also created E.N.A. Graduates choose their corps by preference and examination rank, much as graduates of West Point choose by graduation rank the branch of the Army into which they want to be commissioned.

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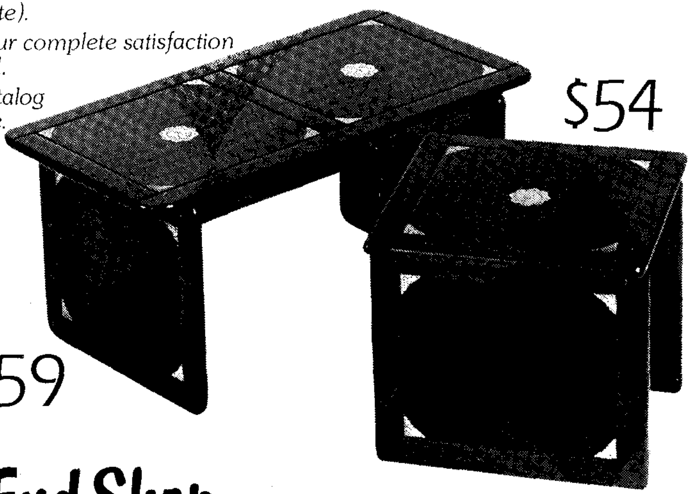

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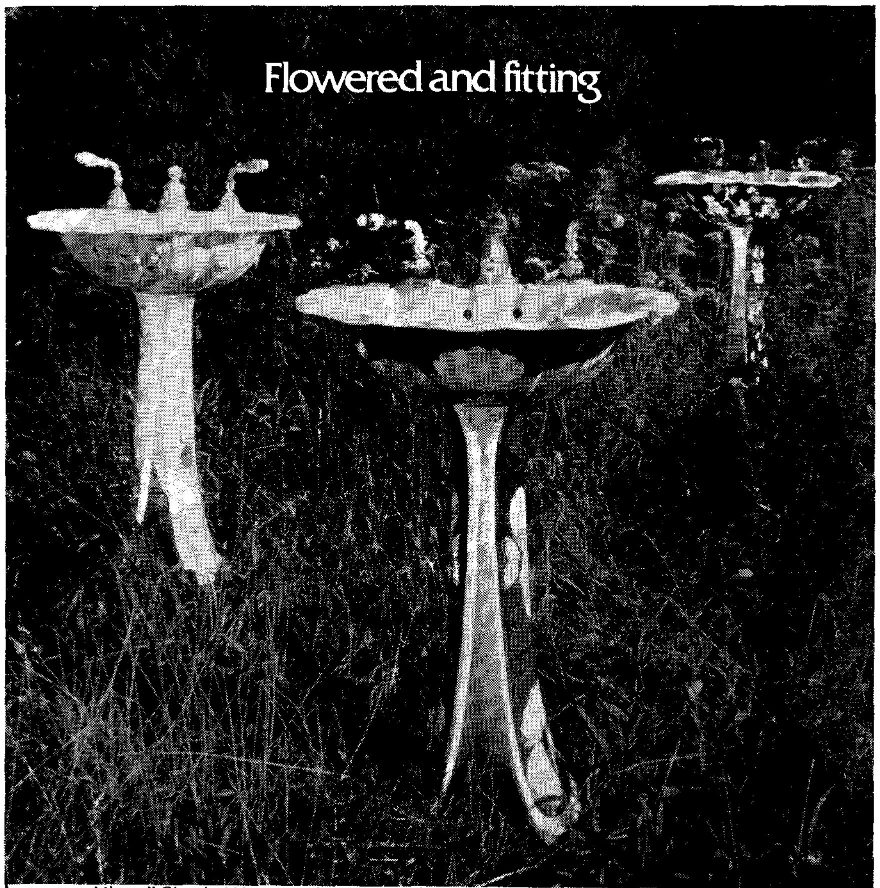

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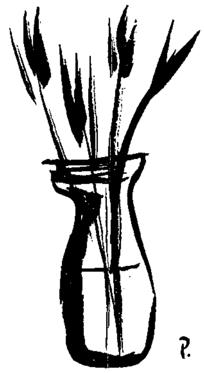
lead to the entrance examinations for the *grandes écoles*. (There is, practically speaking, open admission to the universities.) Success in a *grande école* leads to a place in one of the *grands corps* of the civil service and a life's career in the governing élite of France. It is systematic, logical, and inevitable. It is, in principle, egalitarian, although it is not democratic. Those who succeed must be talented in taking formal written and oral examinations. These usually are young people from cultivated backgrounds with parents willing to inspire and sustain the kind of study needed. Such a background is particularly useful for E.N.A., whose examinations emphasize general education. Polytechnique, with its emphasis on engineering, tends to be more "democratic." Money is a help, since private preparatory courses have sprung up to give people with their *baccalauréat* an extra year or two's polish for the *grande école* examination. A prosperous family, ambitious parents interested in education, residence in Paris, where the best *lycées* are—all these are advantages. But in practice as well as in principle the system is open to the ambitious child of peasants or workers. More important, it is generally believed to be open. Education in France is free (or even salaried, at its higher reaches) from nursery school to graduation from E.N.A.—for the student who can make it to the end. Neither poverty nor lack of social standing is, in principle, an obstacle to success.



This provides the key to understanding the position of France's élite today. Max Gallo, the French historian and commentator, argues that the system of examinations is crucial to the élite because it is this which confers upon them their legitimacy: "The élite is in fact recruited on merit, at the end of a series of major competitions that assume symbolic value. These constitute both implacable rites of initiation (preparation demands endurance and a true asceticism) and signs of equality of opportunity—in which the best succeed. An élite so recruited is perceived to be legitimate and indeed believes itself legitimate. Its self-image is positive. Its members have been tested and proved. The responsibilities they exercise are in the name of the state and the service of the public. This élite knows itself to be, and wants itself to be, incorruptible. . . . It considers itself indispensable. . . . And the fact that many in the political opposition come from the *grands corps* enhances the legitimacy of the élite in the eyes of the majority."

Legitimacy is the crucial element. With legitimacy, the French élite, unlike the British, unifies rather than divides. Clearly, it is resented and criticized; but it is not, in itself, of a specific political character, and its enemies do not attack it as automatically representative of one element in French society in conflict with another. The ordinary Frenchman does not see himself reflected in the élite, in the way an American might see the White House staff as broadly representative of American society, but he does not see it as a body of the left or the right. This élite has placed itself outside, or beyond, that categorization. The left-right appraisal is in any case obsolescent as a description of present-day France, where an imposing majority of the public (fifty-six per cent of those expressing an opinion in a poll last year, including a majority of the Socialists consulted) wants centrist coalition government. The criticism justifiably made of this élite—other than pride: its failures, from Indo-China to the Concorde, have consistently been the result of pride—is that it is an exclusive and closed system. Gallo sarcastically calls its members "the immortals." What if they really were not competent, not useful, he asks—"Who can pose such questions when from one end of the political horizon to the other the only people to testify are members of the same club?" A university teacher, Claude Jeantet, writing in *Le Monde*, says that the technocratic character of the élite sets it in opposition to speculative thought and imagination. This, he says, then cripples the power of the political class really to grasp the wayward and unreasonable possibilities of history and of the future.

There is another class, another élite, that comes to mind when one is considering the modern French ruling class. It was described by Ford Madox Ford when he wrote of certain Englishmen who governed not only an empire but much more: "If they saw policemen misbehave, railway porters lack civility, an insufficiency of street lamps, defects in public services or in foreign countries, they saw to it, either with nonchalant Balliol voices, or with letters to the *Times*, asking in regretful indignation: 'Has the British This or That come to *this!*' Or they wrote, in the serious reviews of which so many still survived, articles taking under their care, manners, the Arts, diplomacy, inter-Imperial trade, or the personal reputations of deceased statesmen and men of letters." This was a group quite distinct from the aristocracy. It, too, was a civil service, or an imperial service, drawn mainly from the gentry, the middle classes, but with an aristocratic certainty of its right to govern, a confidence in its ability to govern, comparable to that which the French élite today possesses. These people had much the same reason for confidence. They were certain of their education, their ability, their integrity and disinterestedness. They, like the Tory Party leadership today, were allied with the aristocracy, but this was then more likely to be seen as a natural association of those qualified to rule a country whose government was representative but not yet democratic. At the time of which Ford wrote, the eve of the First World War, no women voted in Britain, and two of every five men were deprived of the vote because they did not possess property, while there was no limit on the number of votes a property owner could cast as long as he cast them in different constituencies. (In France, universal male franchise existed from 1875, but the female franchise not until 1945. In the United States, of course, the woman's vote was achieved with the Nineteenth Amendment, in 1920, but the universal franchise, free of property, poll-tax, or racial qualifications, did not come until the civil-rights legislation of the nineteen-sixties.)

There still is, of course, an imposing civil service in Britain, but the role of the class Ford describes has shrunk, politically and morally, in the years since the First World War, while the equivalent group in France has, by virtue of reform in its selection and training, and the extension of state power in the economy, greatly expanded. The social class in France that is the equivalent of the British aristocracy has meanwhile, since the nineteenth century, been effectively cut off from corporate political power.

THE comparison of these situations is inevitably invidious. It is not meant to be; it is meant to illuminate how certain fundamental problems in two traditionally hierarchical societies have been met. France has re-created an aristocracy on the severe basis of

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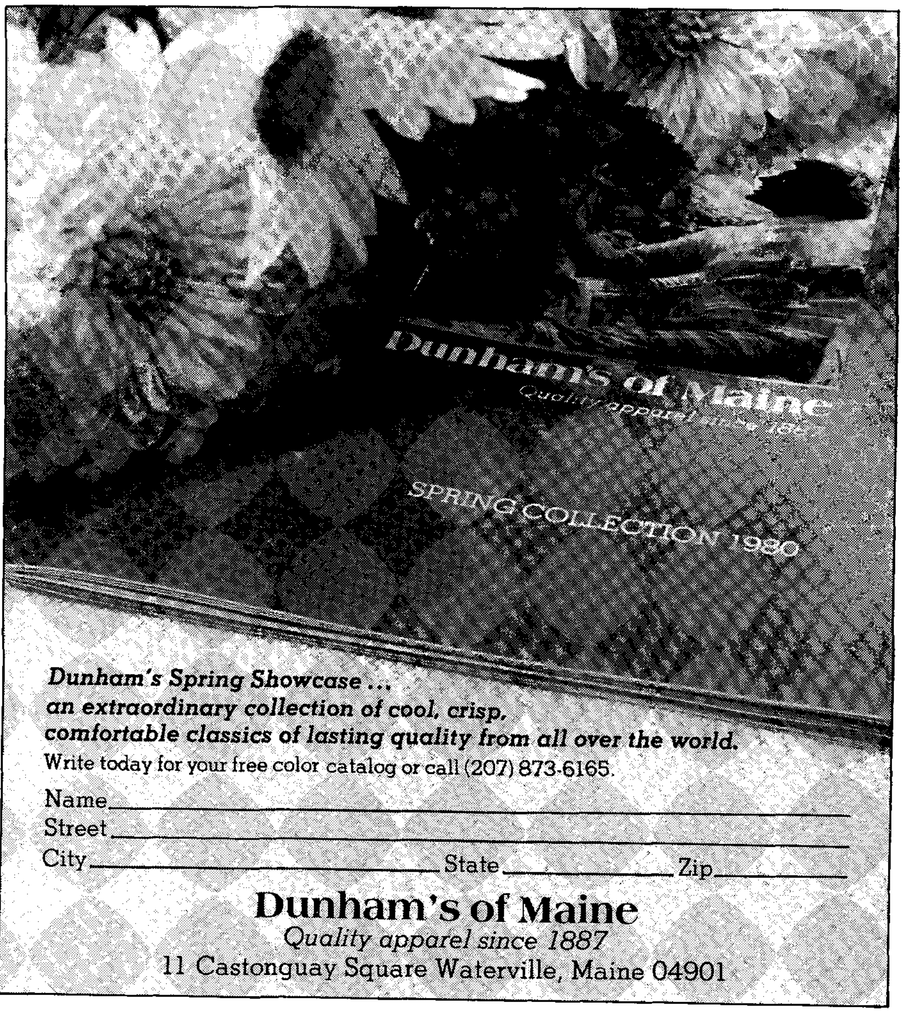

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meritocratic selection. There are costs. The result, however, is congenial to the French and is socially and politically unifying. In British political life, the class issue persists.

The problem of élites is an old one for which we Americans have found no solid answer. A generation ago, a Harvard or Yale president or a private-school head might well have been willing to defend the idea that hereditary service to society justified hereditary privilege. We have, after all, been proud of our Adamses, Jameses, Roosevelts. The American educator almost certainly would have been willing to say much the same thing as a former head of the École Normale Supérieure: "Democracy needs an élite, to represent the only superiority it recognizes, that of the mind. It is up to us to recruit this élite." These sentiments are not so likely to be heard today in the United States, and yet it is difficult to imagine what else can be said with conviction. An American élite exists just as surely as élites exist in Britain and France: the people who possess power are, de facto, our élite. In an aristocratic system, or in a meritocracy assimilated to an aristocracy, as in the British case, or in the closed and formal French system of *grandes écoles* and *grands corps*, those who possess power are also aware of a corporate identification and obligation. Both also are hostile to the values of the marketplace. In that respect, both are undemocratic élites. The problem with an unstructured and democratic élite, such as our own, is that, in a time of fractured structures and a mutation of values, obligation and duty are merely professional. The criterion for membership in the élite is mere success in the climb, the morally neutral ability to perform. This is perhaps one reason that American government in recent years has not been a success. —WILLIAM PFAFF

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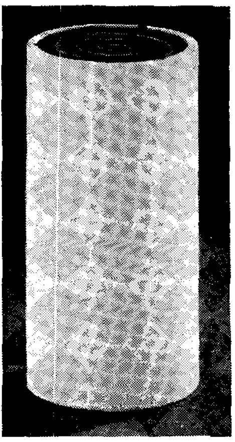

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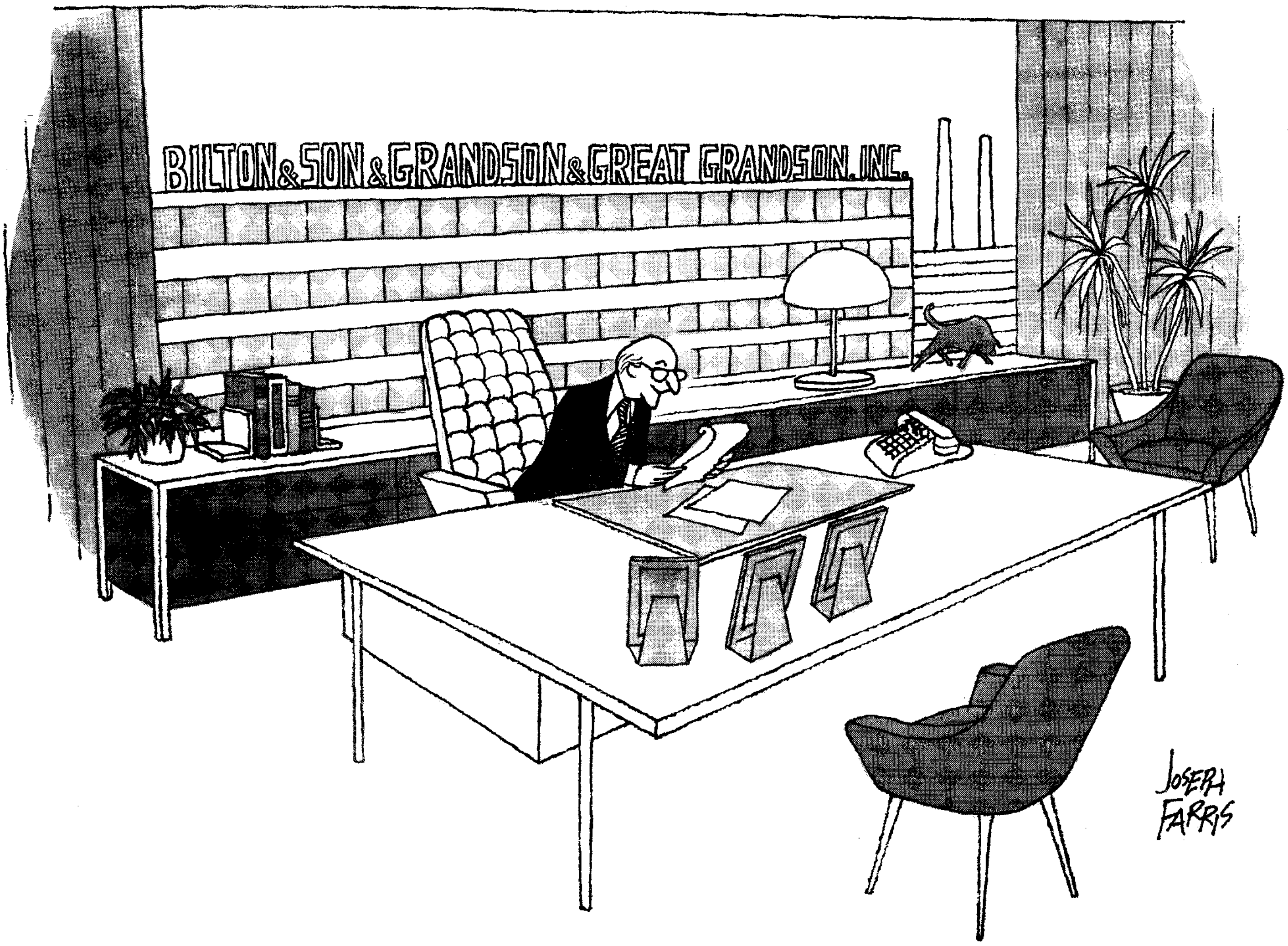
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Night Voices*

MODESTY and anonymity are film virtues that we may be just beginning to appreciate. Part of this, of course, is because we crave surcease just now from the battering of our sensibilities inflicted by so many long, loud, overpublicized, overweighted vehicles like "Apocalypse Now," "Luna," "Star Trek—The Motion Picture," "1941," and "All That Jazz" (to name a few of the recent best and, mostly, worst of them), but there is a more positive aspect to the special pleasures we derive from a quiet movie about unimportant people. The refreshing sense of joy and discovery that accompanied one's first half hour at "Breaking Away"—feelings that were somewhat dimmed for people who didn't catch the movie in the early days of its run, because its word-of-mouth reputation so quickly made it famous—arose from its small-town Indiana locale, its themes of genteel poverty and teenage boredom, and its insider's absorption with bicycle racing, of all things, but even more, I think, from the fact that almost all the actors were previously unknown to us; relieved of the burden of recognizing and then unrecognizing stars or familiar character actors in the main roles, we were taken at once into a family and a time of year and a series of trifling situations and private crises, and only when the picture was over and the big bike race was won did we think, How wonderful! Who *was* that boy? Who was the father? And so on. The same thing happens, in quite a different way, with a new Hungarian film, Pál Gábor's "Angi Vera," which has opened here after an initial appearance at the New York Film Festival last fall. The movie, which concerns the political indoctrination and accompanying dehumanization of a young assistant nurse in the early days of the new Communist regime in Hungary after the Second World War, isn't disarming or warmingly funny, like "Breaking Away"—it is chilling and without humor—but it conveys a powerful and affecting sense of intimacy with small, distant, and miserably straitened lives. Again, I think, we can leap at once into this time and these faraway, dark places because the looks and the names of the people we see and the actors who play them—Vera Angi (Veronika Papp), the small, shy, cat-faced girl; István André (Tamás Dunai), the gentle, weak-chinned group leader at the Party school; Anna Traján (Erzsi Pásztor), the weary-looking older Marxist and former member of the Resistance; and the rest—are perfectly strange to us (even the peculiarities of spoken Hungarian help in this, and so does the vagueness of our memory of postwar Hungarian history and politics), and we must give ourselves without defense or preconception to the movie and its director, almost as we did when we were children listening to some adult read aloud to us, or to anyone who drew us close and said, "Let me tell you a story."

Pál Gábor tells this film story quietly, with subdued colors and short, closed-down scenes. It is wintry in tone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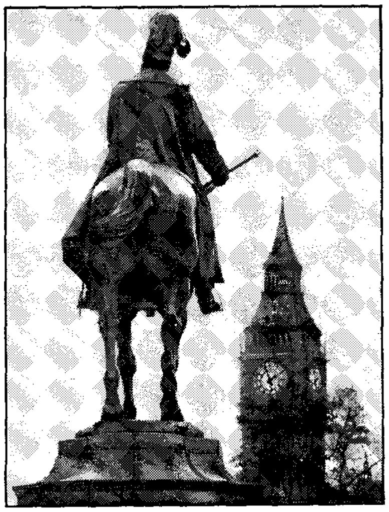

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and feeling, and in a repeated motif we watch men and women in dark coats and hats and worn scarves walking about in twos and threes inside a gloomy, trodden-dirt courtyard during recess at their grim Marxist academy, or sitting with their faces turned up toward the weak winter sun while an invisible loudspeaker bombards them with rhetoric or Party music. The heroine, Vera Angi (the film's title reflects the Hungarian custom of reversing first and last names), is younger and less guarded than most of her schoolfellows; orphaned in the war, she has grown up in the hospital where her mother died, and she comes to the attention of the Party when, as an assistant nurse, she complains publicly about the insanitary and inhuman conditions there, and is selected, as a reward, for three months of intensive instruction in dialectics and self-discipline. "The Party will take care of your life from now on," she is told. This situation is an invitation to the broadest kind of political melodrama, but Pál Gábor stays his hand during most of the film's opportunities for heavy irony, and instead suggests, in glimpses, the complexities of feeling among different people caught up in this obscure tangle of history and necessity. Late at night in the women's dormitory, Anna Traján tells Vera of her love affair with an idolized Resistance leader during the war; on the morning of the day he was captured, she says, they went to the movies together and saw Spencer Tracy in "Boys' Town." The scene is played in near-total darkness, with only the eyes of the older woman and an occasional gleam of her teeth visible as she whispers her story; the other women in the dormitory begin laughing and giggling as they exchange sexual jokes and stories, and Anna puts her head in her pillow and weeps. Then, almost at once, we watch the same woman, by day a redoubtable and dedicated Party apparatchik, as she cold-bloodedly informs on an unwary old Social Democrat ironworker and persuades Vera to sign an affidavit that will doom him. "What you've heard," she says smugly to the young women, "is worth as much as a seminar."

The love story—Vera's brief affair with her instructor, István, who is married—is also done in tiny moments and in semi-darkness. Confessing her passion for him, she promises that she will always be careful to use the formal mode of address with him. "That will be the familiar form for me," she murmurs. When she creeps to his room, the scene is scarcely more than the

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sounds of breathing in the night. But Vera then thinks she has been seen on the way back to her dormitory, and she does not visit him again, and our slow sense of shock as we realize that she is going to let their very brief moment pass, with almost nothing more to be said or explained except in his silent, suffering stares, tells us what a hold the picture has taken on us. The film is resolved in its only extended scene—a frightening daylong session of political self-criticism, in which the students rise one by one and confess their heresies and shortcomings and are humiliated by an icily smiling young Party goon, who says, "We must force men to face their own pasts. Whoever drops through the sieve of time should blame himself." One student, an old revolutionary, trembles as he says, "My roommates can testify that I participate in the collective work. I even take part in the volleyball games . . . ," but he is cut off with "You are at a standstill, which means you are moving backward." Yet Vera is praised when her turn comes and she says, "Never in my life have so many people *bothered* about me." She goes on, inexorably—to the horror of her friends, and over Anna's shocked cry of "Typical hysterical fantasy!"—to confess the affair, thus completing her private self-destruction and announcing, to herself most of all, her readiness for the frightful career and life that will be hers within the machine.

"Angi Vera" concludes too broadly, with its moral suggesting the charcoal strokes of some political cartoon, yet what stays with us afterward is the pale, anonymous faces of the people in it, and their night voices, and the resignation with which they await the blows of history. As I have suggested, overpraise is the great risk for modest films like this, and—a perfect Heisenberg—I will say no more, except to express surprise that such a damning anti-Party political picture could have emerged from Communist Hungary. Pál Gábor, in a careful statement about "Angi Vera," has said that 1948, which is the time of the film's story, was "the beginning of a period of grave difficulty," and that "we see in it the germs of the cult of the personality, the moment of its birth"—which I interpret to mean that he is attaching all the bureaucratic cruelties and excesses of zealotry that we see in the movie to the regime of Mátyás Rákosi, the Stalinist ruler who came to power in Hungary during the radical purges of 1949 and was ousted in 1956. Here, as in every aspect of his

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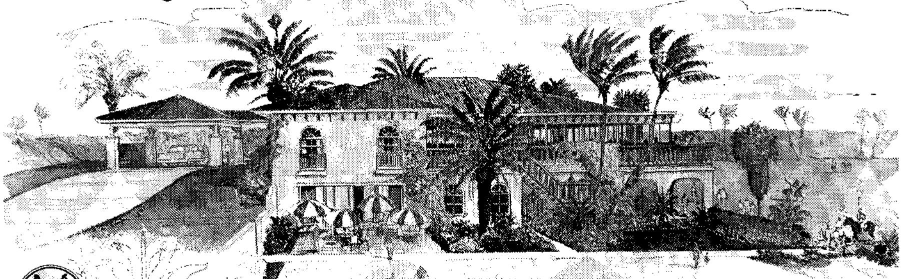

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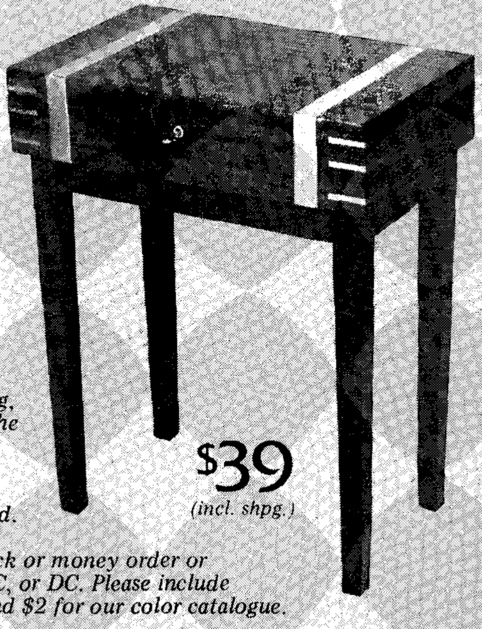

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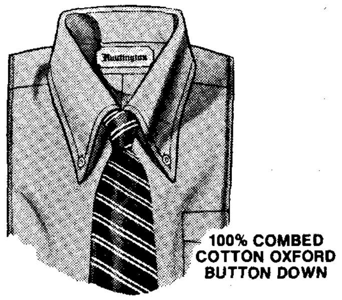

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film, Pál Gábor appears to be a man of subtlety and courage—an artist.

WHY can't robots shoot straight? In "The Black Hole," which is the Walt Disney Productions' entry in the multimillion-dollar intergalactic anybody-can-make-another-"Star Wars" sweepstakes, an enormous spaceship named Cygnus is manned by an obsessed scientist named Dr. Hans Reinhardt (Maximilian Schell), an evil master robot named Maximilian (no relation), some robotized captive earthlings, and great numbers of able-bodied robot crewmen; the last are capable of some pretty demanding work, such as keeping up their vessel's anti-gravitational force-field technology and preparing mushroom soup for Dr. Reinhardt's candlelit dinners, but when it comes time for a little everyday short-range laser-beam gunfighting with the Good Guys, they can't hit anything. Similar irritable carpings occurred to me all the way through "The Black Hole," suggesting that movie outer space, which once seemed so silent and timeless and beautifully empty, has become too crowded and noisy and dumb to be much fun anymore. To be sure, there are some expensive and original special effects—for instance, during our initial view of the hovering Cygnus, which first resembles the hulk of one of Admiral Dewey's battle cruisers and then, when its lights come on, becomes a shimmering Beaux-Arts pavilion, and later, during a scary moment when the ship is ravaged by a fiery, spinning meteor—but a lot of scenes and sounds and characters in "The Black Hole" have been ripped off without apology from previous and much better works in the genre. A lovable computer-robot, here called Vincent, has the same silhouette and personality and role as R2D2, the cute computer-robot in "Star Wars," and a fruity English accent exactly like that of R2D2's sidekick, C3PO. The repeated failures of imagination in "The Black Hole" mean that we are never sufficiently distracted to overlook or forgive its embarrassing shortcomings. These include a dangerous outbreak of semi-literacy among the visiting space crew (Yvette Mimieux, as Dr. Kate McCrae: "It's eerie—I feel like a thousand eyes are watching me"); some brain-numbing dialogue (Dr. McCrae, musingly: "The black hole—that long tunnel to nowhere." Dr. Reinhardt, meaningfully: "Or to—somevhere"); a revival of the *Sacher Torte* loony-scientist accent, as perfected by the late Albert Dekker (Dr. Reinhardt, poring over his notebooks:

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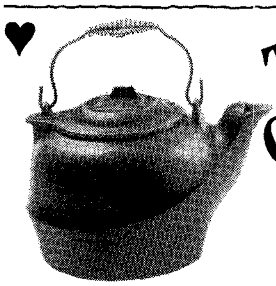

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"Hmm . . . E sqvared ofer A sqvared . . ." And then, to Maximilian: "The time hass come to liqvidate our guests"); and a riveting shot of the captured Kate McCrae about to have her mind altered by means of a deadly Reynolds Wrap turban. There isn't much travel in this space-travel epic, in which the Cygnus hovers interminably outside the black hole, like the five-fifteen stuck on the tracks just short of Larchmont. When at last we do go in, the mysteries inside the vortex include some massive roaring-flame tableaux perhaps suggested by Gustave Doré (or by some outtakes from "Fantasia"), followed by the obligatory anti-matter, when we zip through lit-up glassine (or so they look) Gothic arches and on into solar-corona beams and sunlit peacefulness, as Walt Disney Productions (I *think*) enters the Mind of God. Unaccountably, "The Black Hole" has been given a PG rating, which means that parents are urged to think twice before they take their children to see it. I think it deserves a PDG—Parents: Don't Go!

—ROGER ANGELL

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# AMONG THAT COMPANY

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in the house which was my terror,

you knew, you only of them all,
and you smiled—small secret smile
for me. Was it as if the swell
of gunfire bound us then, as those
old hearts of Passiondale

still are bound in a sharing
no one else can share? Perhaps.
And later, when we spoke of the ways
of love, was it as if we were bound
in the specialness of our refraining

bodies? For me it was, and is.
I don't know what it was for you,
that strange joyous tension found
in the secrets of adversity. Still,
it is one way of being true

to ourselves, to our humanity,
one way of wisdom, one way
of love. Inevitably it will
be this, in spite of us, and so—
in our own knowing—for us, too.

—HAYDEN CARRUTH

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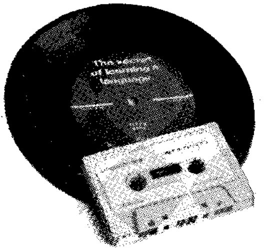

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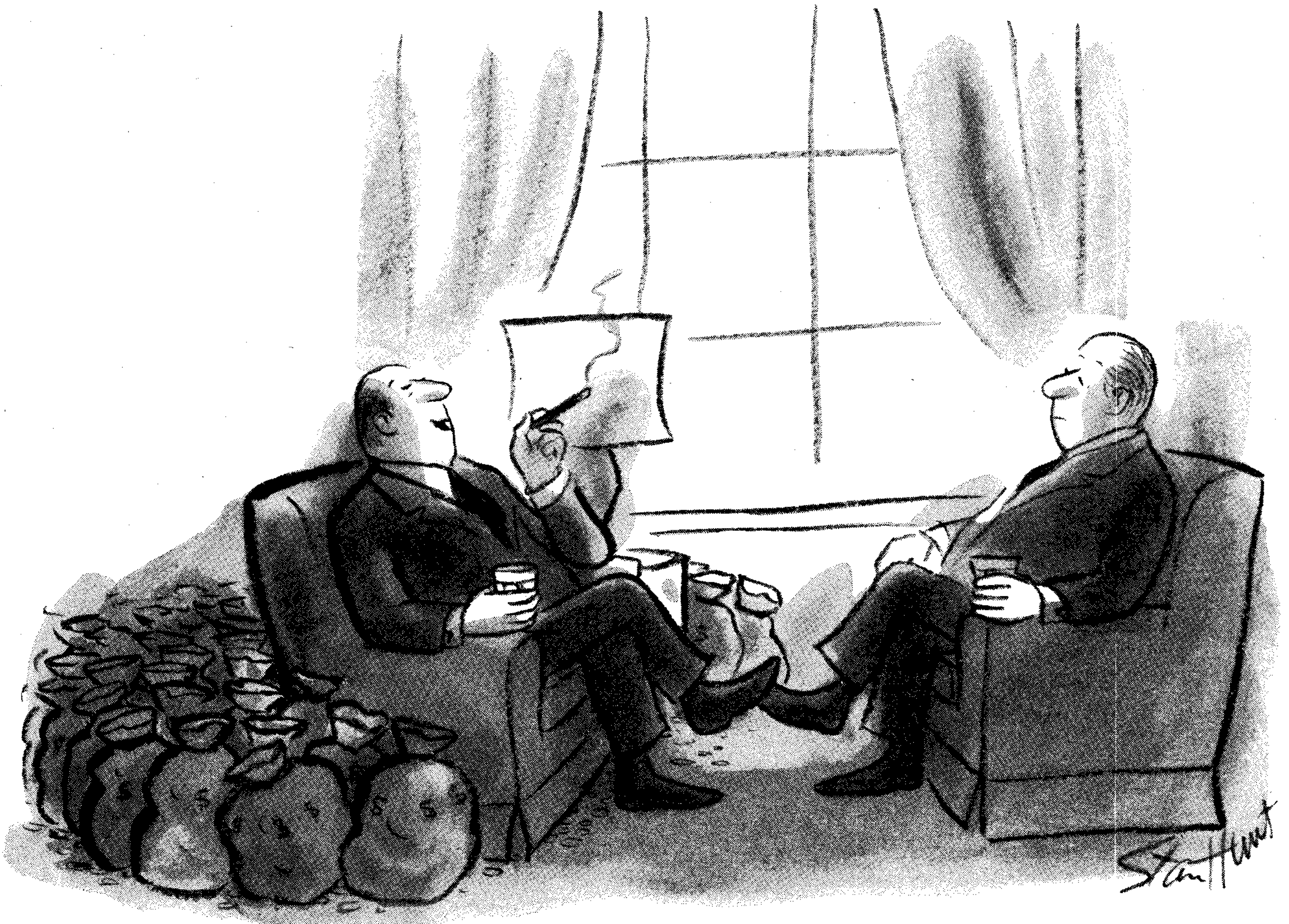
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *A Great Composer?*

MUSICIANS delight in sharing their discoveries and enthusiasms. Performers champion works they love. And one of the rewards of a music critic's life is being able to share delight with more than an immediate circle of acquaintances. When the work that pleases has been played at a concert, all a critic can do is describe it and urge further performances. But when it has appeared on a record, his readers have a chance of hearing it for themselves. My latest "discovery" is of Alexander Zemlinsky's Second String Quartet, which was recorded in 1978 for Deutsche Grammophon by the LaSalle Quartet. When the disc was issued in England last year, I learned of its excellence from a friend there eager to "share." I've waited to write about it until now, when it receives general American release. The Philharmonic performances, last month, of Zemlinsky's Lyric Symphony have meanwhile brought the composer's name into the news.

Alexander Zemlinsky (he dropped a "von" in 1918) was born in Vienna in 1871—eleven years after Mahler, three before Schoenberg—and died in Larchmont, New York, in 1942. In 1895, he was taken up and taught by Brahms. Two years later, he taught Schoenberg for a few months, and in the 1949 essay "My Evolution" Schoenberg called him "the one to whom I owe most of my knowledge of the technique and the problems of composing." The first of Zemlinsky's seven completed operas, "Sarema," appeared in Munich in 1897. Mahler brought out the second, "Es War Einmal" ("Once Upon a Time"), in Vienna in 1900. The last of them, "Der Kreidekreis" ("The Chalk Circle"), had five productions in 1933-34 before the Nazis silenced Zemlinsky's voice in Germany, then in Austria. In New York, Mme. Charles Cahier had sung his Maeterlinck songs in Town Hall, for the Society of Friends of Music, in 1924, and the Society had given his Twenty-third Psalm in 1928. Mitropoulos conducted his Sinfonietta with the Philharmonic in 1940-41, and it received friendly but not exactly enthusiastic reviews. After the war, when the big three of the Second Viennese School were brought to the fore, Zemlinsky's name at least became familiar in footnotes and passing references, for Berg had dedicated the Lyric Suite to him and had quoted a theme from his Lyric Symphony in its fourth movement; he had found Webern a job; Schoenberg had been his brother-in-law and had painted a portrait of him. He had conducted the first performance of Schoenberg's "Erwartung," in 1924. In the annals of operatic performance, Zemlinsky also has his niche. At the Vienna Volksoper, he introduced "Tosca" (with Jeritza), "Salome," and Paul Dukas's "Ariane." His sixteen years with the German Opera in Prague, 1911-27, have been likened to Mahler's brilliant decade at the Vienna Opera. In 1914, Schoenberg called him "the greatest living conductor." Mahler summoned him to the Vienna Opera, and Klemperer—who had conducted the first performance of his opera "Der Zwerg" ("The Dwarf"), at Cologne in 1922—to the Berlin Krolloper. But,



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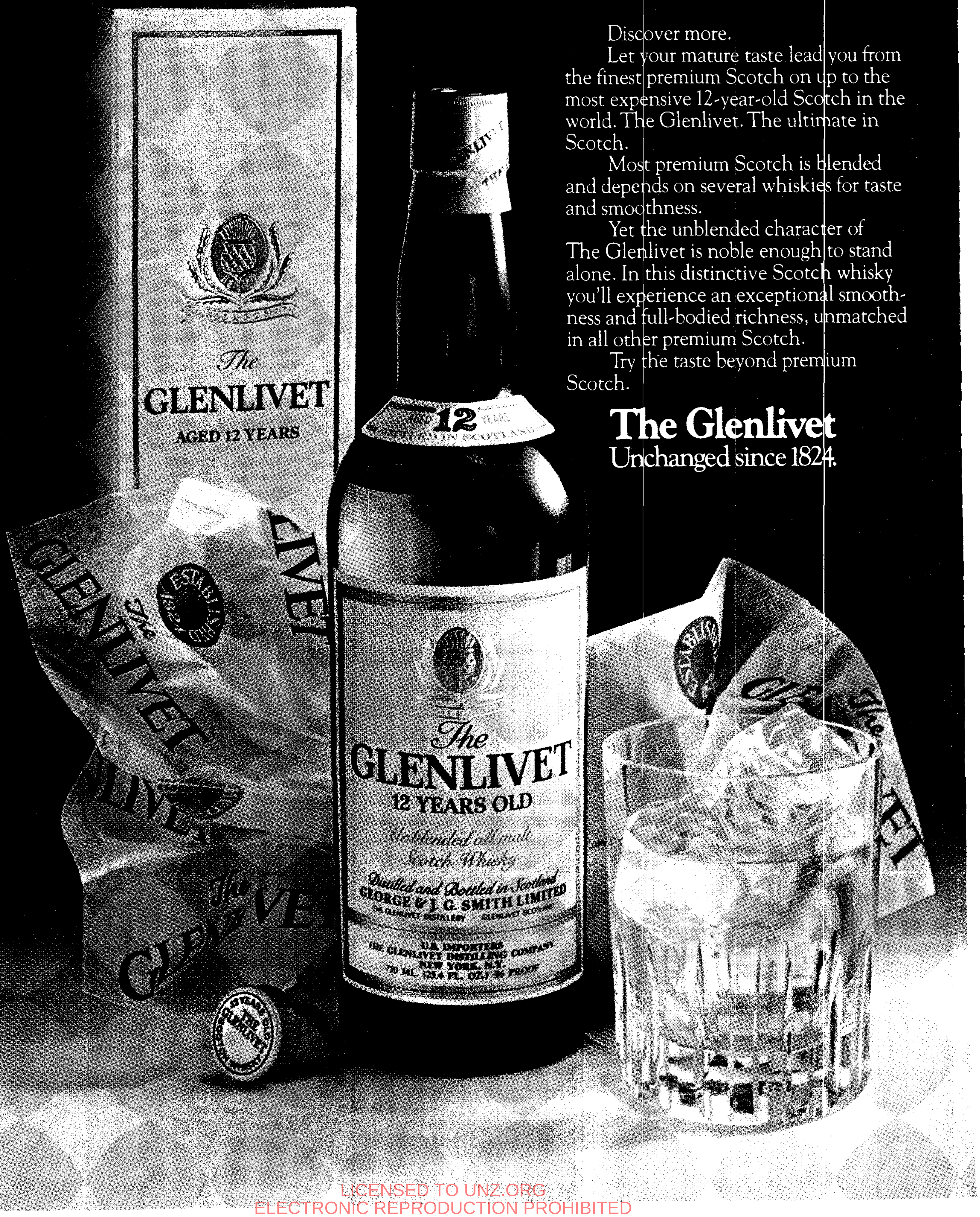
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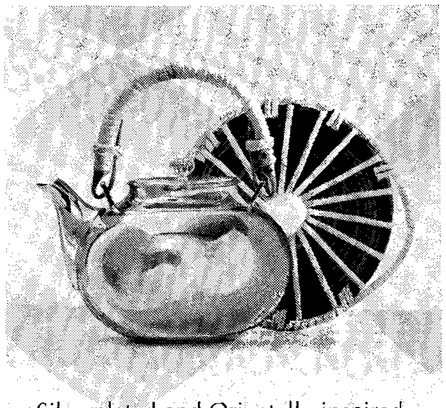
above all, it was Schoenberg's dicta about Zemlinsky's music which whetted curiosity. Schoenberg's 1949 essay continues:

> I have always thought and still believe that he was a great composer. Maybe his time will come earlier than we think. One thing is beyond doubt, in my opinion: I do not know one composer after Wagner who could satisfy the demands of the theatre with better musical substance than he. His ideas, his forms, his sonorities, and every turn of the music sprang directly from the action, from the scenery, and from the singers' voices with a naturalness and distinction of supreme quality.

I've been playing through the two Zemlinsky operatic vocal scores borrowable from the New York Public Library and looking at two others confined to the research room. "Kleider Machen Leute" ("Clothes Make the Man"), a comedy that Zemlinsky brought out at the Volksoper in 1910 and revised for Prague in 1922, is a big piece with many roles but not hard to do; one of our large music schools (Bloomington, the Juilliard) should tackle it. "Eine Florentinische Tragödie," after Wilde, first done in Stuttgart in 1917 under Max von Schillings, and later that year in Vienna and Prague, is a one-acter with just three soloists (soprano, tenor, baritone), a large orchestra, and no chorus. It's almost a long baritone scena, rich, romantic, and dramatic—made as if for Sherrill Milnes (failing him, perhaps Brent Ellis or Ryan Edwards). I commend it to enterprising orchestras, for it could be "semistaged" in small space on a concert platform. Then, if it proves as striking as the vocal score promises, it could come to the Met to join the repertory of one-acters there. Like Schillings' own "Mona Lisa" (Stuttgart, 1915), Erich Korngold's "Violanta" (Munich, 1916), and Franz Schreker's "Die Gezeichneten" (Frankfurt, 1918; to a libretto Schreker wrote for Zemlinsky but then decided to set himself), "Eine Florentinische Tragödie" represents the taste of the time for passionate Italian costume drama, for *cavalleria* not *rusticana* but *cortigiana.* All four operas were played widely in Germany, and in the Vienna where Klimt painted and Freud practiced. "Der Zwerg," a one-acter after Wilde's "Birthday of the Infanta," continues the vein, but with leaner textures and in music of elegant formality. In "Der Kreidekreis," composed in Berlin in 1930-32, a neoclassical, "Weimar Republic" astringency enters the music.

Zemlinsky's chamber works can be revived less expensively. At Detroit's Schubert/Vienna festival in 1978, the Bern String Quartet played his Quartet No. 3. The LaSalle bills all four of his quartets in its repertory, and gave the American première of No. 4 in Cincinnati in 1978; it plans to follow its disc of No. 2 with recordings of the three others. That's good news. The Second Quartet is dated on the manuscript 1914-15. (So I discover from Lawrence Oncley's Zemlinsky catalogue in *Notes*, 1977, which is an oasis of facts amid the strangely discrepant accounts of Zemlinsky's career; elsewhere the quartet is dated variously between 1910 and 1915.) It can't, therefore, have influenced Berg's String Quartet, Opus 3, which had its first performance in 1911, but the Berg quartet is among the works one would evoke in any attempt to describe Zemlinsky's by likenesses and apparent influences. Others are Schoenberg's first two quartets and Bartók's first. Max Reger, two years Zemlinsky's junior, may have played a part in suggesting its denser contrapuntal episodes. (In his "Arnold Schoenberg," Charles Rosen reminds us that Reger and Debussy were the composers most often performed at Schoenberg's Society for the Private Performance of Music.) And Brahms and Mahler are neither of them far away. What this amounts to is that someone coming to Zemlinsky's Second Quartet with an "innocent ear," asked to guess who its composer might be, would, I think, place it correctly in the fertile, adventurous Vienna of the first decades of this century—when Brahms and Wagner were still quarrelled over, Mahler and Strauss were close, potent influences, Debussy and Delius sent new kinds of sound from abroad, Puccini drew the large public, Reger challenged orthodoxy, and Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern tried to make sense of it all while remaining true to themselves. The following guesses might pass through our listener's mind: Some early, newly discovered quartet by Berg? No, for the personality is not Berg's and, even in violent, impassioned episodes, the working is gentler, less virile than that of Berg's Opus 3. Schoenberg? No, for there is—how can one put it without being offensive to that mighty genius?—a refinement of feeling, a delicacy, modesty, unassertiveness not found in the composer of "Verklärte Nacht." An early work of Korngold, before he set his sights on easy success? No, for Korngold was never as aristocratic or as masterly as this; his sweetness was stickier.

And then, perhaps, the listener



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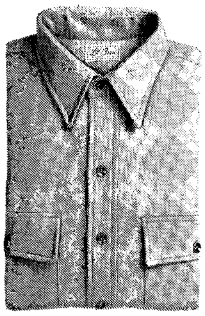

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would stop trying to guess and simply be held, rapt, in the interest and beauty of the discourse. The quartet is an unbroken span of music, lasting nearly forty minutes, within which the four traditional movements are apparent. The key is D, but that is made clear only at the start of the Adagio; the harmonic idiom is a richly and freely extended tonality. Rhythmic and harmonic tensions usually coincide, and there are some strenuous, exciting dialogues, but the most affecting pages are those that breathe an enchanted, tender sweetness. They are not cloying, for they seem to have been "earned": the rapturous Adagio by the vigorous scherzo-coda to the first movement; the long, slow, transfigured close by the taut, mysterious activity of the Scherzo proper and the varied, energetic adventures of the Finale. The LaSalle players are known as masters of Schoenberg's, Berg's, and Webern's quartet music; their Second Vienna School album (also on Deutsche Grammophon) is a treasure on any shelves. To Zemlinsky's quartet they bring the same sweet, pure tone, the same bewitching sense of line and phrase, and—very important here—an alert ensemble control of the highly developed and surprising rhythmic devices. The composer's instruction to the violins in the coda of the first movement to play "without regard to the viola's and the cello's calmer tempo" points to metrical experiments of a much later day. Metres and tempi are ever changing. In lesser hands, the quartet might easily fall apart. In the LaSalle's, it is coherent and beautiful. A pocket score is published in the Philharmonia series.

Zemlinsky's Lyric Symphony was composed in 1922 and orchestrated in 1923, during Prague years when, like Mahler, he conducted winters and composed summers. He described it to his publisher as "something along the lines of 'Das Lied von der Erde'. . . seven songs for baritone, soprano, and orchestra, closely related one to the other, to be performed without interruption." It lasts about forty-five minutes. It does recall Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" (1908), and also an earlier piece, Schoenberg's "Gurre-Lieder" (1900-01). The poems are drawn from Rabindranath Tagore's "The Gardener," in German translation. The first of them ("I have no peace, I thirst after far-off things"), set for baritone, is a turbulent, violent outburst. The second ("Mother, the young prince must surely pass by our door"), for soprano, is delicate, virginal yet sensuous. In the third and fourth

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songs, the tone becomes rapturous, ecstatic. ("Du bist mein Eigen, mein Eigen," in the third, is the phrase quoted in Berg's Lyric Suite.) In the fifth song, the baritone cries "Free me from the bonds of your sweetness." The sixth and seventh are songs of tender, dignified, ardent farewell. A large orchestra is poured out at full strength in the first song. Thereafter, it is often fined down, translucent, Mahlerian; but, Zemlinsky wrote in a note on the Lyric Symphony, these later songs, "no matter how different they are in character, tempo, etc., must be tuned to the atmosphere of the first," with its "tone of profound earnestness, burning intensity." There are recurrent themes. The piece coheres both as an emotional progression and as a large musical structure.

The unmannerly Philharmonic audience—or, rather, unmannerly members of it—did not give it a chance to be heard coherently. For one thing, Cyril Harris has provided the rebuilt Fisher Hall with so resonant a floor that every shuffle, every tap, every fidget is amplified. (The management should consider building racks in the narthex of the auditorium—like those in the porches outside mosques, Buddhist temples, and palaces with fine old floors—and asking its visitors to doff boots and shoes or don felt overslippers before entering.) The fourth song of the Lyric Symphony is one of hushed intimacy: the soprano line is marked *p*, *pp*, and *ppp;* around it, violin solos, soft tendrils of woodwind, and pianissimo plashing from harp and celesta weave an enchanted spell. It is music that should steal out into stillness—music that calls for the utmost concentration. The spell was powerless against the noise of a restless, rustling audience, and there was worse to come: the latter part of the song and all those that followed were accompanied by the stomp-stomp-stomp up the aisles of leavers. (This happened at both the Thursday and the Tuesday performance; are the Philharmonic subscribers losing all taste for late-Romantic works?) One after another, at about ten-bar intervals, perhaps fifty, sixty people upped and went, and wrecked things for those who had come to Fisher Hall to hear the music. This must have disturbed the performers, too; and what should have been a high day in the Philharmonic's history was turned into a mockery. The concert is to be broadcast by WQXR on May 18th, at 3:05 P.M.; that will be the time to listen to it. (I hope the station has laid in a stock of text sheets and of

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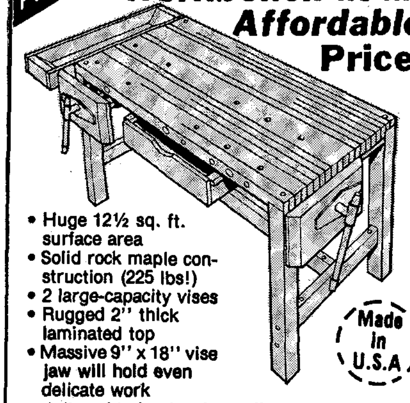

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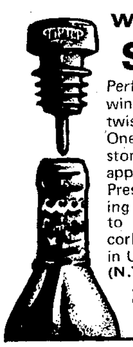

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the careful Philharmonic program note, by Benjamin Folkman, to supply to interested listeners. Or perhaps it intends to publish both in its new magazine, *Ovation.*) Meanwhile, the Lyric Symphony can be discovered and enjoyed in a recorded performance by the BBC Symphony under Gabriele Ferro, on the Italia label, and followed in a study score published by Universal Edition. The recording is not ideal; it lacks depth and detail. But at least the work can be heard uninterrupted except by a side-turn between the fourth and fifth songs.

The solo roles are written as if for Sieglinde and a young Wotan, Elisabeth and Wolfram, or Salome and Jochanaan. (It's a pity the piece was not recorded by Ljuba Welitch and Hans Hotter, or Schwarzkopf and Fischer-Dieskau.) At the Philharmonic performance, Johanna Meier—a Sieglinde and an Isolde—excelled in the fourth and sixth songs. Dale Duesing, a vivid young lyric baritone, was taxed beyond his vocal resources by the heavy role and had to force, but he showed the right feeling for the music. In the recorded performance, it's the soprano, Dorothy Dorow, who is too light. She is almost coy in her first song (in his note Zemlinsky proscribed an approach of "lighthearted playfulness") but delicate and sweet in the others. The baritone, Siegmund Nimsgern, *is* a Wotan, Wolfram, and Jochanaan, and has the power for the role, but to start with he is not lyrical or smooth enough. James Levine drove the passionate pages hard, and urged the Philharmonic to some horridly coarse playing in the first song. His enthusiasm for the work was evident, but so was his tendency to push rather than persuade. Mr. Ferro, whose Gluck and Cherubini have been admired in these columns, shows greater breadth and is more sensuously lyrical.

Schoenberg called Zemlinsky a great composer. Mr. Oncley, who wrote his dissertation (Indiana University, 1975) on Zemlinsky, puts forward a more modest claim:

> Zemlinsky was not a great composer, but he was a good one. Although none of his works qualifies as an undisputed masterpiece, several contain the mix of artistic inspiration and careful construction warranting frequent performance.

"Masterpiece" is a big word, but I'd say that the LaSalle makes Zemlinsky's Second Quartet sound uncommonly like one. And if I headed a rich record company I'd hire Hildegard Behrens, Renato Bruson (if his German is good enough) or Bernd Weikl (if he could

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be induced to sing legato), Claudio Abbado, and the Philadelphia or La Scala orchestra to record the Lyric Symphony.

IN these days of large concert halls and of box-office pressure to bill the proved and popular, listening musicians must resort increasingly to the realm of the phonograph. There a wider repertory invites them; there Adelina Patti and Pol Plançon, the Léner and Busch Quartets, Artur Schnabel and Edwin Fischer, Furtwängler and Beecham are living performers; there chamber music can be heard in a chamber, Mozart's music can be heard on Mozartian instruments, and difficult modern works can be heard many times over. And there—as the Lyric Symphony performances showed—even large-scale works can be heard in conditions that, although not ideal, may be more favorable, more "musical," than those encountered in a large concert hall.

A record label that musicians hold in highest esteem is Nonesuch—the most distinguished part of the Elektra/Asylum/Nonesuch company, itself a division of Warner Communications, Inc. It was founded in 1964, and at first it specialized in music from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries, most of it from foreign recordings licensed to the American manufacturer. But for the last fourteen years Nonesuch, under the artistic direction of a wonderful woman called Teresa Sterne, has been a vital force in every area of serious music. Its Explorer series has introduced listeners to the sounds of every continent and culture; thanks to it, my ears have spent enchanted hours in India, Japan, Tibet, Peru, Paraguay, and many parts of Africa. Early music, Baroque music, American eighteenth- and nineteenth-century music, Haydn, Busoni, Schoenberg have become Nonesuch specialties; and the records have been published with a "completeness" of presentation—carefully designed covers, program notes that lead to understanding—which reflects Miss Sterne's insistence that everything should be as good and useful and enjoyable as it possibly can be. (It's characteristic that the collected volume of Elliott Carter's major writings contains three essays written for Nonesuch.) Best of all, Nonesuch has been not just an alternative to but an active part of America's musical life. Work after work that I heard in the concert hall and wanted to hear again—Carter's Duo, Crumb's "Makrokosmos III,"

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William Bolcom's "Open House," John Harbison's "The Flower-Fed Buffaloes"—soon turned up on the Nonesuch label. When a promising new composition has been billed, when a new ensemble—Renaissance, Baroque, or contemporary—has made its début, Teresa Sterne has been there in the hall, eager to insure that the best of what and who deserve recording and dissemination do get recorded. The Boston Camerata, the Composers Quartet, the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, the Group for Contemporary Music, the Light Fantastic Players, Pomerium Musices, Speculum Musicae are Nonesuch artists. So are Jan DeGaetani, Joan Morris, Phyllis Bryn-Julson, William Bolcom, Paul Jacobs, Gilbert Kalish. They also appear, I know, on other labels, and I'm not forgetting CRI's important role in recording contemporary American music. But there has been none quite like Nonesuch for making available in this country, and to all the world, the best in American music and American music-making. Last month's announcement of the first six Nonesuch records due this year was characteristic of the company, its vision, and its enterprise: traditional Japanese music, recorded in New York by the Ensemble Nipponia during its tour for the Asia Society; a record of Orlando Gibbons; the début on disc of New York's Concert Royal, in music by Rameau, Clérambault, and Marin Marais; Schubert violin-and-piano music; Miss DeGaetani and Mr. Kalish in a Rachmaninoff-Chausson recital; and a coupling of Milton Babbitt's "Arie da Capo" and Donald Martino's Triple Concerto, played by the Group for Contemporary Music. Four days earlier, I'd picked up the *Times* to read that Miss Sterne had been fired.

Musicians across the country felt shock and dismay. They wrote to Warner Communications to protest, and made their letters public. Ten Pulitzer Prize-winning composers—Carter, Copland, Crumb, Davidovsky, Druckman, Martino, Schuman, Schwantner, Wernick, Wuorinen—joined in a declaration that "the Nonesuch catalogue of music from all periods, as well as ethnic music, is quite beyond compare," that "no other label has attempted to record this range of repertoire, and, certainly, without Miss Sterne's decisive and artistic management, none could have produced it with such taste and imagination." Sixteen leaders of Boston's musical life—from the Symphony, the universities, the performing groups, the ensembles,

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the radio stations—told Miss Sterne's employers that she is "one of the outstanding creative figures in the musical world" and that "her separation from the recording company she has guided to international prominence" would harm not only musicians but all the community. The music faculty of the University of Pennsylvania ("both composers and musicologists, an indication of the remarkable breadth of interests and concerns nurtured by Nonesuch") pointed out that "no company before Nonesuch has ever contributed more to the cause of contemporary music, through its unfailing insistence upon the highest standards of repertoire, performance, and recording," or "done more to bring exciting performances of early music to the attention of the public."

What should happen next is for Miss Sterne to be reinstated in triumph, with her Nonesuch budget doubled, trebled, quadrupled. Because of what she has done for American musical life, the President should welcome her as the heroine of a White House celebration, heralded by fanfares written for the occasion by Nonesuch composers from Albright, Babbitt, and Carter through the alphabet to Wernick, Wuorinen, and Xenakis. (Zemlinsky's unpublished "Hunting Piece" for horns might round things off.) But Mr. Joe Smith, the chairman of Elektra/Asylum/Nonesuch and the man who fired Miss Sterne, is reported as saying, "For her to keep making the same kind of records with the same repertoire and the same artists would be intolerable for us. . . . Maybe I am making a horrendous error, but the feeling in the company is that this move should have been taken a year ago. And if it offends the press or parts of the creative community, I just have to live with that. . . . If Elektra Records stops being competitive in the marketplace, then Joe Smith is out of a job." Instead, Teresa Sterne is out of a job, and for music in this country the year starts badly.

—ANDREW PORTER

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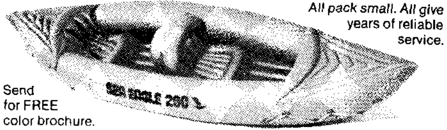

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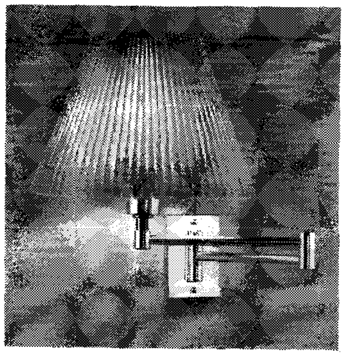

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# BOOKS

## *From Fumie to Sony*

Shusaku Endo, born in Tokyo in 1923, published "Silence" in 1966. Now, in a translation from the Japanese by William Johnston which is itself ten years old, this novel has been published in the United States (Taplinger; $9.95). It is a remarkable work, a sombre, delicate, and startlingly empathetic study of a young Portuguese missionary during the relentless persecution of the Japanese Christians in the early seventeenth century. Since this melancholy cul-de-sac within the spread of the Gospel has been little celebrated in the West, some history culled from the Encyclopædia Britannica may be helpful. The first Western contact with Japan occurred in 1543, when a Portuguese trading vessel bound for China was blown off course and landed on the southern island of Kyushu. Missionary efforts soon followed the initiation of trade. St. Francis Xavier—one of the seven original members of the Society of Jesus and a prodigious evangelist in India and the East Indies—landed in Kyushu in 1549, with two fellow-Jesuits and three Japanese converted in South Asia. The saint was happy there; he called the Japanese "the delight of my heart" and thought Japan "the country in the Orient most suited to Christianity." After two years, he departed Kyushu, leaving behind him about a thousand converts. Not forty years later, the number had swelled to one estimated to be between a hundred and fifty thousand and four hundred thousand; Christianity had thrived upon the initial Japanese eagerness for foreign trade, the need of the *daimyō* (barons) for allies in their struggle with the politically powerful Buddhists, and a stylistic affinity between the *daimyō* and samurai and the quasi-military Jesuits. By the end of the century, these factors were negated: the Spaniards, Dutch, and English had followed the Portuguese into Japan, and the influence of squabbling foreigners loomed as an impediment to the generals attempting to unify the country. In 1587, the Jesuits were ordered to leave—an order few obeyed. In 1596, the first persecution of Japanese Christians was prompted by the arrogance of some shipwrecked Spaniards. In 1603, the two and a half centuries of Tokugawa "centralized feudalism" began, and anti-Christian measures were renewed in earnest. An edict of 1614 required all Japanese to register as members of Buddhist sects. In 1617, foreign priests were executed for the first time. Twenty years later, a Christian revolt on the Shimabara Peninsula, east of Nagasaki, was put down, and the insurgents—men, women, and children—were slaughtered. All further contact with the Portuguese was forbidden, and when a delegation from Macao arrived to reopen relations, most of the emissaries were executed. The Christians remaining in Japan were hunted down by inquisitors, and by torture induced to apostasy, or else slain.

"Silence" takes place during these darkest late days of Japanese Christianity. Word has reached Rome that Father Christovao Ferreira, a devout and courageous missionary of some thirty-three years' experience in Japan, has apostatized. Three former students of Ferreira, refusing to believe that "their much admired teacher . . . faced with the possibility of a glorious martyrdom, had grovelled like a dog before the infidel," vow to undertake an investigatory mission. They do not win consent from their superiors for this desperate venture until 1637, and it takes them a year to reach Goa, where they learn of the Shimabara revolt and its abysmal consequences. Since no Portuguese vessel can now sail to Japan, the priests must hire a Chinese vessel in Macao and employ as guide a dubious drunken Japanese named Kichijiro. One of the three is too ill with malaria to go, so the mission dwindles to Fathers Francisco Garrpe and Sebastian Rodrigues; the letters of the twenty-eight-year-old Rodrigues, supposedly preserved in "the Portuguese 'Institute for the Historical Study of Foreign Lands,' " compose the bulk of the novel. The two priests land and have no trouble locating Christians. With the help of their fawning, shifty intermediary, who persistently reminds Rodrigues of Judas, they are sequestered in a mountainside charcoal hut by the farmers and fishermen of the village of Tomogi, who come secretly to them for the

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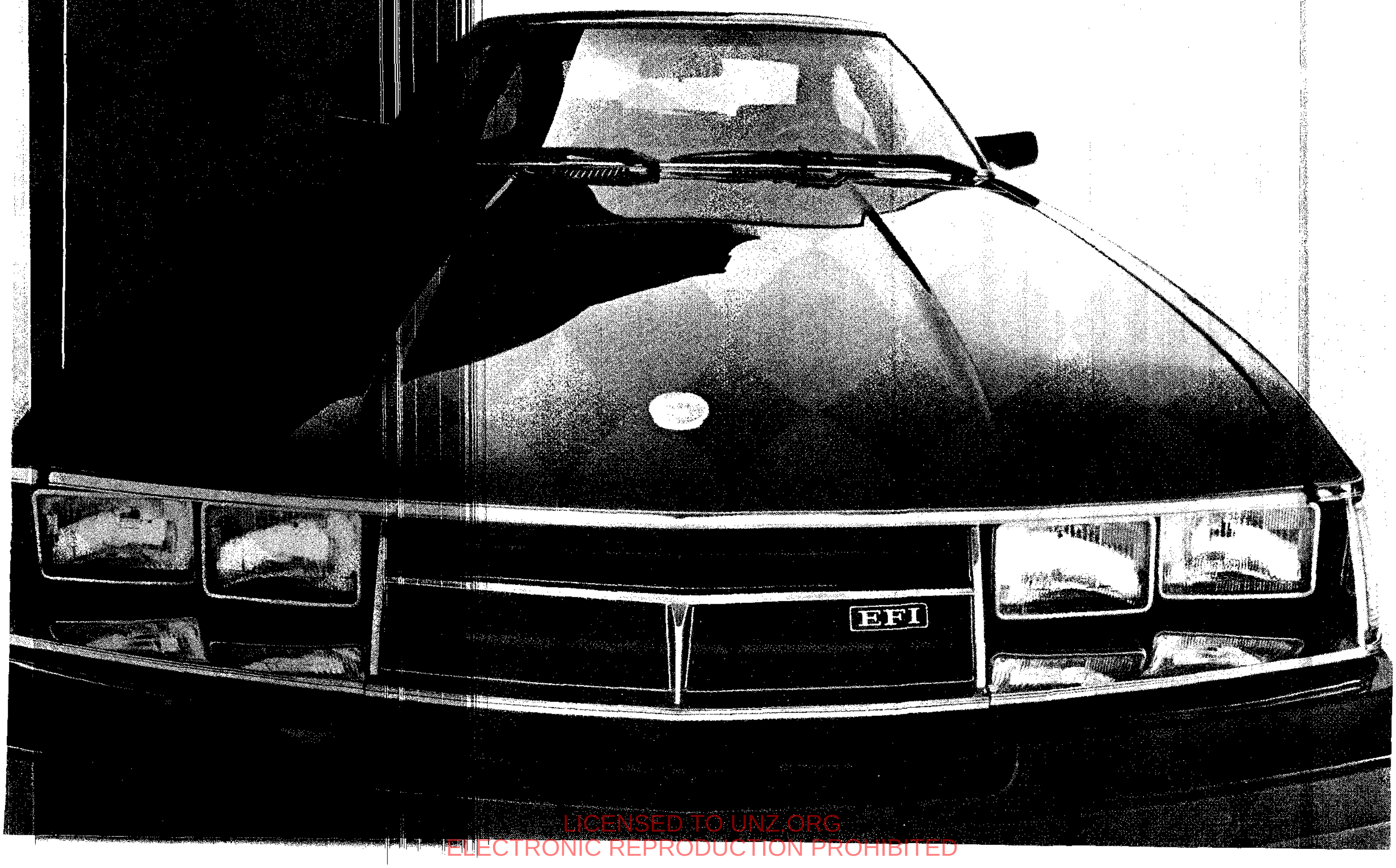

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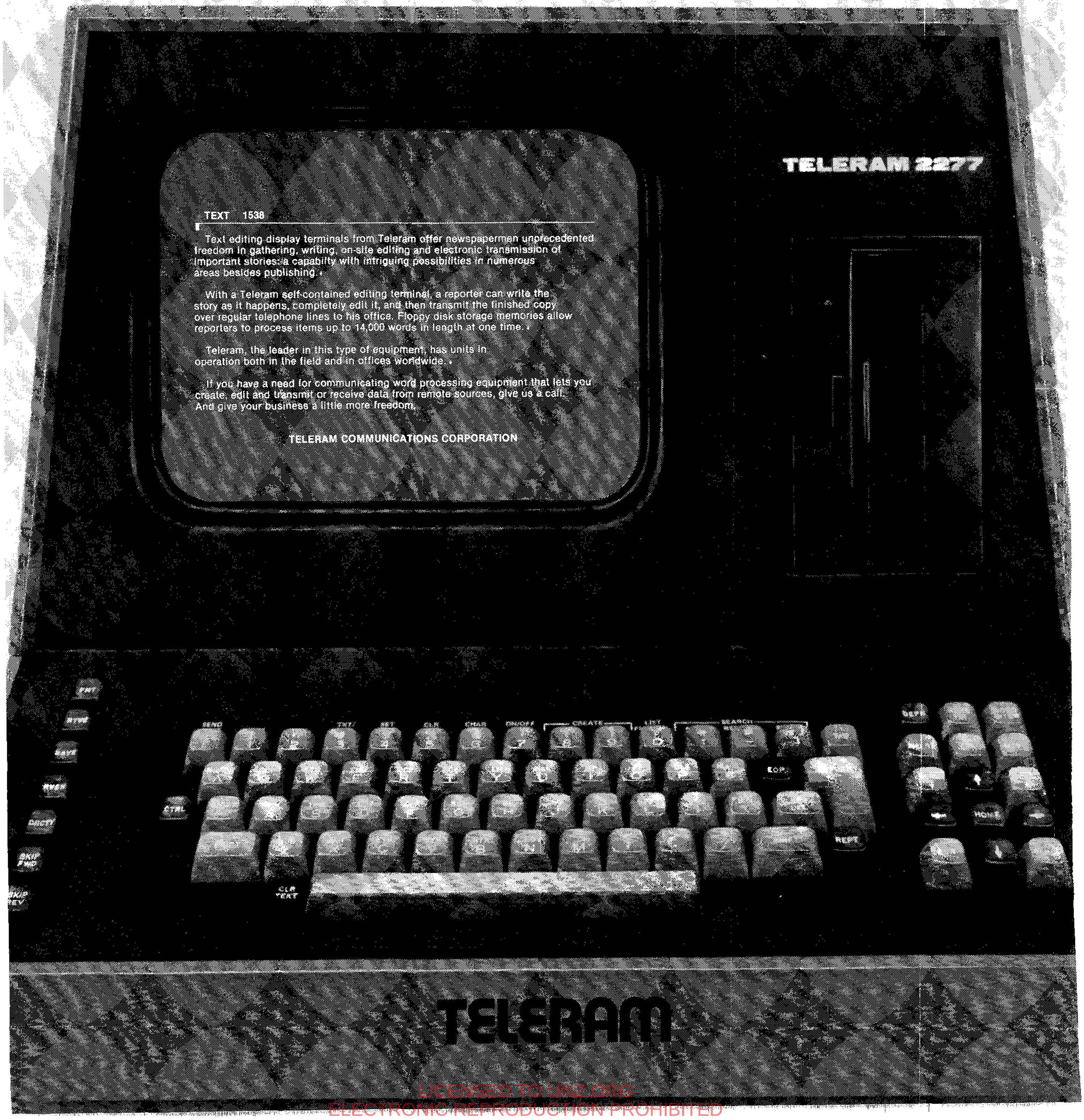

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sacraments. Living thus among these humble converts, who hold fast though their overlords have abandoned the now impolitic foreign faith, Rodrigues adduces a reason for the success of Christianity not given by the encyclopedia:

> When you see how the land is cultivated right up into the middle of the mountain facing the sea, you are struck not so much by their indefatigable industry as by the cruelty of the life they have inherited. Yet the magistrate of Nagasaki exacts from them an exceedingly harsh revenue . . . The reason our religion has penetrated this territory like water flowing into dry earth is that it has given to this group of people a human warmth they never previously knew. For the first time they have met men who treated them like human beings. It was the human kindness and charity of the fathers that touched their hearts.

In a culture where Christianity has established itself as an institution of the comfortable, it can be forgotten that its prime appeal was to the wretched. "Christ did not die for the good and beautiful," Rodrigues realizes. "It is easy enough to die for the good and beautiful; the hard thing is to die for the miserable and corrupt." But Rodrigues is not asked to die; rather, he must witness, in a slow crescendo of tortures, the deaths of the Japanese faithful. The village of Tomogi is raided, and two men fail to pass the inquisitorial procedures. Though they tread on the *fumie*—an icon made for the express purpose of repudiation—they are unable to spit on it and "declare that the Blessed Virgin was a whore." The two men are condemned to the water punishment: they are bound to crosses just below the high-tide mark, so that the ocean, rising to their chins and receding, over the course of a few days kills them by exposure and exhaustion.

> They were martyred. But what a martyrdom! I had long read about martyrdom in the lives of the saints—how the souls of the martyrs had gone home to Heaven, how they had been filled with glory in Paradise, how the angels had blown trumpets. This was the splendid martyrdom I had often seen in my dreams. But the martyrdom of the Japanese Christians I now describe to you was no such glorious thing. What a miserable and painful business it was! The rain falls unceasingly on the sea. And the sea which killed them surges on uncannily—in silence.

The silence of the title is, of course, the silence of God. " 'Lord, why are you silent? Why are you always silent?' . . . So he prayed. But the sea remained cold, and the darkness maintained its stubborn silence." This silence grows thunderous in the priest's ears as his trials multiply. The hunt is on, for these last Jesuits in Japan. Rodrigues and Garrpe are driven to separate, and are reunited in a ghastly scene when some converts are being executed by being wrapped in mats and then tipped into the sea from a boat. Garrpe desperately swims after the boat, shouting prayers. He, too, drowns: "Only the head of Garrpe, like a piece of wood from a shipwrecked boat, floated for some time on the water until the waves from the boat covered it over." Rodrigues is imprisoned, but his torture—like that of Ferreira before him—is to witness the torture of others. The magistrates, led by the soft-spoken arch-inquisitor Inoue, want the foreign priests publicly to apostatize, not the native "small fry." Father Rodrigues thinks, "He had come to this country to lay down his life for other men, but instead of that the Japanese were laying down their lives one by one for him. What was he to do?" He does what he must: to say more would be to betray this beautifully simple plot, which so harrowingly dramatizes immense theological issues.

One can only marvel at the unobtrusive, persuasive effort of imagination that enables a modern Japanese to take up a viewpoint from which Japan is at the outer limit of the world. "As one opened the map one saw the shape of Africa, then India, and then the innumerable islands and countries of Asia were all spread out. And then, at the north-east extremity, looking just like a caterpillar, was the tiny shape of Japan." Father Rodrigues' Christian faith, though a somewhat streamlined version of the baroque actuality of Iberian Counter-Reformation Catholicism, lacks no essentials and is powerfully comprehended as a palliative of the world's endless grief. The face of the sorrowing Christ is always before the helpless priest's inner eye, and appears to him physically in the dizzyingly paradoxical form of the *fumie*, the holy image manufactured to be trampled upon:

> The interpreter had placed before his feet a wooden plaque. On it was a copper plate on which a Japanese craftsman had engraved that man's face. . . . It was not a Christ whose face was filled with majesty and glory; neither was it a face made beautiful by endurance of pain; nor was it a face filled with the strength of a will that has repelled temptation. The face of the man who then lay at his feet was sunken and utterly exhausted.
>
> Many Japanese had already trodden on it, so that the wood surrounding the plaque was black with the print of their toes. And the face itself was concave,

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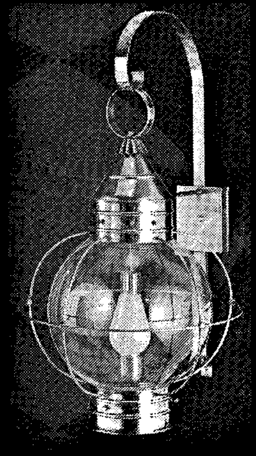

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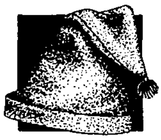

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> *worn down with the constant treading.* It was this concave face that had looked at the priest in sorrow. In sorrow it had gazed up at him as the eyes spoke appealingly: "Trample! Trample! It is to be trampled on by you that I am here."

Shaping his incidents toward this extremity of Christian temptation, in a situation of true hopelessness, Endo has conceived a narrative more orthodox, in texture and thought, than most novels by twentieth-century Christians. The book jacket, which does not comment upon Endo's professed Roman Catholicism, allows only that he "specialized in French literature at Keio University and then studied for several years in France on a scholarship from the Japanese government." During his studies, he presumably encountered some of the saturnine Catholic fiction of Georges Bernanos and François Mauriac. He surely has read Graham Greene's "Power and the Glory"—indeed, if "Silence" has a weak spot, it is the ambivalent, nagging figure of Kichijiro, who seems too plainly a copy of the mestizo who dogs Greene's whiskey priest. But the Japanese author brings to his Pascalian themes, and even to his descriptions of torture and execution, a tact as inexorable and hypnotic as his steady gray murderous sea, a tact that glazes his dark story lustrously. "Silence" ends with a set of official Tokugawa documents, as Japanese efficiency and homogeneity close over the last traces of the Jesuit incursion. But the story has a further ending, which we find, like its prelude, in the pages of the encyclopedia:

> When Mass was held at Nagasaki by a French priest for the foreign community in 1865, foreigners and Tokugawa officials alike were astonished to see large numbers of fishermen . . . appear for the Mass. They had carried on Christian services secretly for over two centuries.

A LATER novel by Shusaku Endo, "When I Whistle" (translated from the Japanese by Van C. Gessel; Taplinger; $8.95), bears little resemblance to "Silence," except in its unruffled simplicity of style and in the recurrence of an image that evidently haunts the author, of a head bobbing far out at sea. Instead of Father Rodrigues watching his fellow-priest swimming to his death in a hopeless effort of ministry, this novel has Ozu, a schoolboy, watching his friend Flatfish swim toward the horizon in pursuit of a girl with whom he has fallen hopelessly in love. Flatfish does not drown, but Ozu never forgets the sight of "his friend's tiny head being tossed about by the waves as he swam desperately for the

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open sea." The novel takes place on two levels: Ozu's prewar youth, distinguished by a comically lackadaisical schooling and by his bleary-eyed chum's quixotic infatuation with a girl, Aiko, encountered by chance after school; and Ozu's postwar maturity, which finds him the father of an opportunistic young doctor, Eiichi, at a big-city hospital where one of the patients turns out to be, yes, that same Aiko, now dying of cancer. Ozu, who has progressed from indifferent scholar to an undistinguished and unspecified sort of businessman, meets an old schoolmate on a train, and this awakens reminiscences that alternate chapters with the present medical adventures of his son. Both levels read easily, but neither generates the awesome resonance of the monaural plot of "Silence." Perhaps because hospital dramas have long been a television staple, we feel a contemptuous familiarity with the idealistic Dr. Tahara, the pliant Dr. Uchida, the seduced and abandoned Nurses Keiko and Shimada, and the villainous Dr. Ii, with his cheerful insistence on prescribing the worthless drugs produced by the pharmaceutical company that funds his research. These characters seem, in Japanese, a bit gimcrack, and mechanically quick to contrive their ends: "He gazed at her as she blushed slightly, and it occurred to him that he would probably be able to seduce this sweet young thing in no time at all." The prewar level is gentler, and more affecting, even though its characters bear comic-book names like Flatfish, Monkey, Cry-Baby, Rat Hole, the Shadow, Mr. Gutter, and Mr. Blowfish. It is interesting to see the Second World War approach from the vantage of a Japanese schoolboy, to have "a quicksand of a war in a country far across the sea" be not our Vietnam but their Manchuria, to sit in a classroom and be told by a professor of philosophy on Pearl Harbor Day that "at last the time for a confrontation between the spiritual civilization of Japan and the material civilization of a foreign country has come!" The professor goes on to speculate that "the mission of Japan is to deal the death blow to the foreign culture that has already reached a stalemate in our country," which is not so different from what Father Rodrigues, three centuries before, was told: "As for the tree of Christianity, in a foreign country its leaves may grow thick and the buds may be rich, while in Japan the leaves wither and no bud appears."

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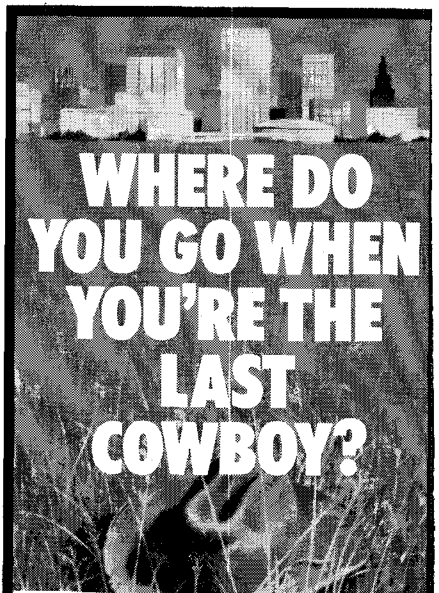
was reactionary and isolationist, restricting foreign merchants to an offshore islet and outlawing the gun in favor of the samurai's sword—is understandably prone to nostalgia. One has to read no wider in modern Japanese fiction than Tanizaki and Mishima to find nostalgia. With them, the novel situated in the historic past has an artistic dignity and viability rare in the West. In a land where delicacy and minimalism perennially guided manners and décor toward a stringent harmony, and where commercialism and pollution enjoy an Asiatic triumph, many must feel, as Ozu does at the end of "When I Whistle," that "beautiful things, things from the treasured past were now disappearing all over Japan" and, like him, grope after "a meaning of life concealed somewhere."

STRANGE to say, a hospital also figures prominently in "Secret Rendezvous," by Kobo Abe (translated from the Japanese by Juliet W. Carpenter; Knopf; $8.95). This novel is short and almost indescribably unpleasant. The author, a year younger than Endo, is best known here as the author of "The Woman in the Dunes," from which a successful art film was made in 1963. In both novels, a man gets trapped in a bad place that in the end he decides to call home. A follower of Kafka, Kobo Abe places his heroes in situations that no one will explain to them, though there is much talk. This makes for cheap suspense, and also for reader exasperation. "The Woman in the Dunes" had a certain gritty realism and, in its remote, dune-drowned village, some of that rustic quaintness which comforts us in Japanese fiction. "Secret Rendezvous" is all plastic and aluminum, a shiny mess from its dust jacket in. Its hero is a nameless jump-shoe salesman whose pretty wife is taken away at four o'clock in the morning by a mysterious ambulance, even though she "had never complained of a single symptom." Her husband follows her to a hospital, where he meets, among other doctors and patients, an administrator who to remedy his impotence has had the severed lower half of a potent associate connected to his own, so that he has four legs, like a horse; and a thirteen-year-old girl who masturbates without cease and whose very bones are liquefying, so that she tends toward the condition of a piece of bubble gum melting on a hot sidewalk. Our hero, nevertheless, falls in love with her; by the time he locates his wife, the lady has virtually slipped his mind, and anyway is preoc-



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cupied by her position as a finalist in an orgasm contest. And what, you may ask, is a jump shoe? "A jump shoe is a sporting shoe with a special air-bubble spring built into the undersole." The two that he is wearing enable our anonymous but athletic hero to bound away from pursuers and down the endless corridors of the hospital, which is wiretapped throughout, like the White House under Nixon, and which does a lively trade in peeping-ear tapes of its patients' sexual forays. The tangled tale is spun in the ungainly form of a diary that the jump-shoe man is told by the four-footed man to keep; as he scribbles away, in the momentary remissions of his metastasizing plight, he coins such vivid phrases as "The sky was as black as an internal hemorrhage" and, of ice cream, "It tasted sad, as though time itself were starting to freeze over."

Well, time might as well freeze over, if this is our future. Jump shoes perhaps already exist; certainly big hospitals do appear as vast and impersonal as this fantastic one. And there is no doubt that to the monsters disease has always made of men the apparatus of healing science now adds monsters of its own. Still, this grotesque book seems itself inhumane, less a satire than a howl. Its moral is cruel: "If animal history has been a history of evolution, then the history of mankind is one of retrogression. Hooray for monsters! Monsters are the great embodiments of the weak." And its writing is frantic, though perhaps writer and translator should share the blame for a sentence like "I barely managed to swallow a violent impulse to retch before I felt my consciousness plunge into a sea of nausea." A certain puritanism lurks behind so macabre a caricature of our sex-obsessed, technology-swamped present as this; such loathing of the modern implies a forgetfulness of the past that produced the monsters described in "Silence"—the upside-down men being bled to death, the peasants eating roots in order to supply the samurai with his tax of rice.

"Silence" takes place in the historic past, "When I Whistle" combines the recent past and the unsatisfactory present, and "Secret Rendezvous" looks at a horrible future that is close at hand. And in the same order the writing progresses from very fine to rather poor. Steam engines were around for some decades before Turner and the Impressionists tamed them into objects of beauty, and the chemical and electronic technology impinging on our present lives as yet has no heartfelt place in

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fiction. Japanese art perhaps more than most is an art of subduing, of violence suppressed within expected forms. When the form itself becomes violent, as in "Secret Rendezvous," sheer ugliness spills forth. But it is reassuring, in a time when the Japanese embrace of the future appears statistically more adroit and wholehearted than ours, to see them, too, recoil. —JOHN UPDIKE

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE EXECUTIONER'S SONG, by Norman Mailer (Little, Brown; $16.95). Mr. Mailer's new book, a "*true life story*" about the confessed cold-blooded double murderer Gary Gilmore and the media carnival that culminated in his death by a firing squad in Salt Lake City in 1977, is twice as long as "Moby Dick" and only a little shorter (by about a hundred thousand words) than "War and Peace." This inordinate length in relation to the squalor of its subject—the aimless crime, the familiar journalistic smash and grab, the all-American legalistic wheeling and dealing, the preening of the professional moralists, the tawdry character of Gilmore himself, the pathetic lives of his family and friends—is a fault, and a serious one, if only because it demonstrates a lack of values, a lack of selectivity, an assumption that more is more. Another fault, and implicitly a disturbing one, is the book's hermaphroditic nature. Mr. Mailer tells us (somewhat anthropomorphically) in an "Afterword" that "this book does its best to be a factual account." The facts he refers to are interviews (including taped interviews with Gilmore by his lawyers), Gilmore's letters to his girlfriend and her letters to him, newspaper reports, court transcripts, and other documentary material, but his use of them is only too obviously manipulative, fictional. The manner in which Mr. Mailer has chosen to voice his story is vigorously monochromatic. That is to say, not only the dialogue but also the narration, the description, and the exposition are set down in the "natural" speech—semi-literate, emotionally tongue-tied, mechanically obscene—of its characters. All of them, oddly, sound much alike: a young Mormon girl ("Now, at J.B.'s, hey, wow, maybe there was nobody near to her that Nicole could trust, but she sure let the floodgate go. Right over those milkshakes. . . . Told it straight up with all those deaths hanging on her"), a lawyer ("They were rapping about books, a fast heavy rap. . . . Boaz was kind of blown out of it"), a famous New York journalist ("Breslin was furious at Gilmore for wanting to be offed"). In his "Afterword," Mr. Mailer reports with some satisfaction that he wrote his book in a mere fifteen months. That would seem to explain the trouble with "The Executioner's Song"—its long-windedness, its uncertain credibility, and maybe even the portentousness of its title.

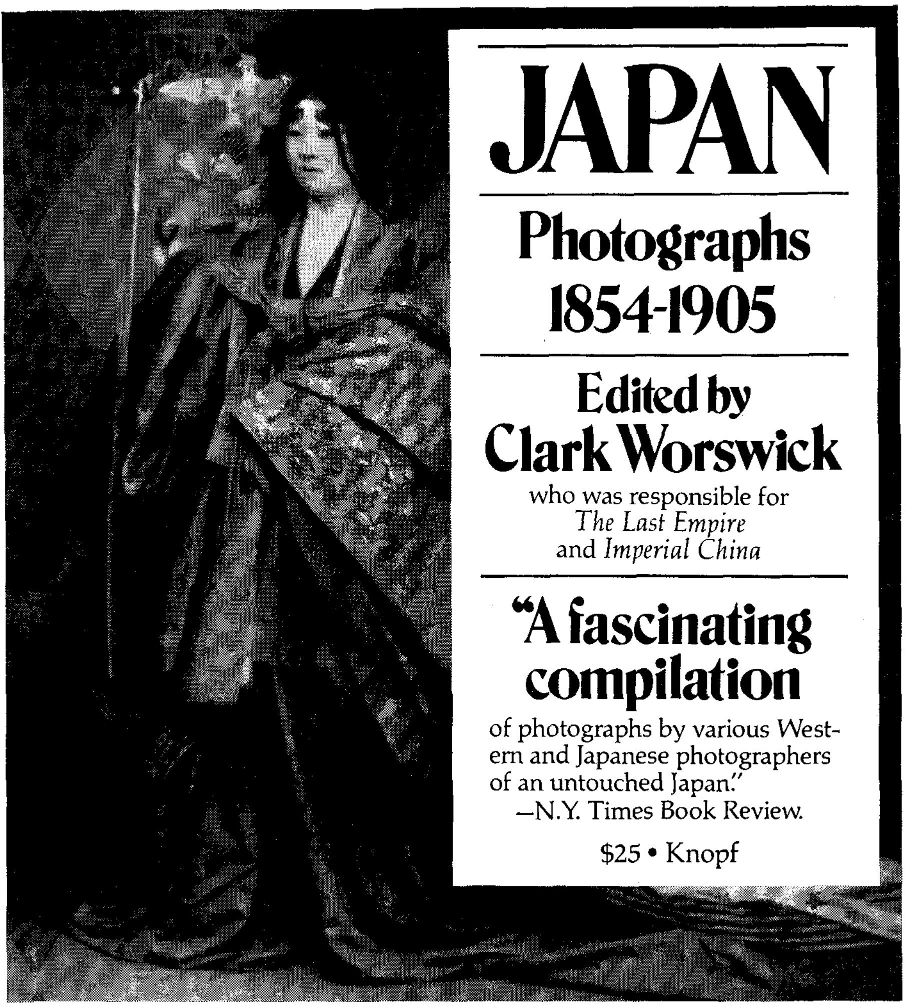
THE WISE VIRGINS, by Leonard Woolf (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $9.95). In this novel, Leonard Woolf's second, written and set around 1913, a young man with a restless and bitter temperament (which he attributes to his Jewish blood) is compelled by his mother to pay social calls on a widow and her four unremarkable daughters, next-door neighbors in a suburb of London. He escapes, when he can, to a genial family in Bloomsbury (a father and his two daughters) who conduct an informal intellectual salon where condescending witticisms are traded concerning the quality of modern life. The young man feels out of place in both circles; which of the two will claim him is the question at the heart of the story. This is a roman à clef, of course, about the Woolfs and the Stephens, but the plot veers away from autobiography, with the suburban sisters and the two matchmaking mothers taking up far more space than anyone else. Characters who represent interesting figures—Sir Leslie Stephen, the elder Woolf, and Clive Bell, for instance—remain mere sketches, and the scenes involving Virginia and Vanessa Stephen (in thin disguise) are too often and too quickly interrupted by the young man's fretful internal monologues. In a succinct and lucid introduction, Ian Parsons discusses Leonard Woolf's social theories and the personal dilemmas that provoked them, and he quotes Virginia Woolf, who, on reading the novel in 1915 (two years after she married Leonard), wrote in her diary, "A writer's book, I think, because only a writer perhaps can see why the good parts are so very good, and why the bad parts aren't very bad."

NOTE: "So Long, See You Tomorrow," a novel by William Maxwell that originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Knopf ($7.95).

### GENERAL

FOREIGN POLICY BY CONGRESS, by Thomas M. Franck and Edward Weisband (Oxford; $15.95). This book, a political-science guide to what has been happening since June, 1973, when Congress forced the President to stop bombing Cambodia, is lucid, thoughtful, absorbing—sometimes entertaining—and packed with essential information. The authors start out with the reminder that the executive branch usurped both foreign-policy and warmaking powers with the trusting consent of the legislative branch, and then demonstrate that it was not the Vietnam War alone that changed the collective mind of Congress but also the arrogance and deceitfulness of the executive. The authors tell us, step by step, what Congress has done to reassume the powers that it gave away, and offer case histories of congressional interventions; they also assess drawbacks (lobbyists, for instance) and assets (good new congressional staffs). On balance, these writers believe that congressional participation will lend legitimacy to our foreign-policy decisions.

THE ASTORS, by Virginia Cowles (Knopf; $17.95). A lively illustrated account of a family once celebrated for its wealth and extravagance both in the United States (where the money came from) and in Great Britain (where one branch of Astors chose to spend their lives and their cash). The founder, John Jacob, a German-born immigrant, settled in New York City after the Revolution and made himself—partly by fair means but mostly by foul—the richest man in this country as of 1848, when he died (the neuroses evident in the next few generations of Astors betray the old robber baron's heavy hand), and the sheer extravagance of every member of the clan was always a source of public entertainment. The last American male in the mainstream of Astor money, Vincent, was a throwback: he doubled his inheritance and left half of it to charity. The current English Astors have become respectable country gentry. This is not so much a saga of rags to riches as it is the epic of an entire tribe's struggle to attain normal-



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ity. The unconscionable number of egregious misspellings (e.g., "Sudetan" for "Sudeten") are not typical either of Virginia Cowles or of Knopf books.

VOGUE BOOK OF FASHION PHOTOGRAPHY, 1919-79, with an introduction by Alexander Liberman and text by Polly Devlin (Simon & Schuster; $35). This volume—a selection of photographs with explanatory notes and two thoughtful essays—is designed to attract artists, photographers, students of fashion, and students of social history. The work records change, not merely in clothing but in the appearance of bodies, faces, and settings. It also records the evolution of photography from demure portraiture to assertive expression. The continuing theme is a fantasy about women and luxury, and fashion photography typically portrays women as threatening objects *rather than* as human beings: the methods of menace may change—the fingernails of 1951 that resemble bloody talons yield in 1975 to poses of direct sexual aggression—but in one way or another the art almost invariably offers a hostile confrontation with an expensive-looking female. Thus, the most attractive photograph in the book (and the most useful, in terms of showing how high fashion looks when worn) is the least typical—a candid shot of a collection of upper-crust Europeans at a soirée in 1962, in which the ladies, dressed to the nines and blazing with jewels, look not angry but cheerful and pretty—as, indeed, why should they not?

NOTE: "Far-Flung and Footloose: Pieces from *The New Yorker*, 1937-78," by E. J. Kahn, Jr., has been published by Putnam ($12.95). All the contents, as the title makes clear, first appeared in these pages.

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## DEPT. OF STRAIGHT THINKING

[*From the Peterborough* (*N.H.*) *Transcript*]

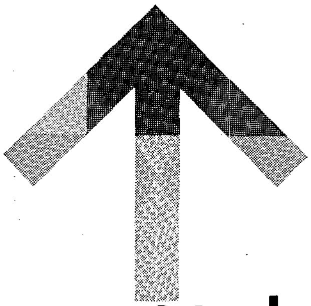
Inge Anderson is enjoying a visit from her daughter Chris and son-in-law Wes Brown who hail from Pennsylvania.

Hazel Wesselhoft has decided to cancel her engagement due to loss of interest.

•

Twentieth Century-Fox's sports head, Shelly Saltman, will spend a month on the road between Hawaii and the mainland, producing shows on tennis and gymnastics. That's not bad traveling.—*Hank Grant in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Slow, but scenic.



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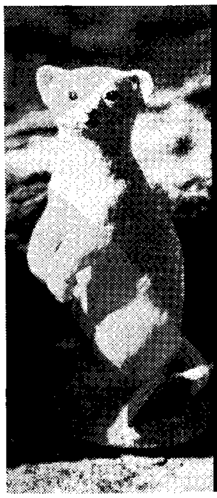

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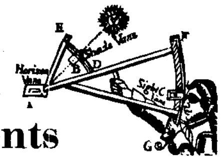

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